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THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF LESSER POETS

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THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF LESSER POETS

Compiled by
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PREFACE

In an age of many anthologies a new one should be justified. Why should this one exist?

It is meant to be a supplement to those collections, amongst which *The Oxford Book of English Verse* and *The Golden Treasury* are conspicuous, which cover the whole range of English Verse. In an imperfect world we can scarcely expect anything better, along its lines and covering its period, than Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's book. I at least am almost prepared to defend its defects, for I know what it was to me. I was sixteen and a half when it appeared. I had the first edition within a week or two of its publication, and I have it still. Night after night I read it, by candle-light; and time after time. It had perhaps its bias. The magical and sensual elements were very much predominant over the intellectual; the Augustan age had not quite a fair show; the latest poets of all were represented rather at haphazard; there was only enough of Davidson, Thompson and Kipling to make one wish for more. But it was the best that had ever been done and it did plunge one breast high into the great writers and the great periods. But as time went on I realized that in such a collection the lesser writers could not possibly get a fair show. An anthologist had a certain number of pages at his disposal. He was bound to begin with an adequate representation of Chaucer and Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden, Shelley and Keats, Tennyson and Browning, and scores of others of unchallenged and unchallengeable position. When he had done with these he was bound to be somewhat pressed for space, in some degree obliged to be cursory in his survey of the better achievements of men who were not among

the greatest. And, in the end, it occurred to me that I would make an Anthology of the Minors: that some service to readers might be performed, and that certainly the vast riches of our English poetry would be illustrated, if a book of almost equivalent size were made from which all the greater writers should be omitted.

Here, then, is the book. I began by omitting one hundred poets: Chaucer, Gower and Skelton, all the great Elizabethans, Carolines, Georgians, and Victorians, all the established Americans from Emerson and Lowell to Moody and Tabb, neither of whom is known in this country as he should be. I made a hundred omissions: and even then I had to make more. I included a number of Barnes's poems, and then omitted them. I copied out all the best things of Rochester and had to leave them out, not because he had yet had his due, but because his due, for what he achieved quite apart from his great unfulfilled potentialities, was so considerable. I excluded all living poets; all "war poets"; all who died after I began the book, including such writers as Mrs Meynell, Flecker, Wilfrid Blunt and Herbert Trench, whose mere magnitude must have kept them out anyhow. Even after that my exclusions continued: I had to cut down and, *inter alia*, Ferguson's *The Welshmen of Tyrawley*, Samuel Henley's *Conjugal Love*, *The Ballad of the Brave Lord Willoughby*, had to go. In a general way, however, the reader is asked to imagine my saying to myself "Suppose that whilst still keeping a high standard one were to ignore those writers who have frequently reached a high standard: would it not be worth while to show how luxuriant is the English undergrowth?"

Over one hundred poets have been deliberately excluded. It is conceivably arguable that some of those are not so eminent as some of the poets here included. Certainly I should be

prepared to put up a plea for Breton, Habington, and Clare, and even de Tabley and Herman Melville, who are the giants of my book, as against several of those who have occupied more space in the anthologies—and the histories. In borderland cases I have been frankly influenced by what my predecessors have done, or left undone: I don't, for example, think that Clare has ever had his due, though I certainly think him (if one must consider these degrees) a greater poet than Waller or Nash, both of whom (classics acknowledged and ratified) I have left out; and certainly greater than Andrew Lang, who did a few things perfectly. I ask my critics to consider my difficulties sympathetically: not to press borderland cases too hard: and at least to admit that Breton and Clare here occupy the places taken by Shakespeare and Tennyson in the ordinary anthologies of English verse.

I have included many anonymous poems: some of them, and particularly the mediaeval ones, were probably by great, though unidentified, poets. But I have left out all the ballads, the best of which are well known and would have occupied a good deal of the space which is primarily intended for the benefit of neglected men and (in Patmore's phrase) "the lovely which are not beloved." The anonymous poems become scarcer as time goes on: in our own day the taste for anonymity has died out. It would be impossible to mention the hundreds of collections, old and new, which I have consulted, in addition to the books of individual authors. Those of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Palgrave, Arber, Bullen, Locker-Lampson, Mr W. S. Braithwaite, Mr George Beaumont, Mr I. A. Williams, Mr H. J. Massingham, Messrs Sidgwick and Chambers are amongst the modern compilations which I have found useful. I think that a good many poems taken from old miscellanies have never been rescued before. The anonymous poems have been arranged in

blocks and placed roughly in the generations from which they came. I know that many familiar beauties will be recognized in the book; I can only hope that the less familiar will give readers as much pleasure in the perusal as I have had in the finding of them. Mistakes of attribution may have occurred; if so I shall be glad to have them corrected; they are not due to carelessness. I must apologize for the absence of notes; had I begun to make them they would have become very voluminous; my sources are at the disposal of anyone who is sufficiently interested to ask for them. Finally, I must emphasize the fact that my texts are meant for the general reader and not for the scholar, and that I have modernized spelling and typography where I thought fit. A few poems have been cut.

For invaluable assistance in this compilation I am gratefully indebted to Miss Dorothy Wooldridge, Mr Osbert Burdett, Mr Iolo Williams and Mr Edward L. Davison. For copyright material I must thank: Messrs George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., for the poems by W. (Johnson) Cory and J. M. Synge; Mrs H. Allingham for the poems by William Allingham; Messrs Angus and Robertson, Sydney, for part of H. C. Kendall's poem "Mooni"; Messrs G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., for the poem by Thomas Ashe; the Century Co., New York and London, for the poems by S. W. Mitchell; Mr R. Cobden-Sanderson for the poems by John Clare (edited by Edmund Blunden and Alan Porter); Messrs Chatto and Windus for the poems by Bret Harte; Mrs Elizabeth D. Dowden for the poem by Edward Dowden; Messrs Elkin Mathews, Ltd., for the poems by John Todhunter and Lionel Johnson; Mr Elliot Stock for the poem by E. C. Lefroy; Messrs T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., for the poems by Amy Levy; the Houghton Mifflin Company, New York, for the poems by T. B. Aldrich, Rose Terry Cooke, R. W. Gilder, and Julia Ward Howe; Messrs John Lane, the Bodley Head,

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J. C. S.

1927

RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE (died 1349)

Love is Life

LUF es lyf that lastes ay, where it in Criste es feste,
For weal na wa it chaunge may, als wryten has men wyseste.
The night it tournes intil the day, the travel intil reste;
If thou wil luf thus as I say, you may be with the beste.

Lufe es thought wyth grete desyre of a fayre loving;
Lufe I lyken til a fyre that sloken may na thyng;
Lufe us clenses of oure syn; luf us bote sal bryng;
Lufe the King's hert may wyn; luf of joy may syng.

The settel of lufe es lyft hee, for intil heven it ranne;
Me thynk in earth it es sle, that makes men pale and wanne;
The bede of blisse it gase ful nee, I tel thee as I kanne:
Though us thynk the way be dread, luf copuls God and Manne.

Lufe es hotter than the cole; lufe may none beswyke.
The flame of lufe wha myght it thole, if it war ay ilyke?
Luf us comfortes, and mase in qwart, and liftes til hevenryke;
Luf ravyshes Cryste intil owr hert; I wate ne lust it lyke.

Lere to lufe if thou wil life when thou sal heven fare;
All thy thought to Hym thou give that may thee kepe fra care;
Loke thy hert fra Hym noght turn if thou in wandreth ware;
Sa thou may Hym welde and win, and luf Hym evermare.

Jesu that me lyfe has lent, intil Thy lufe me bryng!
Take til Thee al myne entent, that thou be my yearning.
Wa fra me away war went, and comne war my covaytyng,
If that my soul had herd and hent the song of Thy loving.

Thy lufe es ay lastyng, fra that we gar it fele;
Therein make my burning that na thyng may it kele.
My thought take into Thy hand, and stabyl it ylk a dele,
That I be naught heldand to luf this worldes wele.

If I luf any erthly thyng that payes to my wyll,
And settes my joy and my liking when it may comm me tyll,
I mai drede of parting, that wil be hate and yll:
For al my welth es bot wepyng when paine me soule sal spyll.

The joy that men has sene es lyckend tyl the haye,
That now es faire and grene and now wytes awaye.
Such is this world, I wene, and bees til Domesdaye,
All in travel and tene, fle that ne man it maye.

If thou lufe in al thy thought, and hate the fylth of syn,
And gyf Hym thy soule that it bought, that He thee dwell within,
Als Cryste thy soule hase sought, and thereof walde nought blyn,
Sa thou sal to blys be brought, and heven won within.

The kind of lufe es this, there it es trayst and trew,
To stand stil in stabylness, and change it for na new.
The lyfe that lufe myght find, or ever in hert it knew,
Fra kare it tornes that kyend, and lendes it mirth and glew.

For now, lufe thou, I rede, Cryste, as I thee tell,
And with angels take thy stand, that joy loke you not sell!
In erth thou hate, I rede, all that thy lufe may fell,
For luf es stalworth as the dede, luf es hard as hell.

Luf es a light burden; lufe gladdes young and alde;
Lufe es withouten paine, as lofers hase me talde;
Lufe es a gastly wyne, that makes men bygge and balde;
Of lufe sal he na thyng tyne that hit in hert will halde.

Lufe es the swetest thyng that man in erth hase tane;
Luf es Goddes derlyng, lufe bindes blude and bane.
In luf be owr liking, I ne wate na better wane,
For me and my lufyng lufe makes bath be ane.

Bot fleshly luf sal fare as dose the flowr in May,
And lastand be ne mare than ane houre of a day,
And sythen sigh ful sare their lust, their pryde, their play,
When they are casten in kare til paine that lastes ay.

When their bodies lyse in syn, their sauls mai quake and drede,
For up sal ryse al men, and answer for their dede.
If they be fonden in syn, als now their lyfe they lede,
They sal sitt hel within, and myrknes hafe to mede.

Riche men their hande sal wryng, and wicked werkes sal by
In flame of fire, bath knyght and keyng, with sorow schamfully.
If thou wil lufe, then may thou syng to Cryste in melody;
The luf of Hym overcoms al thyng, thereto thou traiste trewly.

I sygh and sob, bath day and nyght, for ane sa fayre of hew!
There is na thyng my hert may lyght, bot luf that ay es new.
Wha sa had Hym in his syght, or in his hert Hym knew,
His mourning turned til joy ful bryght, his sang intil glew.

In mirth he lyves, nyght and day, that lufes that swete chylde;
It es Jesu, forsoth I say, of al mekest and mylde.
Wreth fra hym walde al away, though he wer never so wylde,
He that in hert lufed Hym that day, fra evel He wil hym schylde.

Of Jesu mast lyst me speke, that al my bale may bete;
Me thynk my hert may al tobreke when I thynk on that swete.
In lufe lacyd He hase my thought, that I sal never forgete.
Ful dere me thynk he hase me bought with blodi hande and fete.

For luf my hert es bowne to brest, when I that faire behalde,
Lufe es fair there it es fest, that never wil be calde;
Lufe us reves the nyght rest, in grace it makes us balde,
Of al werkes lufe es the best, as haly men me talde.

Na wonder of grief I syghand be, and sithen in sorrow be sette:
Jesu was nailed upon the tre, and al blody forbette.
To thynk on Hym es grete pyté—how tenderly he grette—
This hase he sufferde, man, for thee, if that thou syn wyll lette.

There is na tong in erth may tell of lufe the swetenesse.
That steadfastly in lufe kan dwell, his joy es endelesse.
God schylde that he sulde til hell, that lufe and langand es,
Or ever his enemis sulde hym quell, or make his luf be lesse.

Jesu es lufe that lastes ay, til Hym es owr langyng;
Jesu the night turns to the day, the dawyng intil spryng.
Jesu thynk on us now and ay, for Thee we halde oure keyng;
Jesu, gyf us grace, as Thou wel may, to luf Thee withowten endyng.

ANONYMOUS

Cuckoo Song

SUMER is icumen in,
  Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
  And springth the wude nu—
    Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
  Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
  Murie sing cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu:
  Ne swike thu naver nu;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
  Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

ANONYMOUS

Alysoun

BYTUENE Mersh ant Averil
  When spray beginneth to springe,
The lutel foul hath hire wyl
  On hyre lud to synge:
Ich libbe in love-longinge
For semlokest of alle thynge,
He may me blisse bringe,
  Icham in hire bandoun.
An hendy hap ichabbe yhent,
Ichot from hevene it is me sent,
From alle women my love is lent
  Ant lyht on Alysoun.

On heu hire her is fayr ynoh,
  Hire browe broune, hire eye blake;
With lossom chere he on me loh;
  With middel smal ant wel ymake;

Bote he me wolle to hire take
For to buen hire owen make,
Long to lyven ichulle forsake
  Ant feye fallen adoun.
An hendy hap, etc.

Nihtes when y wende and wake,
  For-thi myn wonges waxeth won;
Levedi, al for thine sake
  Longinge is y-lent me on.
In world nis non so wyter mon
That al hire bounté telle con;
Hire swyre is whittore than the swon,
  Ant feyrest may in toune.
An hendy hap, etc.

Icham for wowyng al for-wake,
  Wery so water is wore;
Lest any reve me my make
  Ichabbe yyerned yore.
  Betere is tholien whyle sore
  Then mournen evermore.
    Geynest under gore,
    Herkne to my roun—
An hendy hap ichabbe yhent,
Ichot from hevene it is me sent,
From alle women my love is lent
  Ant lyht on Alysoun.

ANONYMOUS

Of a rose, a lovely rose,
Of a rose is al myn song.

LESTENYT, lordynges, both elde and yynge,
  How this rose began to sprynge;
Swich a rose to myn lykynge
  In al this world ne knowe I non.

The Aungil came from hevene tour,
To grete Marye with gret honour,
And seyde sche xuld bere the flour
  That xulde breke the fyndes bond.

The flour sprong in heye Bedlem,
That is both bryht and schen:
The rose is Mary hevene qwyn,
  Out of here bosum the blosme sprong.

The ferste braunche is ful of myht,
That sprang on Crystemasse nyht,
The sterre schon over Bedlem bryht
  That is bothe brod and long.

The secunde braunche sprong to helle,
The fendys power doun to felle:
Therein myht non sowle dwelle;
  Blyssid be the time the rose sprong!

The thredde braunche is good and swote,
It sprang to hevene crop and rote,
Therein to dwellyn and ben our bote;
  Every day it schewit in prystes hond.

Prey we to here with gret honour,
Che that bar the blyssid flowr,
Che be our helpe and our socour
  And schyd us fro the fyndes bond.

ANONYMOUS

Carol

I SING of a maiden
  That is makeles;
King of all kinges
  To her son sche ches.

He came al so stille
  There his mother was,
As dew in Aprile
  That falleth on the grass.

He came al so still
  To his mother's bour,
As dew in April
  That falleth on the flour.

He came al so still
  There his mother lay,
As dew in April
  That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
  Was never none but sche;
Well may swich a lady
  Godes mother be.

ANONYMOUS

Now Springes the Sprai

Now springes the sprai,
Al for love I am so seek
That slepen I ne mai.

As I me rode this endre dai
O mi playing,
Saw I there a little mai
Bigan to singe:
"The clot him clingge!
Wai es him I love-longinge
Sal libben ay!"

Soon I heard that mirie note
Thider I drogh;
I fonde hir in an herber swet
Under a bogh,
With joi enow.
Son I asked: "You mirie mai,
What singst thou ai?"

Then answered that maiden swet
Midde wordes fewe:
"Mi lemman me haves bihot
Of love trewe:
He chaunges anewe.
Yet if I may, it shall him rewe
Bi this dai."

ANONYMOUS

The Blacksmiths

SWARTE smekyd smethes smatyred wyth smoke
Dryve me to deth wyth den of here dyntes.
Such noys on nyghtes ne herd men never:
What navene cry and clateryng of knockes!
The cammede kongons cryen after 'col, col!'
And blowen here bellewes, that al here brayn breasts:
'Huf, puf!' saith that on; 'haf, paf!' that other.
Thei spitten and spraulyn and spellyn many spelles;
Thei graven and gnacchen, thei groanys togydyr,
And holden hem hote wyth here hard hamers.
Of a bole-hyde ben here barm-fellys;
Here shankes ben shakeled for the fere flunders;
Heavy hamerys thei han, that hard ben handled,
Stark strokes thei stryken on a stelyd stokke:
Lus, bus! las, das! rowtyn be rowe.
Swech doleful a dreme the devyl it todryve!
The mayster longith a litel, and lascheth a lesse,
Twineth hem tweyn, and toucheth a treble:
Tik tak! hic hac! tiket taket! tyk, tak!
Lus bus, las das! such lyfe they ledyn
Alle clothemerys: Cryst hem gyve sorwe!
May no man for brenwaterys on night han hys rest!

ANONYMOUS

I saw three ships come sailing in

I SAW three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And who was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
And who was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and his ladye,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
Our Saviour Christ and his ladye
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three
On Christmas Day in the morning?

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
O they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on Earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on Earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the souls on Earth shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

ANONYMOUS

Shepherd's Song

As I rode out this enderes' night,
Of three jolly shepherds I saw a sight,
And all about their fold a star shone bright;
They sang, Terli, terlow;
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.

Down from heaven, from heaven so high,
Of angels there came a great company,
With mirth, and joy, and great solemnity
They sang, Terli, terlow;
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.

LENTEN is come with love to toune,
With blosmen and with briddes roune,
That al this blisse bryngeth,
Dayes-eyes in this dales,
Notes swete of nyghtegales;
Uch foul song singeth.
The threstelcoc him threteth oo;
Away is huere wynter woo,
When woderove springeth.
This foules singeth ferly fele
Ant wlyteth on huere wynter wele,
That al the wode ryngeth.

The rose rayleth hire rode,
The leves on the lyhte wode
Waxen al with wille.
The mone mandeth hire bleo,
The lilie is lossom to seo,
The fenyl ant the fille.
Wowes thise wilde drakes,
Miles murgeth huere makes;
Ase strem that striketh stille,
Mody meneth; so doth mo.
Ichot ycham on of tho
For love that likes ille.

The mone mandeth hire lyht,
So doth the semly sonne bryht,
When briddes singeth breme.
Deawes donketh the dounes,
Deores with huere derne rounes,
Domes forte deme.
Wormes woweth under cloude;
Wymmen waxeth wounder proude,
So wel hit wol hem seme.
Yef me shal wonte wille of on,
This wunne weole I wole forgon,
Ant wyht in wode be fleme.

ANONYMOUS

ALONE walking,
In thought pleyning,
And sor sighing,
All desolate,
Me remembring
Of my living,
My deth wishing,
Bothe erly and late,
Infortunate
Is so my fate,
That—wote ye what?—
Out of mesure
My lyf I hate.
Thus desperate
In pore estate
Do I endure.
Of other cure
Am I nat sure;
Thus to endure
Is hard, certain.
Such is my ure,
I yow ensure.
What creature
May have more pain?
My trouth so pleyn
Is take in veyn,
And gret disdeyn
In remembraunce;
Yet I ful feyn
Wold me compleyn,
Me to absteyn
From this penaunce.
But in substaunce
Noon allegeaunce
Of my grevaunce
Can I nat finde.
Right so my chaunce
With displesaunce
Doth me avaunce.
And thus an end.

ANONYMOUS

ADAM lay ibounden,
  Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
  Thoght he not too long;
And all was for an appil,
  An appil that he tok,
As clerkës finden
  Wreten in here book.
Ne haddë the appil taken ben,
  The appil taken ben,
Ne hadde never our lady
  A ben hevenë quene.
Blessëd be the time
  That appil takë was.
Therefore we moun singen
  '*Deo gracias*.'

ANONYMOUS

There is a floure sprung of a tree,
The rote thereof is called Jesse;
  A floure of price,
There is none seche in Paradise!

THIS floure is faire and fresche of heue;
  Hit fades never, bot ever is new;
The blissful branche this flour on grew
Was Mary mild that bare Jesu.
  A flour of grace,
Ayains all sorrow hit is solas!

The sede hereof was Godes sond,
That God himselve sew with his hond
In Bedlem in that holy londe;
Amedis here herbere he hir fond.
  This blissful floure
Sprang never bot in Marys boure.

When Gabrial this mayde met,
With '*Ave Maria*' he here gret;
Betwene hem two this flour was set,
And kept was, no mon schul wit;
But on a day
Bedlem hit con spred and spray.

When that floure began to spred,
And his blosum to brede,
Riche and pore of every lede
Thay marvelt hou this flour might sprede;
And kingës three
That blessful floure come to see.

Angeles there cam out of here toure
To loke apon this freschele floure,
Houe faire he was in his coloure,
And hou sote in his savoure,
And to behold
How soche a flour might spring in golde.

Of lily, of rose of rise,
Of primros, and of flour-de-lyse,
Of all the flours at my devise,
That floure of Jesse yet bers the pris,
As most of hele
To slake oure sorrows every dele.

I pray youe flours of this cuntrë,
Where evere ye go, where ever ye be,
Hold hup the flour of good Jesse
Fore your frescheness and youre beutë,
As fairest of all,
And ever was, and ever schall.

ANONYMOUS

This World's Joy

WYNTER wakeneth al my care,
Nou this leves waxeth bare;
Ofte I sike ant mourne sare
When hit cometh in my thoht
Of this worldes joie, hou hit goth al to noht.

Nou hit is, and nou hit nys,
Al so hit ner nere, ywys;
That moni mon seith, soth hit ys:
  Al goth bote Godes wille:
  Alle we shule deye, thah us like ylle.

Al that gren me graueth grene
Nou hit faleweth albydene:
Jesu, help that hit be sene
  Ant shild us from helle!
  For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her duelle.

ANONYMOUS

Quia amore langueo

In the vale of restles mind
I soughte in mounteine and in mead,
Trusting a true love for to find.
Upon a hill then took I heed;
A voice I herd (and near I yede)
In great dolour complaininge tho:
See, dear soul, my sidës blede
  Quia amore langueo.

Upon this mount I found a tree,
Under this tree a man sitting;
From head to foot wounded was he;
His hearte blood I saw bleeding:
A semely man to be a king,
A graceous face to look unto.
I askèd him how he had paynyng;
  (He said), Quia amore langueo.

I am true love that false was never;
My sister, man's soul, I loved her thus.
Because I would on no wise dissever
I left my kingdom glorious.
I purveyed her a place full precious;
She fled, I followed, I loved her so
That I suffered these paynèn piteous
  Quia amore langueo.

My fair love and my spouse bright!
I saved her from beating, and she hath me bet;
I clothed her in grace and heavenly light;
This bloody surcote she hath on me set;
For longing love I will not let;
Sweete strokes be these: lo!
I have loved her ever as I her het
  Quia amore langueo.

I crowned her with bliss and she me with thorn;
I led her to chamber and she me to die;
I brought her to worship and she me to scorn;
I did her reverence and she me villonie.
To love that loveth is no maistry;
Her hate made never my love her foe:
Ask then no more question why—
  But Quia amore langueo.

Look unto mine handes, man!
These gloves were given me when I her sought;
They be not white, but red and wan;
Embroidered with blood my spouse them bought.
They will not off; I loose them nought;
I woo her with them wherever she go.
These hands full friendly for her fought
  Quia amore langueo.

Marvel not, man, though I sit still.
My love hath shod me wonder strait:
She buckled my feet, as was her will,
With sharpe nails (well thou mayst wait!).
In my love was never desait;
For all my members I have opened her to;
My body I made her herte's bait
  Quia amore langueo.

In my side I have made her nest;
Look in me how wyde a wound is here!
This is her chamber, here shall she rest,
That she and I may sleep in fere.

Here may she wash, if any filth were;
Here is socour for all her woe;
Come if she will, she shall have cheer
Quia amore langueo.

I will abide till she be redy,
I will to her send or she say nay;
If she be retchless, I will be redy,
If she be dangerous, I will her pray;
If she do weep, then bide I nay:
Mine arms ben spread to clip her to.
Cry once, I come: now, soul, assay
Quia amore langueo.

My swete spouse will we go play:
Apples ben ripe in my gardayne.
I shall clothe thee in new array,
Thy meat shall be milk, honey and win.
Now, dere soule, let us go dyne:
Thy sustenance is in my scripp, lo!
Tarry not now, fair spouse mine,
Quia amore langueo.

If thou be foul, I shall make thee clean;
If thou be sick, I shall thee hele;
If thou ought mourn, I shall thee mene;
Spouse, why will thou nought with me dele?
Thou foundest never love so leal;
What wilt thou, soul, that I shall do?
I may of unkindnes the appeal
Quia amore langueo.

What shall I do now with my spouse?
Abide I will her gentilness,
Would she look once out of her house
Of fleshly affections and uncleannesse
Her bed is made, her bolster is in bliss,
Her chamber is chosen such are no mo.
Look out at the windows of kindeness
Quia amore langueo.

Long and love thou never so high,
Yet is my love more than thine may be.
Thou gladdest, thou weepest, I sit thee by:
Yet might thou, spouse, look once at me!
Spouse, should I always feede thee
With child's meat? Nay, love, not so!
I pray thee love, with adversitè
Quia amore langueo.

My spouse is in chamber: hold your peace!
Make no noise, but let her sleep.
My babe shall suffer no disease,
I may not hear my dear child weep.
For with my pap I shall her keep;
No wonder though I tend her to:
This hole in my side had ne'er been so deep,
But Quia amore langueo.

Wax not weary, mine own dear wife!
What mede is aye to live in comfort?
For in tribulation I reign more rife
Ofter times than in disport.
In wealth, in woe, ever I support:
Then, dear soul, go never me fro!
Thy mede is marked, when thou art mort:
In bliss; Quia amore langueo.

ANONYMOUS (15th cent.)

The Nut-brown Maid

HE. *BE it right or wrong, these men among*
On women do complain;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man again:
For let a man do what he can
Their favour to attain:
Yet if a new to them pursue,
Their first true lover than
Laboureth for naught; for from her thought
He is a banished man.

SHE. *I say not nay, but that all day*
It is both written and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decayd:
But nevertheless, right good witnèss
In this case might be laid
That they love true and continùe:
Record the Nut-brown Maid,
Which, when her love came her to prove,
To her to make his moan,
Would not depart; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

HE. *Then between us let us discuss*
What was all the manere
Between them two: we will also
Tell all the pain in fere
That she was in. Now I begin
So that ye me answere:
Wherefore all ye that present be,
I pray you, give an ear.
I am the Knight. I come by night,
As secret as I can,
Saying, Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banished man.

SHE. *And I your will for to fulfil*
In this will not refuse;
Trusting to show, in wordes few,
That men have an ill use—
To their own shame—women to blame,
And causeless them accuse.
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse—
Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE. It standeth so: a deed is do
Whereof great harm shall grow:

My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trow;
Or else to flee. The t'one must be.
None other way I know
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore adieu, mine own heart true!
None other rede I can:
For I must to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE. O Lord, what is this worldis bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, farewell: Nay, nay,
We départ not sò soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfàre to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE. I can believe it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain;
But afterward, your paines hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As hartely as I can:
For I must to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE. Now, sith that ye have showed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.

Sith it is so that ye will go,
I will not live behind.
Shall never be said the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind.
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Yet I you rede to take good heed
What men will think and say:
Of young, of old, it shall be told
That ye be gone away
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green-wood you to play;
And that ye might for your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill woman
Yet would I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though it be sung of old and young
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speak so large
In hurting of my name:
For I will prove that faithful love
It is devoid of shame;
In your distress and heaviness
To part with you the same:
And sure all tho that do not so
True lovers are they none;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. I counsel you, Remember how
It is no maiden's law
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an outlaw.
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow.ready to draw;

And as a thief thus must you live
Ever in dread and awe;
Whereby to you great harm might grow:
Yet had I liever than
That I had to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE. I think not nay but as ye say;
It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot,
To get us meat and store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more.
From which to part it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE. For an outlaw this is the law
That men take him and bind:
Without pitiè, hangèd to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had need (as God forbede!)
What socours could ye find?
Forsooth I trow, you and your bow
For fear would draw behind.
And no mervail; for little avail
Were in your counsel than:
Wherefore I'll to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE. Right well know ye that women be
But feeble for to fight;
No womanhede it is, indeed,
To be bold as a knight:
Yet in such fear if that ye were
With enemies day and night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To grieve them as I might,

And you to save; as women have
From death men many one:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat; for dry or wete,
We must lodge on the plain;
And, us above, no other roof
But a brake bush or twain:
Which soon should grieve you, I believe;
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Sith I have here been partynere
With you of joy and bliss,
I must alsò part of your woe
Endure, as reason is:
Yet I am sure of one pleasure,
And shortly it is this—
That where ye be, me seemeth, pardè
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech I you beseech
That we were shortly gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If ye go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for to gete,
Nether bere, ale, ne wine,
Ne shetes clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house, but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine.
Lo, mine heart sweet, this ill diete

Should make you pale and wan:
Wherefore I'll to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE. Among the wild deer such an archère,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good vitayle
Where is so great plentè:
And water clear of the rivere
Shall be full sweet to me;
With which in hele I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE. Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me:
As, cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be:
And this same night, before daylight,
To woodward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can:
Else will I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE. I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother! before all other
For you I have most drede!
But now, adieu! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: Now let us flee;
The day cometh fast upon:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go
And I shall tell you why—
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy:
For, right as ye have said to me,
In likewise hardily
Ye would answere whosoever it were,
In way of companỳ:
It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold;
And so is a womàn:
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say to me;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Or I loved you, pardè:
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befall,
To die therefore anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. A baron's child to be beguiled,
It were a cursèd deed!
To be felaw with an outlaw—
Almighty God forbede!
Yet better were the poor squyere
Alone to forest yede
Than ye shall say another day
That by my cursèd rede
Ye were betrayed. Wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing be upbraid:

But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele, how that ye dele;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If that ye went, ye should repent;
For in the forest now
I have purveyed me of a maid
Whom I love more than you:
Another more fair than ever ye were
I dare it well avow;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow:
It were mine ease to live in peace;
So will I if I can:
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your:
And she shall find me soft and kind
And courteis every hour;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me, to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Yet would I be that one:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Mine own dear love, I see the prove
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid, of wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.

Be merry and glad; be no more sad;
The case is changèd new;
For it were ruth that for your truth
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
To you when I began:
I will not to the green-wood go;
I am no banished man.

SHE. These tidings be more glad to me
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure;
But it is often seen
When men will break promise they speak
The wordis on the splene.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween:
Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE. Ye shall not need further to drede:
I will not disparàge
You (God defend), sith you descend
Of so great a linàge.
Now understand: to Westmoreland,
Which is my heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriàge
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an earles son,
And not a banished man.

Here may ye see that woman be
In love, meek, kind, and stable;
Let never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable;

Which sometime proveth such as He loveth,
If they be charitable.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone.

ANONYMOUS

Can I not sing 'Ut Hoy,'
Whan the joly shepard made so much joy?

THE shepard upon a hill he satt;
He had on him his tabard and his hat,
His tarbox, his pipe, and his flagat;
His name was called Joly Joly Wat,
For he was a gud herdes boy.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard upon a hill was laid;
His dog to his girdell was taid;
He had not slept but a litill braid,
But '*Gloria in excelsis*' was to him said.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard on a hill he stode;
Round about him his shepe they yode;
He put his hond under his hode,
He saw a star as rede as blode.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard said anon right,
"I will go see yon farly sight,
Where as the angel singeth on hight,
And the star that shineth so bright."
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Now farewell, Mall, and also Will!
For my love go ye all still
Unto I cum again you till,
And evermore, Will, ring well thy bell."
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Now must I go there Crist was born;
Farewell! I cum again to morn.
Dog, kepe well my shepe fro ye corn,
And warn well 'Warroke' when I blow my horn!"
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

Whan Wat to Bedlem cum was,
He swet, he had gone faster than a pace;
He found Jesu in a simpell place,
Betwen an ox and an asse.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Jesu I offer to thee here my pipe,
My skirt, my tarbox, and my scripe;
Home to my felowes now will I skipe,
And also look unto my shepe."
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Now farewell, mine own herdes man Wat!"
"Yea, for God, lady, even so I hat;
Lull well Jesu in thy lape,
And farewell, Joseph, with thy round cape!"
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Now may I well both hope and sing,
For I have been at Cristes bering;
Home to my felowes now will I fling.
Crist of heven to his bliss us bring!"
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

ANONYMOUS

I HAVE a gentil cok
  Croweth me day;
He doth me rysyn erly
  My matines for to say.

I have a gentil cok;
  Comen he is of grete;
His comb is of red coral,
  His tail is of get.

I have a gentil cok;
  Comen he is of kinde;
His combe is of red coral,
  His tail is of inde.

His legges ben of asour,
  So gentil and so smale;
His spores arn of silver white
  Into the wortewale.

His eynen arn of cristal,
  Loken all in aumber;
And every night he percheth him
  In mine ladyes chaumber.

JAMES I, KING OF SCOTLAND (1394–1437)

From *The King's Quair*

NOW was there maid fast by the Touris wall
  A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set,
Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small,
  Raillit about, and so with treis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,
  That lyf was non walkyng there forbye,
  That might within scarce any wight aspye.

So thick the beuis and the leves grene
  Beshadit all the alleys that there were,
And myddis every herbere myght be sene
  The scharp grene suete jenepere,
Growing so fair with branchis here and there,
  That, as it semit to a lyf without,
  The beuis spred the herbere all about.

And on the small grene twistis sat
The lytil suete nyghtingale, and song
So loud and clere, the hymnis consecrat
Of luvis use, now soft now lowd among,
That all the gardynis and the wallis rong
Right of their song, and on the copill next
Of thaire suete armony, and lo the text.

Worshippe ze that loveris bene this May,
For of zour bliss the kalendis are begonne,
And sing with us, away winter away,
Come somer come, the suete seson and sonne,
Awake, for schame! that have zour hevynis wonne,
And amourously lift up zour headis all,
Thank lufe that list zou to his merci call.

Quhen thai this song had song a littil thrawe,
Thai stent a quhile, and therewith unafraid,
As I beheld, and kest myn eyen a lawe,
From beugh to beugh, they hippit and thai plaid,
And freschly in thair birdis kynd araid,
Thair fetheris new, and fret thame in the sonne,
And thankit lufe, that had thair makis wonne.

This was the plaine ditie of thaire note,
And therewith all unto myself I thought,
Quhat lufe is this, that makis birdis dote?
Quhat may this be, how cummyth it of ought?
Quhat nedith it to be so dere ybought?
It is nothing, trowe I, bot feynit chere,
And that men list to counterfeten chere.

Eft would I think, O Lord, quhat may this be?
That lufe is of so noble might and kynde,
Lufing his folk, and swich prosperitee
Is it of him, as we in bukis fynd?
May he oure hertis setten and unbynd?
Hath he upon our hertis swich maistrye?
Or all this is bot feynit fantasye?

STEPHEN HAWES (died 1523)

The True Knight

For knighthood is not in the feats of warre,
As for to fight in quarrel right or wrong,
But in a cause which truth can not defarre:
He ought himself for to make sure and strong,
Justice to keep mixt with mercy among:
And no quarrell a knight ought to take
But for a truth, or for a woman's sake.

His Epitaph

O mortal folk, you may behold and see
How I lie here, sometime a mighty knight:
The end of joy and all prosperitye
Is death at last, thorough his course and might:
After the day there cometh the dark night,
For though the daye be never so long,
At last the bells ringeth to evensong.

THOMAS, LORD VAUX (1510–1556)

The Aged Lover renounceth Love

I LOTHE that I did love,
In youth that I thought swete:
As time requires for my behove
Methinks they are not mete,
My lustes they do me leeve,
My fancies all be fledde:
And tract of time begins to weave,
Gray haires upon my heede.
For age with steling steppes,
Hath clawed me with his cowche:
And lusty life away she leapes,
As there had bene none such.
My muse dothe not delight
Me as she did before:
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have bene of yore.

For reason me denies,
This youthly, idle rhyme:
And day by day to me she cries,
Leave of these toyes in time.
The wrinckles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face:
Say limping age will hedge him now
Where youth must give him place.
The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride:
The cough, the colde, the gasping breath,
Dothe bid me to provide,
A pikeaxe and a spade
And eke a shrowding sheet,
A house of clay for to be made,
For such a guest most mete.
Me thinkes I hear the clerke,
That knols the careful knell:
And bids me leave my woeful warke,
Er nature me compel.
My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to scorne:
Of me that shall be forgot,
As I had not ben borne.
Thus must I youth give up,
Whose badge I long did weare:
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it beare.
Loe here the bared skull,
By whose bald sign I know:
That stouping age away shall pull,
What youthful yeares did sowe.
For beauty with her bande
These croked cares hath wrought:
And shipped me into the lande,
From whence I first was brought.
And ye that bide behinde,
Have ye none other trust:
As ye of claye were cast by kinde,
So shall ye waste to dust.

The Falling out of Friends

IN going to my naked bed as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept;
She sighèd sore and sang full sore, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not rest but crièd still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grievèd with her child,
She rockèd it and rated it, until on her it smiled.
Then did she say, Now have I found the proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight:
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter utter'd she of weight, in place whereas she sat:
And provèd plain there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without discord and strife:
Then kissèd she her little babe, and sware by God above,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

She said that neither king nor prince nor lord could live aright,
Until their puissance they did prove, their manhood and their might.
When manhood shall be matchèd so that fear can take no place,
Then weary works make warriors each other to embrace,
And left their force that failèd them, which did consume the rout,
That might before have lived their time, their strength and nature out:
Then did she sing as one that thought no man could her reprove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

She said she saw no fish nor fowl, nor beast within her haunt,
That met a stranger in their kind, but could give it a taunt:
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath succeed,
And force the fight to fall to play in pasture where they feed,
So noble nature can well end the work she hath begun,
And bridle well that will not cease her tragedy in some:
Thus in song she oft rehearsed, as did her well behove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

I marvel much pardy (quoth she) for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy and beast, to toss the world about:
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can
smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile,
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble and some stout,
Yet are they never friends in deed until they once fall out:
Thus ended she her song and said, before she did remove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

ROBERT WEVER (c. 1550)

In Youth is Pleasure

In a harbour grene, aslepe whereas I lay,
The byrdes sang swete in the middes of the day,
I dreamed fast of mirth and play:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro,
And from her company I could not go—
But when I waked, it was not so:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my hart is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a sight,
Which is my joy and hartes delight:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

ALEXANDER SCOTT (1525?–1584)

Oppressit Hairt, Endure

Oppressit hairt, endure
In dolour and distress,
Wappit, without recure,
In woe remediless;
Sen she is merciless,
And causis all thy smert,
Whilk suld thy dolour dress,
Endure, oppressit hairt!

Perforce tak patience,
And dree thy destiny;
To luve but recompense
Is great perplexity;
Of thine adversity
Wyte thyself and no moe,
For, when that thou wast free,
Thou wald nocht hald thee so.

Thou langit ay to prove
The strength of luvis lair,
And what kin thing was luve,
Whilk now sets thee so sair;
Of all thy woe and care
It mends thee nocht to mene;
Howbeit thou suld forfare,
Thyself the cause has been.

When thou wast weill at ease,
And subject to no wicht,
Thou her for luve did chese,
Whilk sets thy luve at licht;
And though thou knew her slicht,
Yet wald thou not refrain,
Therefore it is but richt
That thou endure the pain.

But yet my corpse, alace!
Is wrangously opprest
By thee into this case,
And broucht to great wanrest.
Why suld it so be drest
By thee, and daily pined,
Whilk still it ay detest?
Thy wanton, foolish mind!

The blinkin of an ee
Ay gart thee gove and glaik,
My body bad lat be,
And of thy sighing slake;

Thou wald not rest, but rake,
And lair thee in the mire,
Yet failit thou to faik
That thou did maist desire.

Though thou do mourn and weep,
With inward spreit opprest,
When other men taks sleep,
Thou wants the nichtis rest:
She whom thou luvis best
Of thee taks little thocht:
Thy woe and great wanrest
And care she countis nocht.

Threfore go hence in haste,
My langour to lament;
Do nocht my body waste
Whilk never did consent.
And though thou wald repent
That thou her has persewit,
Yet man thou stand content,
And drink what thou has brewit.

EDWARD DE VERE, EARL OF OXFORD (1550–1604)

The Shepherd's commendation of his Nymph

WHAT shepherd can express
The favour of her face,
To whom in this distress
I do appeal for grace?
A thousand Cupids fly
About her gentle eye.

From which each throws a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
Possessed by desire:
No sweeter life I try
Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field,
That glories in his white,
For pureness now must yield,
And render up his right:
Heaven pictured in her face
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light,
That beats on running streams,
Compares not with her white,
Whose hairs are all sunbeams:
So bright my nymph doth shine
As day unto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
Exceeds the damask rose,
Which in her cheeks is spread,
Where every favour grows:
In sky there is no star,
But she surmounts it far.

When Phœbus from the bed
Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red,
In fair carnation-wise,
He shows in my nymph's face,
As queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily white,
This taint of roseate red,
This Cynthia's silver light,
This sweet fair Dea spread,
These sunbeams in mine eye,
These beauties make me die.

EDWARD DE VERE, EARL OF OXFORD

Shepherd, what's Love?

MELIBÆUS. Shepherd, what's love? I pray thee tell,
FAUSTUS. It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is perhaps that sauncing bell
That tolls all into heav'n or hell,
And this is love as I heard tell.

M. Yet, what is love? I prithee say.
F. It is work on holiday;
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty blood's in fresh array,
Here ten months after of the play
And this is love as I hear say.

M. Yet, what is love? good shepherd sain.
F. It is a sunshine mixt with rain;
It is a toothache, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain;
The lass saith no, and would full fain,
And this is love as I hear sain.

M. Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?
F. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away;
Then nymphs take vantage while you may,
And this is love as I hear say.

M. And what is love, good shepherd, shew?
F. A thing that creeps, it cannot go;
A prize that passeth to and fro:
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so;
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

EDWARD DE VERE, EARL OF OXFORD

WERE I a king, I might command content!
Were I obscure, unknown should be my cares!
And were I dead; no thoughts should me torment,
Nor words, nor wrongs, nor love, nor hate, nor fears!
A doubtful choice for me, of three things, one to crave!
A Kingdom! or a Cottage! or a Grave!

The Night is near gone

HEY! now the day dawis;
The jolly cock crawis;
Now shroudis the shawis
Thro' Nature anon.
The thissel-cock cryis
On lovers wha lyis:
Now skaillis the skyis;
The nicht is neir gone.

The fieldis ouerflowis
With gowans that growis,
Quhair lilies like low is
As red as the rone.
The turtle that true is,
With notes that renewis,
Her pairty pursuis:
The nicht is neir gone.

Now hairtis with hindis
Conform to their kindis,
Hie tursis their tyndis
On ground quhair they grone.
Now hurchonis, with hairis,
Aye passis in pairis;
Quhilk duly declaris
The nicht is neir gone.

The season excellis
Through sweetness that smellis;
Now Cupid compellis
Our hairtis echone
On Venus wha waikis,
To muse on our maikis,
Syne sing for their saikis—
'The nicht is neir gone!'

All courageous knichtis
Aganis the day dichtis
The breist-plate that bright is
To fight with their fone.
The stòned steed stampis
Through courage, and crampis,
Syne on the land lampis:
The nicht is neir gone.

The freikis on feildis
That wight wapins weildis
With shyning bright shieldis
At Titan in trone;
Stiff speiris in reistis
Ouer corseris crestis
Are broke on their breistis:
The nicht is neir gone.

So hard are their hittis,
Some sweyis, some sittis,
And some perforce flittis
On ground quhile they grone.
Syne groomis that gay is
On blonkis that brayis
With swordis assayis:—
The nicht is neir gone.

BARNABE GOOGE (1540–1594)

ONS musynge as I sat,
and Candle burnynge bye,
When all were husht I might discern
a symple selye Flye.
That flewe before myne eyes,
with free rejoysynge Hart,
And here and there, with wings did play
as voyde of pain and smart,

Somtyme by me she sat,
when she had played her fyll,
And ever when she rested had
aboute she flyttered styll.
When I perceyved her well,
rejoysing in her place,
O happy flye quoth I, and eake,
O worme in happy case.
Whiche two of us is best?
I that have reason? no:
But thou that reason art without
and therwith voyde of woe.
I lyve and so dost thou,
but I lyve all in paine,
And Subject am to her alas,
that makes my Gryefe her gaine.

To Doctor Bale

GOOD agèd Bale:
that with thy hoary heares
Doste yet persyste
to turne the painful booke,
O happye man,
that hast obtained such yeares,
And leavst not yet,
on papers pale to looke,
Gyve over now
to beate thy weryed brayne,
And rest thy pen
that long hath laboured soore.
For aged men
unfit sue is such paine,
And the beseems
to laboure now no more,
But thou I thynke
Don Platoes part will playe
With booke in hand,
to have thy dyeng day.

NICHOLAS BRETON (1542–1626)

Phillida and Coridon

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side
When as May was in his pride:
There I spièd all alone
Phillida and Coridon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not.
She said, Never man was true;
He said, None was false to you.
He said, He had loved her long;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Coridon would kiss her then;
She said, Maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not Love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

NICHOLAS BRETON

The Country Lad

Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad,
Who upon a fair green baulk
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies
See the morning sun arise?

While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing;
Or before the hounds in cry
See the hare go stealing by;
Or, along the shallow brook,
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play
In a blessèd sunny day;
Or to hear the partridge call
Till she have her covey all;
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box;
After feeding on his prey
How he closely sneaks away,
Through the hedge and down the furrow
Till he gets into his burrow;
Then the bee to gather honey;
And the little black haired coney
On a bank for sunny place
With her forefeet wash her face:
Are not these with thousands moe
Than the courts of kings do know?
The true pleasing spirit's sights,
That may breed true love's delights?
But with all this happiness,
To behold that shepherdess,
To whose eyes all shepherds yield
All the fairest of the field;
Fair Aglaia, in whose face

. . . .

Lives the shepherd's highest grace:
For whose sake I say and swear,
By the passions that I bear,
Had I got a kingly grace,
I would leave my kingly place
And in heart be truly glad
To become a country lad!

Astrophel's Song of Phillida and Corydon

FAIR in a morn, (O fairest morn!)
Was never morn so fair,
There shone a sun, though not the sun
That shineth in the air.
For of the earth, and from the earth,
(Was never such a creature!)
Did come this face (was never face
That carried such a feature).
Upon a hill, (O blesséd hill!
Was never hill so blesséd!)
There stood a man, (was never man
For woman so distresséd):
This man beheld a heavenly view,
Which did such virtue give
As clears the blind, and helps the lame,
And makes the dead man live.
This man had hap, (O happy man!
More happy none than he;)
For he had hap to see the hap
That none had hap to see.
This silly swain, (and silly swains
Are men of meanest grace:)
Had yet the grace (O gracious guest!)
To hap on such a face.
He pity cried, and pity came,
And pitied so his pain,
As dying, would not let him die,
But gave him life again.
For joy whereof he made such mirth
As all the woods did ring;
And Pan with all his swains came forth
To hear the shepherd sing;
But such a song sung never was,
Nor shall be sung again,
Of Phillida the shepherds' queen,
And Corydon the swain.
Fair Phyllis is the shepherds' queen,

(Was never such a queen as she!)
And Corydon her only swain
(Was never such a swain as he!)
Fair Phyllis hath the fairest face
That ever eye did yet behold,
And Corydon the constant'st faith
That ever yet kept flock in fold:
Sweet Phyllis is the sweetest sweet
That ever yet the earth did yield,
And Corydon the kindest swain
That ever yet kept lambs in field.
Sweet Philomel is Phyllis' bird,
Though Corydon be he that caught her:
And Corydon doth hear her sing,
Though Phillida be she that taught her:
Poor Corydon doth keep the fields,
Though Phillida be she that owes them,
And Phillida doth walk the meads,
Though Corydon be he that mows them:
The little lambs are Phyllis' love,
Though Corydon is he that feeds them,
The gardens fair are Phyllis' ground,
Though Corydon be he that weeds them.
Since then that Phyllis only is
The only shepherd's only queen;
And Corydon the only swain
That only hath her shepherd been,—
Though Phyllis keep her bower of state,
Shall Corydon consume away?
No, shepherd, no, work out the week,
And Sunday shall be holiday.

NICHOLAS BRETON

A Shepherd's Dream

A SILLY shepherd lately sat
Among a flock of sheep;
Where musing long on this and that,
At last he fell asleep.

And in the slumber as he lay,
  He gave a piteous groan;
He thought his sheep were run away,
  And he was left alone.
He whoop'd, he whistled, and he call'd,
  But not a sheep came near him;
Which made the shepherd sore appall'd
  To see that none would hear him.
But as the swain amazéd stood,
  In this most solemn vein,
Came Phillida forth of the wood,
  And stood before the swain.
Whom when the shepherd did behold,
  He straight began to weep,
And at the heart he grew a-cold,
  To think upon his sheep.
For well he knew, where came the queen,
  The shepherd durst not stay:
And where that he durst not be seen
  The sheep must needs away.
To ask her if she saw his flock,
  Might happen patience move,
And have an answer with a mock,
  That such demanders prove.
Yet for because he saw her come
  Alone out of the wood,
He thought he would not stand as dumb,
  When speech might do him good;
And therefore falling on his knees,
  To ask but for his sheep,
He did awake, and so did leese
  The honour of his sleep.

NICHOLAS BRETON

SWEET Phyllis, if a silly swain
  May sue to thee for grace,
See not thy loving shepherd slain
  With looking on thy face;

But think what power thou hast got,
  Upon my flock and me;
Thou seest they now regard me not,
  But all do follow thee;
And if I have so far presumed,
  With prying in thine eyes,
Yet let not comfort be consumed
  That in thy pity lies;
But as thou art that Phyllis fair,
  That fortune favour gives,
So let not love die in despair
  That in thy favour lives.
The deer do browse upon the briar,
  The birds do pick the cherries;
And will not Beauty grant Desire
  One handful of her berries?
If it be so that thou hast sworn
  That none shall look on thee,
Yet let me know thou dost not scorn
  To cast a look on me;
But if thy beauty make thee proud,
  Think then what is ordain'd;
The heavens have never yet allowed
  That love should be disdain'd.
Then lest the fates that favour love
  Should curse thee for unkind,
Let me report for thy behoof,
  The honour of thy mind;
Let Corydon with full consent
  Set down what he hath seen,
That Phyllida with Love's content
  Is sworn the shepherds' queen.

NICHOLAS BRETON

A Pastoral of Phyllis and Corydon

ON a hill there grows a flower,
  Fair befall the dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower,
  Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringéd all about with gold;
Where doth sit the fairest fair,
That did ever eye behold.

It is Phyllis fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy;
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see;
This is *ipsa quæ* the which
There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

Oh, fair eyes! yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone;
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherds' queen,
Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

JOHN STILL, BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS (1543?–1608)

Jolly good Ale and old

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold;

I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead;
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold;
I am so wrapp'd and thoroughly lapp'd
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, 'Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.'
Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls
Or have them lustily troll'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

The Spanish Armada

FROM mercilesse invaders,
From wicked men's devices,
O God! arise and helpe us,
To quele owre enemies.

Sinke deepe their potent navies,
Their strength and corage breake,
O God! arise and arm us,
For Jesus Christ, his sake.

Though cruel Spain and Parma
With heathene legions come,
O God! arise and arm us,
We'll dye for owre home!

We will not change our Credo
For Pope, nor boke, nor bell;
And yf the Devil come himself,
We'll hounde him back to hell.

E. B.

The Shepherd's Song: a Carol or Hymn for Christmas

SWEET Music, sweeter far
Than any song is sweet;
Sweet Music, heavenly rare,
Mine ears (O peers!) doth greet.
You gentle flocks, whose fleeces, pearl'd with dew,
Resemble heaven, whom golden drops make bright,
Listen, O listen! now, O not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten weary night.
But voices most divine,
Make blissful harmony;
Voices that seem to shine,
For what else clears the sky?
Tunes can we hear, but not the singers see;
The tunes divine, and so the singers be.

Lo! how the firmament
Within an azure fold
The flock of stars hath pent,
That we might them behold.
Yet from their beams proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their crystals such reflection give.
What, then, doth make the element so bright?
The heavens are coming down upon earth to live.
But hearken to the song:
"Glory to Glory's King!
And peace all men among!"
These choristers do sing.
Angels they are, as also, shepherds, he
Whom in our fear we do admire to see.

"Let not amazement blind
Your souls," said he, "annoy;
To you and all mankind,
My message bringeth joy.
For, lo! the world's great Shepherd now is born,
A blessed babe, and infant full of power;
After long night uprisen is the morn,
Renowning Bethlem in the Saviour.
Sprung is the perfect day,
By prophets seen afar;
Sprung is the mirthful May,
Which Winter cannot mar."
In David's city doth this sun appear,
Clouded in flesh, yet, shepherds, sit we here?

ANTHONY MUNDAY (1553–1633)

To Colin Clout

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring,
Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.

My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye,
To see what was forbidden,
But better memory said, fie:
So, vain desire was chidden.
Hey nonny nonny, etc.

Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond Imagination
Seem'd to see but could not tell,
Her feature or her fashion;
But even as babes in dreams do smile,
And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked, as wise this while,
As when I fell a-sleeping.
Hey nonny nonny, etc.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE (1554–1628)

Vast Superstition

VAST Superstition! Glorious style of weakness!
Sprung from the deep disquiet of man's passion,
To dissolution and despair of Nature:
Thy texts bring princes' titles into question;
Thy prophets set on work the sword of tyrants;
They manacle sweet Truth with their distinctions;
Let virtue blood; teach cruelty for God's sake;
Fashioning one God, yet Him of many fashions,
Like many-headed Error, in their passions.
Mankind! Trust not these superstitious dreams,
Fear's idols, Pleasure's relics, Sorrow's pleasures,
They make the wilful hearts their holy temples,
The rebels unto government their martyrs.
No: thou child of false miracles begotten!
False miracles, which are but ignorance of cause,
Lift up the hopes of thy abjected prophets:
Courage and Worth abjure thy painted heavens.
Sickness, thy blessings are; Misery, thy trial;
Nothing, thy way unto eternal being;

Death, to salvation; and the grave, to heaven.
So blest be they, so angel'd, so eternized,
That tie their senses to thy senseless glories,
And die, to cloy the after-age with stories.
  Man should make much of Life, as Nature's table,
Wherein she writes the cypher of her glory.
Forsake not Nature, nor misunderstand her:
Her mysteries are read without Faith's eye-sight:
She speaketh in our flesh; and from our senses,
Delivers down her wisdoms to our reason.
If any man would break her laws to kill,
Nature doth for defence allow offences.
  She neither taught the father to destroy,
Nor promis'd any man, by dying, joy.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

Chorus of Priests

OH, wearisome condition of Humanity!
  Born under one law, to another bound:
Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
  Created sick, commanded to be sound:
What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws?
Passion and reason self-division cause.

Is it the mark or majesty of Power
  To make offences that it may forgive?
Nature herself doth her own self deflower,
  To hate those errors she herself doth give.
For how should man think that he may not do,
If Nature did not fail and punish too?

Tyrant to others, to herself unjust;
  Only commands things difficult and hard;
Forbids us all things which she knows we lust;
  Makes easy pains, impossible reward:
If Nature did not take delight in blood,
She would have made more easy ways to good.

We that are bound by vows, and by promotion,
With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
To preach belief in God and stir devotion,
To preach of Heaven's wonders and delights:
Yet when each of us in his own heart looks,
He finds the God there far unlike his books.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

Mysteries

MAN, dream no more of curious mysteries,
As what was here before the world was made,
The first man's life, the state of Paradise,
Where Heaven is or Hell's eternal shade,
For God's works are like Him, all infinite;
And curious search but crafty sin's delight.

The flood that did and dreadful fire that shall
Drown and burn up the malice of the earth,
The diverse tongues and Babylon's downfall
Are nothing to the man's renewed birth:
First, let the law plough up thy wicked heart,
That Christ may come, and all these types depart.

When thou hast swept the house that all is clear,
When thou the dust hast shaken from thy feet,
When God's All-Might doth in thy flesh appear,
Then seas with streams above the skies do meet:
For goodness only doth God comprehend,
Knows what was first and what shall be the end.

LANCELOT ANDREWES, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER (1555–1626)

Phillis Inamorata

COME, be my Valentine!
I'll gather eglantine,
Cowslips and sops-in-wine,
With fragrant roses.
Down by thy Phillis sit,
She will white lilies get,
And daffadilies fit
To make thee posies.

I have a milk-white lamb,
New taken from the dam,
It comes where'er I am
When I call "Willy":
I have a wanton kid
Under my apron hid,
A colt that ne'er was rid,
A pretty filly.

I bear in sign of love
A sparrow in my glove,
And in my breast a dove,
This shall all be thine:
Besides of sheep a flock,
Which yieldeth many a lock,
And this shall be thy stock:
Come, be my Valentine!

THOMAS WATSON (1557?–1592)

In Clowdes she shines

In clowdes she shines and so obscurely shineth,
That like a matchless ship at seas I wander:
For want of her to guide my hart that pineth,
Yet can I not entreat ne yet command her.
So am I tied in Laborinths of fancy,
In dark and obscure Laborinths of love:
That everie one may plaine behold that can see,
How I am fettered and what paines I prove.
The Lampe whose light should lead my ship about,
Is placed upon my Mistres heavenlie face.
Her hand doth hold the clew must lead me out,
And free my hart from thraldomes lothed place.
But cleane to lead me out or Lampe to light me,
She scornfullie denide the more to spite me.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON (1561–1612)

Treason

Treason doth never prosper—What's the reason?
If it doth prosper, none dare call it treason.

The Burning Babe

As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright
Did in the air appear;
Who, scorchèd with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames,
Which with His tears were fed:
"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire but I!

"My faultless breast the furnace is;
The fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke;
The ashes, shames and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defilèd souls:
For which, as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood."
With this He vanish'd out of sight
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I callèd unto mind
That it was Christmas Day.

Upon the Image of Death

BEFORE my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs,
That shortly I am like to find:
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare and thin;
I often view the hollow place,
Where eyes and nose had sometime been:
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence eke that saith,
Remember, man, that thou art dust:
But yet, alas! but seldom I
Do think indeed that I must die.

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well:
But yet, alas! for all this I
Have little mind that I must die.

The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair
Which is my only usual seat:
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no, I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Not Solomon, for all his wit,
Nor Samson though he were so strong,
No king nor person ever yet
Could 'scape, but Death laid him along:
Wherefore I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Though all the East did quake to hear
Of Alexander's dreadful name,
And all the West did likewise fear
To hear of Julius Cæsar's fame,
Yet both by Death in dust now lie;
Who then can 'scape, but he must die?

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way.
Oh! grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, sith I must die.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

The Flight into Egypt

ALAS! our Day is forced to fly by night!
Light without light, and sun by silent shade.
O nature, blush! that sufferest such a wight
That in thy sun this dark eclipse hath made;
Day to his eyes, light to his steps deny,
That hates the light which graceth every eye.

Sun being fled the stars do less their light,
And shining beams in bloody streams they drench;
A cruel storm of Herod's mortal spite
Their lives and lights with bloody showers doth quench:
The tyrant to be sure of murdering one,
For fear of sparing Him doth pardon none.

O blessed babes! first flower of Christian spring,
Who though untimely cropp'd fair garlands frame,
With open throats and silent mouths you sing
His praise whom age permits you not to name;
Your tunes are tears, your instruments are swords,
Your ditty death, and blood in lieu of words!

HENRY CONSTABLE (1562–1613)

Diaphenia

DIAPHENIA, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovèd of their dams:
How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

RICHARD ROWLANDS (1565–1630)

Lullaby

UPON my lap my sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast;
Meantime his love maintains my life
And gives my sense her rest.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me;
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would;
Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

Yet as I am, and as I may,
I must and will be thine,
Though all too little for thyself
Vouchsafing to be mine.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

SIR JOHN DAVIES (1569–1626)

A Proud and yet a Wretched Thing

I KNOW my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my Soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
I know I am one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain and but a span,
I know my sense is mock'd with every thing:
And to conclude, I know myself a *man*,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

SIR ROBERT AYTON (1570–1638)

To his forsaken Mistress

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
  Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
  Which kisseth everything it meets:
And since thou canst love more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands
  Arm'd with her briers, how sweet she smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
  Her sweets no longer with her dwells:
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide
  When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like fair flowers to be thrown aside;
  And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

RICHARD BARNEFIELD (1574–1627)

Philomel

As it fell upon a day
  In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.

Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Tereu, Tereu! by and by;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

RICHARD BARNEFIELD

In Praise of Music and Poetry

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned
When as himself to singing he betakes:
One god is god of both, as poets feign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

The Song of the Cyclops

BRAVE iron, brave hammer, from your sound
The art of music has her ground;
On the anvil thou keep'st time,
Thy knick-a-knock is a smith's best chime.
Yet thwick-a-thwack, thwick, thwack-a-thwack, thwack,
Make our brawny sinews crack:
Then pit-a-pat, pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
Till thickest bars be beaten flat.

We shoe the horses of the sun,
Harness the dragons of the moon;
Forge Cupid's quiver, bow, and arrows,
And our dame's coach that's drawn with sparrows.
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

Jove's roaring cannons and his rammers
We beat out with our Lemnian hammers;
Mars his gauntlet, helm and spear,
And Gorgon shield are all made here.
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

The grate which, shut, the day outbars,
Those golden studs which nail the stars,
The globe's case and the axle-tree,
Who can hammer these but we?
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

A warming-pan to heat earth's bed,
Lying i' th' frozen zone half-dead;
Hob-nails to serve the man i' th' moon,
And sparrowbills to clout Pan's shoon,
Whose work but ours?
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

Venus' kettles, pots and pans
We make, or else she brawls and bans;
Tongs, shovels, andirons have their places,
Else she scratches all our faces.
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

THOMAS HEYWOOD (d. 1650)

Matin Song

PACK, clouds, away! and welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale, sing!
To give my Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow,
You pretty elves, among yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

THOMAS HEYWOOD

Ye little Birds that sit and sing

YE little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah, me! methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown;
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her:
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber.
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking she may wonder.
Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

PHINEAS FLETCHER (1582–1650)

A Litany

DROP, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of Peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercy to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

RICHARD CORBET, BISHOP OF OXFORD (1582–1635)

To Vincent Corbet, his Son

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit, come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table, or at fire.

I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

RICHARD CORBET, BISHOP OF OXFORD

Farewell, Rewards and Fairies

FAREWELL rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbeys,
The Fairies' lost command!
They did but change Priests' babies,
But some have changed your land.
And all your children sprung from thence,
Are now grown Puritans,
Who live as Changelings ever since
For love of your demains.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had;
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily merrily went their tabor,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late Elizabeth
And, later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath been.

By which we note the Fairies
Were of the old profession.
Their songs were Ave Marys,
Their dances were Procession.
But now, alas, they all are dead;
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religion fled;
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth was punished, sure;
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such black and blue.
O how the commonwealth doth need
Such Justices as you!

Elegy over a Tomb

MUST I then see, alas! eternal night
Sitting upon those fairest eyes,
And closing all those beams, which once did rise
So radiant and bright,
That light and heat in them to us did prove
Knowledge and Love?

Oh, if you did delight no more to stay
Upon this low and earthly stage,
But rather chose an endless heritage,
Tell us at least, we pray,
Where all the beauties that those ashes owed
Are now bestowed?

Doth the sun now his light with yours renew?
Have waves the curling of your hair?
Did you restore unto the sky and air
The red and white and blue?
Have you vouchsafed to flowers since your death
That sweetest breath?

Had not heaven's lights else in their houses slept,
Or to some private life retired?
Must not the sky and air have else conspired,
And in their regions wept?
Must not each flower else the earth could breed
Have been a weed?

But thus enriched may we not yield some cause
Why they themselves lament no more?
That must have changed the course they held before,
And broke their proper laws,
Had not your beauties giv'n this second birth
To heaven and earth?

Tell us, for oracles must still ascend,
For those that crave them at your tomb:
Tell us, where are those beauties now become,
And what they now intend:
Tell us, alas, that cannot tell our grief,
Or hope relief.

Madrigal

How should I love my best?
What though my love unto that height be grown,
That taking joy in you alone
I utterly this world detest,
Should I not love it yet as th'only place
Where Beauty hath his perfect grace,
And is possest?
But I beauties despise,
You, universal beauty seem to me,
Giving and shewing form and degree
To all the rest, in your fair eyes,
Yet should I not love them as parts whereon
Your beauty, their perfection
And top, doth rise?
But ev'n my self I hate,
So far my love is from the least delight
That at my very self I spite,
Senseless of any happy state,
Yet may I not with justest reason fear
How hating hers, I truly her
Can celebrate?
Thus unresolvèd still
Although world, life, nay what is fair beside
I cannot for your sake abide,
Methinks I love not to my fill,
Yet, if a greater love you can devise,
In loving you some otherwise,
Believe't, I will.

Ditty

Deep sighs, records of my unpitied grief,
Memorials of my true, though hopeless love,
Keep time with my sad thoughts, till wish'd relief
My long despairs for vain and causeless prove.
Yet if such hap never to you befall,
I give you leave, break time, break heart and all.

EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney lying in St Paul's without a Monument, to be fastned upon the Church door

Reader,
Within this church Sir Philip Sidney lies,
Nor is it fit that I should more acquaint,
Lest superstition rise,
And men adore,
Souldiers, their Martyr; Lovers, their Saint.

CHARLES BEST (circa 1602)

A Sonnet of the Moon

LOOK how the pale queen of the silent night
Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her,
And he, as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honour;
But when the silver waggon of the Moon
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.
So you that are the sovereign of my heart
Have all my joys attending on your will,
My joys low ebbing when you do depart,
When you return the tide my heart doth fill.
So as you come and as you do depart,
Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

WILLIAM BASSE (1583–1653)

Elegy on Mr William Shakespeare

RENOWNÈD Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed, make a shift
Until Doomsday, for hardly will a fift
Betwixt this day and that by Fate be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.

If your precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this carved marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone;
Thy unmolested peace, unshared cave
Possess as lord, not tenant of thy grave,
That unto us and others it may be
Honour thereafter to be laid by thee.

PHILIP MASSINGER (1584–1639)

Death Invoked

WHY art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
To stop a wretch's breath,
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart
A prey unto thy dart?
I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold;
Sorrow hath made me old,
Deformed and wrinkled; all that I can crave
Is quiet in my grave.
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel;
But to me thou art cruel,
If thou end not my tedious misery
And I soon cease to be.
Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

ANONYMOUS

Love not me for comely grace

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for a constant heart:
For these may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever:
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
And love me still but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever!

An Old Courtier and a New

WITH an old song, made by an ancient pate,
Of an old Worshipful Gentleman, who had a great estate:
Who kept an old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old Porter to relieve the poor at his Gate.
Like an old Courtier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Courtier.

With an old Lady whose anger a good word assuages;
Who, every quarter pays her old servants their wages:
Who never knew what belongs to Coachmen, Footmen, and Pages;
But kept twenty thrifty fellows with blue coats and badges.

With an old Study fillèd full of learnèd books;
With an old reverend Parson, you may judge him by his looks!
With an old Buttery-hatch worn quite off the old hooks;
And an old Kitchen, which maintains half a dozen old cooks.

With an old Hall hung round about with guns, pikes and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, which have borne many shrewd blows,
With an old frisado coat to cover his Worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old Sherry to comfort his copper nose.

With an old fashion, when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;
And good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb.

With an old Huntsman, a Falconer, and a kennel of hounds;
Which never hunted, nor hawked, but in his own grounds.
Who, like an old wise man, kept himself within his own bounds;
And, when he died, gave every child a thousand pounds.

But to his eldest son, his house and land he assigned;
Charging him, in his Will, to keep the same bountiful mind,
To be good to his servants, and to his neighbours kind:
But, in the ensuing ditty, you shall hear how he was inclined,
Like a young Courtier of the King's,
O, the King's young Courtier!

Like a young Gallant, newly come to his land,
That keeps a brace of creatures at's own command;
And takes up a thousand pounds upon's own band,
And lieth drunk in a new tavern till he can neither go nor stand.

With a neat Lady, that is fresh and fair,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping, or care:
But buys several fans to play with the wanton air;
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other women's hair.

With a new Hall, built where the old one stood;
Wherein is burnèd neither coal, nor wood:
And a new shuffle-board table, where never meat stood;
Hung round with pictures, which doth the poor little good.

With a new Study, stuffed full of Pamphlets and Plays;
With a new Chaplain, that swears faster than he prays;
With a new Buttery-hatch, that opens once in four or five days;
With a new French Cook, to make kickshaws and toys.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is come,
With a journey up to London. "We must be gone!
And leave nobody at home, but our new Porter John;
Who relieves the poor, with a thump on the back with a stone."

With a Gentleman Usher, whose carriage is complete.
With a Footman, a Coachman, a Page to carry meat.
With a Waiting Gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat;
Who, when the Master hath dined, gives the servants little meat.

With a new honour, bought with his father's old gold;
That many of his father's old Manors hath sold.
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That Good Housekeeping is nowadays grown so cold.
Like a young Courtier of the King's,
O, the King's young Courtier!

Phillada flouts Me

O WHAT a plague is love!
How shall I bear it?
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind
That my strength faileth,
And wavers with the wind
As a ship saileth.
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay;
Alack and well-a-day!
Phillada flouts me.

At the fair yesterday
She did pass by me;
She look'd another way
And would not spy me:
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her;
Will had her to the wine—
He might entreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she look'd askance:
O thrice unhappy chance!
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me!
I am my mother's joy:
Sweet, entertain me!
She'll give me when she dies,
All that is fitting:
Her poultry and her bees,
And her goose sitting,
A pair of mattrass beds,
And a bag full of shreds;
And yet for all these guedes,
Phillada flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine
Wrought with blue coventry,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity:
But i'faith, if she flinch
She shall not wear it;
To Tib, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part:
Death strike me with his dart!
Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat crudded cream
All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream
Pleasant in tasting;
Whig and whey whilst thou lust,
And bramble-berries,
Pie-lid and pastry-crust,
Pears, plums and cherries:
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weevil's skin—
Yet all's not worth a pin!
Phillada flouts me.

In the last month of May
I made her posies;
I heard her often say
That she loved roses.
Cowslips and gillyflowers
And the white lily
I brought to deck the bowers
For my sweet Philly.
But she did all disdain,
And threw them back again
Therefore 'tis flat and plain
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
And in time take me;
I can have those as fair
If you forsake me:
For Doll the dairy maid
Laugh'd at me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose;
What wanting signs are those?
Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work nor sleep
At all in season:
Love wounds my heart so deep
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away
In my love's shadow,
Like as a fat beast may,
Penn'd in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year:
And all for that my dear
Phillada flouts me.

ANONYMOUS

Love will find out the way

OVER the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

When there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
When there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
When the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come, he will enter
And will find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward for his flight;
But if she whom Love doth honour
Be conceal'd from the day—
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined;
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart! to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
He will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the east;
The lioness, you may move her
To give over her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover—
He will find out the way.

If the earth it should part him,
He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore;
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent;
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent;
But if once the message greet him
That his True Love doth stay,
If Death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way!

ANONYMOUS

The Rural Dance about the Maypole

COME, Lasses and Lads!
Take leave of your dads;
And away to the Maypole, hey!
For every he
Has got him a she;
With a minstrel standing by.
For Willy has gotten his Jill, and Johnny has got his Joan
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it up and down!

"Strike up!" says Wat.
"Agreed!" says Kate;
"And I prithee fiddler play!"
"Content!" says Hodge;
And so says Madge,
"For this is a holiday!"
Then every man did put his hat off to his Lass;
And every Girl did curchy, curchy, curchy on the grass.

"Begin!" says Hal.
"Aye! Aye!" says Mall,
"We'll lead up *Packington's Pound!*"
"No! No!" says Noll,
And so says Doll,
"We'll first have *Sellenger's Round!*"
Then ev'ry man began to foot it round about;
And ev'ry Girl did jet it, jet it, jet it in and out.

"Y'are out!" says Dick.
"'Tis a lie!" says Nick,
"The fiddler played it false!"
"'Tis true!" says Hugh,
And so says Sue
And so says nimble Alice.
The fiddler then began to play the tune again,
And ev'ry Girl did trip it, trip it, trip it to the men.

"Let's kiss!" says Jane.
"Content!" says Nan;
And so says every she.
"How many?" says Batt.
"Why three!" says Matt.
"For that's a Maiden's fee!"
But they, instead of three, did give them half a score;
And they, in kindness, gave them, gave them, gave them as many more.

Then after an hour
They went to a bower,
And played for Ale and Cakes;
And kisses too!
Until they were due,
The Lasses kept the stakes.
The Girls did then begin to quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses back; and give them their own again.

Yet there they sate
Until it was late,
And tired the fiddler quite,
With singing and playing
Without any paying,
From morning until night.
They told the fiddler then, they'd pay him for his play;
And each a two pence, two pence, two pence gave him; and went away.

SIR ALBERTUS MORTON (1584?–1625)

GREEDY lover, pause awhile,
And remember that a smile
Heretofore
Would have made thy hopes a feast;
Which is more,
Since thy diet was increased,
Than both looks and language too,
Or the face itself, can do.

Such a province was my hand
As, if it thou couldst command
Heretofore,
There thy lips would seem to dwell;
Which is more,
Ever since they sped so well,
Than they can be brought to do
By my neck and bosom too.

If the centre of my breast,
A dominion unpossest
Heretofore,
May thy wandering thoughts suffice,
Seek no more,
And my heart shall be thy prize:
So thou keep above the line,
All the hemisphere is thine.

If the flames of love were pure,
Which by oath thou didst assure
Heretofore,
Gold that goes into the clear
Shines the more
When it leaves again the fire:
Let not then those looks of thine
Blemish what they should refine.

I have cast into the fire
Almost all thou couldst desire
Heretofore;
But I see thou art to crave
More and more.
Should I cast in all I have,
So that I were ne'er so free,
Thou wouldst burn, though not for me.

JOHN FORD (1586–1640?)

Song

CAN you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?
Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving?
Can you grasp a sigh? or lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastely?
No, oh no! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display
Beauty's beauty; such a glory
As beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those, or they,
Do, shall, and must obey.

NATHANIEL FIELD (1587–1633)

Rise, Lady Mistress

RISE, lady mistress, rise!
The night hath tedious been;
No sleep hath fallen into my eyes,
Nor slumbers made me sin.
Is not she a saint, then, say,
Thought of whom keeps sin away?

Rise, madam, rise and give me light,
Whom darkness still will cover,
And ignorance darker than night,
Till thou shine on thy lover.
All want day till thy beauty rise,
For the grey morn breaks from thine eyes.

To Cynthia
On the Concealment of her Beauty

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies,
Lest wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to chaos' endless night.

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy curl'd hair,
Lest finding neither gold, nor ore,
The curious silkworm work no more.

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,
More snow-white than the Apennine,
Lest if there be like cold or frost,
The lily be forever lost.

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent
Perfumes, lest it being supprest,
No spices grow in all the East.

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,
Which makes the hearts of gods rejoice
Lest Music, hearing no such thing,
The Nightingale forget to sing.

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips.
Lest that the seas cease to bring forth
Gems which from thee hath all their worth.

Do not conceal no beauty-grace,
That's either in thy mind or face,
Lest virtue overcome by vice,
Make men believe no Paradise.

RICHARD BRAITHWAITE (1588–1673)

Themista's Reproof

LIKE a top which runneth round
And never winneth any ground;
Or th' dying scion of a vine
That rather breaks than it will twine;
Or th' sightless mole whose life is spent
Divided from her element;
Or plants removed from Tagus' shore
Who never bloom or blossom more;
Or dark Cimmerians who delight
In shady shroud of pitchy night;
Or mopping apes who are possessed
Their cubs are ever prettiest;
So he who makes his own opinion
To be his one and only minion,
Nor will incline in any season
To th' weight of proof or strength of reason,
But prefers will precipitate
'Fore judgment that's deliberate;
He ne'er shall lodge within my roof
Till, rectified by due reproof,
He labours to reform this ill
By giving way to others' will.

FRANCIS QUARLES (1592–1644)

Wherefore hidest thou thy face,
And holdest me for thy enemy?
Job xiii. 24.

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sunshine of thy soul enliv'ning eye?
Without that light, what light remains in me?
Thou art my life, my way, my light; in thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.
Thou art my life; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my way;
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My light thou art; without thy glorious sight,
Mine eyes are dark'ned with perpetual night:
My God, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander, if thou fly:
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot see;
To whom, or whither, should my darkness flee,
But to the light? and who's that light but thee?

My path is lost; my wand'ring steps do stray;
I cannot safely go, nor safely stay;
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way?

O, I am dead: to whom shall I, poor I,
Repair? To whom shall my sad ashes fly
But life? And where is life but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and fly'st me;
And yet I sue for grace, and thou deny'st me;
Speak, art thou angry, Lord, or only try'st me?

Unscreen those heavenly lamps, or tell me why
Thou shad'st thy face; perhaps, thou think'st no eye
Can view those flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, shine forth, and draw thee nigher;
Let me behold and die; for my desire
Is, phoenix-like, to perish in that fire.

Death-conquered Lazarus was redeem'd by thee;
If I am dead, Lord, set death's prisoner free;
Am I more spent, or stink I worse, than he?

If my puff'd light be out, give leave to tine
My flameless snuff at that bright lamp of thine;
O what's thy light the less for lighting mine?

If I have lost my path, great Shepherd, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?
Lord, shall a lamb of Isr'el's sheepfold stray?

Thou art the pilgrim's path; the blind man's eye;
The dead man's life; on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I err; I grope; I die.

Disclose thy sun-beams, close thy wings and stay;
See, see, how I am blind, and deaf, and stray,
O thou, that art my Light, my Life, my Way.

ISAAK WALTON (1593–1683)

The Angler's Wish

I IN these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle will rejoice;
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; ease my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers;
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or, a laverock build her nest:
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit with him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good morning to each day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle on: and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1596–1666)

Death

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds.
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY

Love's Hue and Cry

In Love's name you are charged! O, fly,
And make a speedy Hue and Cry
After a face, which t'other day
Stole my wand'ring heart away:
To direct you, take in brief
These few marks to know the thief.

Her hair a net of beams, would prove
Strong enough to imprison Jove
Dress'd in his eagle's shape; Her brow
Is a spacious field of snow;
Her eyes so rich, so pure a grey,
Every look creates a day;
And if they close themselves (not when
The sun doth set), 'tis night again;
In her cheeks are to be seen
Of flowers both the King and Queen;
Thither by all the Graces led,
And smiling in their nuptial bed:

On whom, like pretty nymphs, do wait
Her twin-born lips, whose virgin state
They do deplore themselves, nor miss
To blush, so often as they kiss
Without a man. Beside the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for, when your ear
Once a harmony shall hear
So ravishing, you do not know
Whether you be in Heaven, or no;
That, that is she; O, straight surprise,
And bring her unto Love's Assize;
  But lose no time, for fear that she
Ruin all mankind, like me,
Fate, and Philosophy control,
And leave the World without a soul.

JAMES SHIRLEY

To one that said his Mistress was Old

TELL me not Time hath played the thief
  Upon her beauty! My belief
Might have been mocked, and I had been
A heretic, if I had not seen
My Mistress is still fair to me!
  And now I all those graces see,
That did adorn her virgin brow;
Her eye hath the same flame in't now,
To kill or save, the chemist's fire
Equally burns; so my desire;
Not any rosebud less within
Her cheek, the same snow on her chin;
Her voice, that heavenly music bears,
First charmed my soul, and in my ears
Did leave it trembling; her lips are
The selfsame lovely twins they were:
After so many years, I miss
No flower in all my Paradise.
  Time, I despise thy rage, and thee;
  Thieves do not always thrive, I see!

Victorious Men of Earth

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are:
Nor to these alone confined:
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile, a kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have a cunning skill to break a heart.

JAMES SHIRLEY

On her Dancing

I STOOD and saw my Mistress dance,
Silent, and with so fixed an eye,
Some might suppose me in a trance:
But being askèd why,
By one that knew I was in love,
I could not but impart
My wonder, to behold her move
So nimbly with a marble heart.

SIMON WASTELL (d. 1632)

Of Man's Mortality

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan.
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended;
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;
The hour is short, the span not long;
The swan's near death,—man's life is done!

ANONYMOUS

My Sweet Sweeting

AH my sweet sweeting,
My little pretty sweeting,
My sweeting will I love wherever I go.

She is so proper and so pure,
Full steadfast, stable and demure,
There is none such, ye may be sure,
As my sweet sweeting.

In all this world, as thinketh me
Is none so pleasant to my eye,
That I am glad so oft to see,
  As my sweet sweeting.

When I behold my sweeting sweet,
Her face, her hands, her minion feet,
They seem to me there is none so sweet
  As my sweet sweeting.

Above all other praise must I
And love my little piggèsnie,
For none I find so womanly
  As my sweet sweeting.

ANONYMOUS

Tears

WEEP you no more, sad fountains;
  What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
  Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
  View not your weeping,
  That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
    Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
  A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
  When fair at eve he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes,
  Melt not in weeping
  While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
    Sleeping.

ANONYMOUS

Devotion

FAIN would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charmed me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come,
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

ANONYMOUS

Since first I saw your face

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved to honour and renown ye;
If now I be disdained I wish my heart had never known ye.
What? I that loved and you that liked, shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much, that fault you may forgive me;
Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch, then justly might you leave me.
I ask'd you leave, you bade me love; is't now a time to chide me?
No, no, no, I'll love you still what fortune e'er betide me.

The Sun, whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth no beholder,
And your sweet beauty past compare made my poor eyes the bolder:
Where beauty moves and wit delights and signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there! where'er I go I'll leave my heart behind me!

ANONYMOUS

Phillis was a Fair Maid

PHILLIS was a fair maid,
And she had suitors store;
Though I a maid as Phillis was,
Yet I have ne'er the more.
A silly lass
May sigh, alas!
Whose cause doth still abound,
I daily weep,
And keep my sheep
That feed upon the down.

ANONYMOUS

DECEITFUL Fancy, why delud'st thou me,
The dead alive presenting?
My joy's fair image carved in shades I see.
O false, yet sweet contenting!
Why art thou not a substance like to me,
Or I a shade to vanish hence with thee?

Stay, gentle object, my sense still deceive
With this thy kind illusion.
I die through madness if my thoughts you leave.
O strange, yet sweet confusion!
Poor blissless heart, that feels such deep annoy
Only to lose the shadow of thy joy!

ANONYMOUS

THYRSIS and Milla, arm in arm together,
In merry may-time to the green garden walked,
Where all the way they wanton riddles talked;
The youthful boy, kissing her cheeks so rosy,
Beseech'd her there to gather him a posy.
She straight her light green silken coats uptucked,
And may for Mill and thyme for Thyrsis plucked;
Which when she brought, he clasped her by the middle
And kiss'd her sweet, but could not read her riddle.
"Ah, fool!" with that the nymph set up a laughter,
And blush'd, and ran away, and he ran after.

ANONYMOUS

THOU art but young, thou say'st,
And love's delight thou weigh'st not;
O, take time while thou may'st,
Lest when thou would'st thou may'st not.

If love shall then assail thee,
A double anguish shall torment thee;
And thou wilt wish (but wishes all will fail thee,)
"O me! that I were young again!" and so repent thee.

ANONYMOUS

Phyllida's Love-Call

PHYLLIDA. Corydon, arise, my Corydon!
Titan shineth clear.
CORYDON. Who is it that calleth Corydon?
Who is it that I hear?
PHYL. Phyllida, thy true love, calleth thee
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and keep thy flock with me!
COR. Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

PHYL. Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon;
Eat them for my sake.
COR. Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.
PHYL. Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee
A pair of stockings white as milk.
COR. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee,
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

PHYL. I will gather flowers, my Corydon,
To set in thy cap.
COR. I will gather pears, my lovely one
To put in thy lap.

PHYL. I will buy my true love garters gay,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so tall.
COR. I will buy my true love yellow say,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle small.

PHYL. When my Corydon sits on a hill
Making melody—
COR. When my lovely one goes to her wheel,
Singing cheerily—
PHYL. Sure methinks my true love doth excel
For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.
COR. And methinks my true love bears the bell
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

PHYL. Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack! her swain—
COR. Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain—
PHYL. Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring,
My Corydon to play withal.
COR. The Queen of Love had been excused
Bequeathing, bequeathing,
My Phyllida the golden ball.

PHYL. Yonder comes my mother, Corydon!
Whither shall I fly?
COR. Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.
PHYL. Say to her thy true love was not here;
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.
COR. Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear;
Farewell then, farewell then!
Heaven keep our loves alway!

ANONYMOUS

Madrigal

My love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

ANONYMOUS

Her hair the net of golden wire,
Wherein my heart, led by my wandering eyes,
So fast entangled is that in no wise
It can, nor will, again retire;
But rather will in that sweet bondage die
Than break one hair to gain her libery.

ANONYMOUS

My Lady's Tears

I saw my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advancèd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe;
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful thing;
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare:
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than ought else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve!
Enough, enough: your joyful look excels:
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

ANONYMOUS

Sister, Awake!

SISTER, awake! close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping:
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping!

Therefore awake! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the Park a-maying!

ANONYMOUS

There is a Lady sweet and kind

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change:
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

ANONYMOUS

The Wakening

ON a time the amorous Silvy
Said to her shepherd, "Sweet how do ye?
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,
My sweetest dear!
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,
For now the morning draweth near."

With that, her fairest bosom showing,
Op'ning her lips, rich perfumes blowing,
She said, "Now kiss me and be going,
My sweetest dear!
Kiss me this once and then be going,
For now the morning draweth near."

With that the shepherd waked from sleeping,
And spying where the day was peeping,
He said, "Now take my soul in keeping,
My sweetest dear!
Kiss me and take my soul in keeping,
Since I must go, now day is near."

ANONYMOUS

ONCE did my thoughts both ebb and flow,
As passion did them move.
Once did I hope, straight fear again,
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
And told how many minutes move,
Once did I wishing waste the day,
And then I was in love.

Once by my carving true love's knots
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and tears were both our lots,
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath,
And in my mistress move;
Once was I not mine own at all,
And then I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,
And collars did approve,
Once were my clothes made out of wax,
And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soul in number moved,
Once did I tell a thousand lies,
And then in truth I loved.

Once in my ear did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove,
Once, in a word, I was a fool,
And then I was in love.

ANONYMOUS

AND is it night? Are they thine eyes that shine?
Are we alone and here? and here alone
May I come near? May I but touch thy shrine?
Is jealousy asleep or is he gone?
O gods, no more silence my lips with thine,
Lips, kisses, joys, hap, blessings most divine.

O come, my dear, our griefs are turned to night,
And night to joys: Night blinds pale Envy's eyes;
Silence and sleep prepare us our delight;
O cease we then our woes, our griefs, our cries,
O vanish words! words do but passions move.
O dearest life, joys sweet, O sweetest love!

CHIDIOCK TYCHBORN (d. 1586)

Lines before Execution

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares;
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares;
And all my good is but vain hope of gain:
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen:
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

I sought my death, and found it in my womb;
I looked for life, and saw it was a shade;
I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb;
And now I die, and now I am but made:
The glass is full, and now my glass is run;
And now I live and now my life is done!

Upon the vain flattery of ourselves that the succeeding times will be better than the former

NEVER was there morning yet
(Sweet as is the violet)
Which man's folly did not soon
Wish to be expired at noon;
As though such an haste did tend
To our bliss, and not our end.
Nay the young ones in the nest
Suck this folly from the breast,
And no stammering ape but can
Spoil a prayer to be a man.
  But suppose that he is heard,
By the sprouting of his beard,
And he hath what he doth seek,
The soft clothing of the cheek:
Would he yet stay here? or be
Fixt in this maturity?
Sooner shall the wand'ring star
Learn what rest and quiet are:
Sooner shall the slippery rill
Leave his motion and stand still.
  Be it joy, or be it sorrow,
We refer all to the morrow.
That we think will ease our pain,
That we do suppose again
Will increase our joy, and so
Events, the which we cannot know,
We magnify, and are (in sum)
Enamoured of the time to come.
  Well, the next day comes, and then,
  Another next, and so to ten,
  To twenty we arrive, and find
  No more before us than behind
  Of solid joy, and yet haste on
  To our consummation.

Till the baldness of the crown,
Till that all the face do frown,
Till the forehead often have
The remembrance of a grave;
Till the eyes look in, to find
If that they can see the mind;
Till the sharpness of the nose,
Till that we have lived, to pose
Sharper eyes, who cannot know
Whether we are men or no.
Till the tallow of the cheek,
Till we know not what we seek,
And at last of life bereaved,
Die unhappy and deceived.

WILLIAM STRODE (1602–1645)

To a Lady, Putting Off her Veil

KEEP on your veil and hide your eye;
For with beholding you, I die!
Your fatal beauty, Gorgon-like,
Dead with astonishment will strike!
Your piercing eyes, if them I see,
Are worse than basilisks to me!

Hide from my sight those hills of snow
Their melting valley do not show!
Those azure paths lead to despair!
O, vex me not! Forbear! Forbear!
For, while I thus in torments dwell,
The sight of Heaven is worse than Hell!

Your dainty voice and warbling breath
Sound like a sentence passed for death!
Your dangling tresses are become
Like instruments of final Doom!
O, if an angel torture so;
When life is done, where shall I go?

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605–1682)

Evening Hymn

THE night is come, like to the day;
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death; oh! make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die.
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with thee.
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
Oh! come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

Song

TELL me not I my time mis-spend,
'Tis time lost to reprove me;
Pursue thou thine, I have my end
So Chloris only love me.

Tell me not others' flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them despise me
Who more abound with milk and wool,
So Chloris only prize me.

Tire others' easier ears with these
Unappertaining stories;
He never felt the world's disease
Who car'd not for its glories.

For pity that thou wiser art,
Whose thoughts lie wide of mine;
Let me alone with my own heart,
And I'le ne're envy thine.

Nor blame him whoe're blames my wit,
That seeks no higher prize,
Than in unenvy'd shades to sit,
And sing of Chloris' eyes.

WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605–1654)

To Roses in the Bosom of Castara

YE blushing virgins happy are
In the chaste nunnery of her breasts—
For he'd profane so chaste a fair,
Whoe'er should call them Cupid's nests.

Transplanted thus how bright ye grow!
How rich a perfume do ye yield!
In some close garden cowslips so
Are sweeter than i'th'open field.

In those white cloisters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath!—
Each hour more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you room,
Your glorious sepulchre shall be.
There wants no marble for a tomb
Whose breast hath marble been to me.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere;
So rich with jewels hung, that Night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear:

My soul her wings doth spread
And heavenward flies,
Th'Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretch'd power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour:

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscover'd, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway:

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute:—

For they have watch'd since first
The World had birth:
And found sin is itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

The Reward of Innocent Love

We saw and woo'd each other's eyes,
My soule contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice
By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soule is sense,
Prophane the temple of delight.
And purchase endlesse penitence,
With the stolen pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
The sensual idol of our clay.
For though the sun does set and rise,
We joy one everlasting day

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent.
The troubled streame is still impure,
With vertue flies away content.

And though opinion often erre,
Wee'le court the modest smile of fame.
For sinnes black danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke silent roome,
Death shall our loving coffins thrust;
Fame will build columns on our tombe,
And adde a perfume to our dust.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

My Soule, when thou and I

My Soule! when thou and I
Shall on our frighted death-bed lie;
Each moment watching when pale death
Shall snatch away our latest breath,
And 'tweene two long joyn'd lovers force
An endlesse sad divorce:

How wilt thou then? that art
My rational and nobler part,
Distort thy thoughts? How wilt thou try
To draw from weake philosophie
Some strength: and flatter thy poore state,
'Cause 'tis the common fate?

How will thy spirits pant
And tremble when they feele the want
Of th'usuall organs; and that all
The vitall powers begin to fall?
When 'tis decreed that thou must goe,
Yet whither; who can know?

How fond and idle then
Will seeme the misteries of men?
How like some dull ill-acted part
The subtlest of proud human art?
How shallow ev'n the deepest sea,
When thus we ebbe away?

But how shall I (that is
My fainting earth) looke pale at this?
Disjointed on the racke of paine.
How shall I murmur, how complaine;
And craving all the aid of skill,
Finde none, but what must kill?

Which way so ere my griefe
Doth throw my sight to court relief,
I shall but meete despaire; for all
Will prophesie my funerall:
The very silence of the roome
Will represent a tombe.

And while my children's teares,
My wife's vaine hopes, but certaine feares,
And councells of divines advance
Death in each doleful circumstance:
I shall even a sad mourner be
At my owne obsequie.

For by examples I
Must know that others' sorrowes die
Soone as ourselves, and none survive
To keep our memories alive.
Even our fals tombes, as loath to say
We once had life, decay.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

On His Death

TELL me, O great all-knowing God!
What period
Hast thou unto my dayes assign'd?
Like some old leaflesse tree shall I
Wither away: or violently
Fall by the axe, by lightning or the wind?

Heere, where I first drew vital breath
Shall I meete death?
And find in the same vault a roome
Where my fore-fathers' ashes sleepe?
Or shall I die, where none shall weepe
My timelesse fate, and my cold earth intombe?

Shall I 'gainst the swift Parthians fight
And in their flight
Receive my death? Or shall I see
That envied peace, in which we are
Triumphant yet, disturb'd by warre;
And perish by th'invading enemie?

Astrologers, who calculate
Uncertaine fate
Affirme my scheme doth not presage
Any abridgement of my dayes:
And the phisitian gravely sayes,
I may enjoy a reverent length of age.

But they are jugglers, and by flight
Of art the sight
Of faith delude: and in their schoole
They onely practise how to make
A mistery of each mistake,
And teach strange words, credulity to fool.

For thou who first didst motion give,
Whereby things live
And Time hath being! to conceale
Future events didst thinke it fit
To checke th'ambition of our wit,
And keepe in awe the curious search of zeale.

Therefore I so prepar'd still be,
My God for Thee:
Oth' sudden on my spirits may
Some killing Apoplexie seize,
Or let me by a dull disease
Or weakened by a feeble age decay.

And so I in thy favour die,
No memorie
For me a well-wrought tombe prepare,
For if my soule be 'mong the blest
Though my poore ashes want a chest,
I shall forgive the trespasse of my heire.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

To the Moment last past

O WHITHER dost thou flye? Cannot my vow
Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but now,
And thou art gone: like ships which plough the sea,
And leave no print for man to tracke their way.
O unseene wealth! who thee did husband, can
Out-vie the jewels of the ocean,
The mines of th'earth! One sigh well spent in thee
Had beene a purchase for eternity!
We will not loose thee then. Castara, where
Shall we find out this hidden sepulcher;
And wee'le revive him. Not the cruell stealth
Of fate shall rob us of so great a wealth.
Undone in thrift! while we besought his stay,
Ten of his fellow moments fled away.

THOMAS RANDOLPH (1605–1635)

An Ode to Master Anthony Stafford to hasten Him into the Country

COME, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town:
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in gray,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewell, you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war—
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows mad.

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;
Or to make sport
For some slight Puisne of the Inns of Court.
Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day?
With what delights
Shorten the nights?
When from this tumult we are got secure,
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose;
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.

There from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;
And every day
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show:
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
(Though some of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard Street.

But think upon
Some other pleasures: these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate?
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed:
My Muse is she
My love shall be.
Let clowns get wealth and heirs: when I am gone
And the great bugbear, grisly death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more!
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store.
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then, full, we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the other birds do fill the quire;
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
Warbling melodious notes;
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,
Whereat what fowl we please our hawk shall fly:
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'll choose;
The buck shall fall,
The stag, and all.
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
For to my Muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free:
Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody;
Which he that hears,
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain:
Then I another pipe will take
And Doric music make,
To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

Upon his Picture

WHEN age hath made me what I am not now:
And every wrinkle tells me where the plough
Of time hath furrowed; when an ice shall flow
Through every vein, and all my head be snow:
When death displays his coldness in my cheek,
And I myself in my own picture seek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to believe, this or my glass;
Yet though I alter, this remains the same
As it was drawn: retains the primitive frame
And first complexion; here will still be seen
Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin,
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.
Behold what frailty we in man can see,
Whose shadow is less given to change than he.

THOMAS RANDOLPH

A Parley with his Empty Purse

PURSE, who'll not know you have a poet's been,
When he shall look and find no gold herein?
What respect (think you) will there now be shown
To this foul nest when all the birds are fled?
Unnatural vacuum, can your emptiness
Answer to some slight questions, such as these?
How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores
Be clear'd with verses to my creditors?
Hexameter's no sterling, and I fear
What the brain coins goes scarce for current there:
Can metre cancel bonds? Is there a time
Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?
Or if I now were hurrying to the jail,
Are the nine Muses held sufficient bail?

Would they to any composition come,
If we should mortgage our Elysium,
Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams
Of Tagus and Pactolus: those rich dreams
Of active fancy? Can our Orpheus move
Those rocks and stones with his best strains of love?
Should I (like Homer) sing in lofty tones
To them Achilles and his Myrmidons!
Hector and Ajax are but sergeants' names,
They relish basalt 'bove the epigrams
Of the most season'd brain; nor will they be
Content with ode, or paid with elegy.
Muse, burn thy bays, and thy fond quill resign,
One cross of theirs is worth whole books of mine.
Of all the treasure which the poets hold
There's none at all they weigh, except our gold;
And mine's return'd to th'Indies, and hath swore
Never to visit this cold climate more.
Then crack your strings, good purse, for you need none!
Gape on, as they do to be paid, gape on!

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1606–1668)

Song

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings.
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings—
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake! break thro' your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn!

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

To a Mistress Dying

LOVER. Your beauty, ripe and calm and fresh
As eastern summers are,
Must now, forsaking time and flesh,
Add light to some small star.

PHILOSOPHER. Whilst she yet lives, were stars decay'd,
Their light by hers relief might find;
But Death will lead her to a shade
Where Love is cold, and Beauty blind.

LOVER. Lovers, whose priests all poets are,
Think every mistress, when she dies,
Is changed at least into a star:
And who dares doubt the poets wise?

PHILOSOPHER. But ask not bodies doom'd to die
To what abode they go;
Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

Love Proscribed

WAKE all the dead! what ho! what ho!
How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low
They mind not poor lovers who walk above
On the decks of the world in storms of love.
No whisper now or glance can pass
Through wickets or through panes of glass;
For our windows and doors are shut and barr'd.
Lie close in the church, and in the churchyard.
In ev'ry grave make room, make room!
The world's at an end, and we come, we come.

The state is now love's foe, love's foe;
Has seiz'd on his arms, his quiver and bow;
Has pinion'd his wings, and fetter'd his feet,
Because he made way for lovers to meet.
But O sad chance, his judge was old;
Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold.
No man being young, his process would draw.
O heavens that love should be subject to law!
Lovers go woo the dead, the dead!
Lie two in a grave, and to bed, to bed!

THOMAS WASHBOURNE (1606–1687)

Upon a Passing Bell

HARK, how the Passing Bell
Rings out thy neighbour's knell,
And thou for want of wit
Or grace, ne'er think'st on it;
Because thou yet art well.

Fool! in two days or three,
The same may ring for thee!
For Death's impartial dart
Will surely hit thy heart!
He will not take a fee!

Since, then, he will not spare,
See thou thyself prepare,
Against that dreadful day,
When thou shalt turn to clay!
This Bell bids thee Beware!

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE (1608–1666)

A Rose

BLOWN in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon.
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.
If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know then the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty doth, in bloody leaves,
The sentence of thy early death contain.
Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn;
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born—
Nay, force thy bud to blow—their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death!

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE

Of Beauty

LET us use it whilst we may;
Snatch those joys that haste away.
Earth her winter coat may cast,
And renew her beauty past:
But, our winter come, in vain
We solicit spring again:
And when our furrows snow shall cover,
Love may return, but never lover.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE

From *An Ode upon Occasion of His Majesty's Proclamation in the Year* 1630 *Commanding the Gentry to reside upon their estates in the Country*

ONLY the Island which we sow
(A world without the world) so far
From present wounds, it cannot show
An ancient scar.

White Peace (the beautiful'st of things)
Seems here her everlasting rest
To fix, and spreads her downy wings
Over the nest.

As when great Jove, usurping reign,
From the plagued world did her exile
And tied her with a golden chain
To one blest Isle:

Which in a sea of plenty swam,
And turtles sang on every bough,
A safe retreat to all that came,
As ours is now.

Believe me, Ladies, you will find
In that sweet life more solid joys,
More true contentment to the mind,
Than all town toys.

Nor Cupid there less blood doth spill,
But heads his shafts with chaster love,
Not feathered with a sparrow's quill,
But of a dove.

There shall you hear the nightingale
(The harmless syren of the wood)
How prettily she tells a tale
Of rape and blood.

The lyric lark, with all beside
Of nature's feathered quire; and all
The Commonwealth of flowers in'ts pride
Behold you shall.

The lily (queen), the (royal) rose,
The gillyflower (prince of the blood),
The (courtier) tulip (gay in clothes),
The (regal) bud.

The violet (purple senator),
How they do mock the pomp of state
And all that at the surly door
Of great ones wait.

Plant trees you may, and see them shoot
Up with your children, to be served
To your clean boards and the fairest fruit
To be preserved:

And learn to use their several gums,
" 'Tis innocence in the sweet blood
Of cherry, apricocks, and plums
To be imbued."

AURELIAN TOWNSHEND (circa 1610)

To the Lady May

YOUR smiles are not, as other women's be,
Only the drawing of the mouth awry;
For breasts and cheeks and forehead may we see,
Parts wanting motion, all stand smiling by:
Heaven hath no mouth, and yet is said to smile
After your style:
No more hath earth, yet that smiles too,
Just as you do.

No simpering lips nor looks can breed
Such smiles as from your face proceed:
The sun must lend his golden beams,
Soft winds their breath, green trees their shade,
Sweet fields their flowers, clear springs their streams,
Ere such another smile be made:
But these concurring, we may say
"So smiles the spring and so smiles lovely May."

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611–1643)

From *To Chloe:*
Who for his sake wished herself younger

THERE are two births; the one when light
First strikes the new awaken'd sense;
The other when two souls unite,
And we must count our life from thence:
When you loved me, and I loved you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
And in those souls did plant new powers;
Since when another life we live,
The breath we breathe is his, not ours:
Love makes those young whom age doth chill,
And whom he finds young keeps young still.

Lesbia on her Sparrow

TELL me not of joy; there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone!
He, just as you,
Would toy and woo!
He would chirp and flatter me!
He would hang the wing awhile
Till at length he saw me smile.
Lord! how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb; and then
Sporting, let it go again!
He from my lip
Would moisture sip!
He would from my trencher feed;
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry "Philip!" when h' had done!
O, whose heart can choose but bleed!

O, how eager would he fight!
And ne'er hurt; though he did bite!
No morn did pass
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark, and do
What I did. Now ruffle all
His feathers o'er; now let 'em fall!
And then straightway sleek them too!

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feathered now, to pierce our hearts?
A wound he may,
Not love, convey,
Now this faithful bird is gone!
O, let mournful turtles join
With loving redbreasts; and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

Song

SEE, O see!
How every tree,
Every bower,
Every flower,
A new life gives to others' joys,
Whilst that I
Grief-stricken lie,
Nor can meet
With any sweet
But what faster mine destroys.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

Hear, O hear!
How sweet and clear
The nightingale
And waters' fall
In concert join for others' ear,
Whilst to me,
For harmony,
Every air
Echoes despair,
And every drop provokes a tear.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

Grieve not, dear Love

GRIEVE not, dear Love! although we often part:
But know, that Nature gently doth us sever,
Thereby to train us up with tender art,
To brook the day when we must part for ever.

For Nature, doubting we should be surprised
By that sad day whose dread doth chiefly fear us,
Doth keep us daily schooled and exercised;
Lest that the fright thereof should overbear us!

I'll never love thee more

My dear and only Love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
Than purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part
(Which virtuous souls abhor),
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if *Committees* thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen
And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

Song

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,
With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasure's uncertain,
Then down with your dust!
In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We'll sport and be free with Moll, Betty, and Dolly,
Have oysters and lobsters to cure melancholy:
Fish-dinners will make a man spring like a flea,
Dame Venus, love's lady,
Was born of the sea:
With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,
For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bride who with garlands is crown'd
And kills with each glance as she treads on the ground,
Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splendour
That none but the stars
Are thought fit to attend her,
Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,
Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,
Turn all our tranquill'ty to sighs and to tears?
Let's eat, drink, and play till the worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain, *Post mortem*
Nulla voluptas.
For health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning and sense,
Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

Mark Anthony

WHEN as the nightingale chanted her vespers,
And the wild forrester couch'd on the ground
Venus invited me in the evening whispers
Unto a fragrant field with roses crown'd;
Where she before had sent
My wishes' complement,
Unto my heart's content
Play'd with me on the green;
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire;
Next on her warmer lips, which when I tasted
My duller spirits made active as fire;
Then we began to dart,
Each at another's heart,
Arrows that knew no smart;
Sweet lips and smiles between.
Never Mark Anthony, etc.

Wanting a glass to plate her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gawdier than Juno wears when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warm;
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes humour chrystalline
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been.
Never Mark Anthony, etc.

Mystical grammar of amorous glances;
Feeling of pulses, the physic of love,
Rhetorical courtings and musical dances,

Numbring of kisses arithmetick prove.
Eyes like astronomy,
Straight-limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are sharp and keen.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

HENRY MORE (1614–1687)

The Philosopher's Devotion

SING aloud! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned;
He that on Olympus high
Tends his flock with watchful eye,
And this eye has multiplied
Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus, as round about they stray,
Toucheth each with outstretched ray;
Nimble they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.
Summer, winter, autumn, spring,
Their inclinèd axes bring.
Never slack they, none respires,
Dancing round their central fires.
In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove
Thorough heaven's vast hollowness
Which unto all corners press:
Music that the heart of Jove
Moves to joy and sportful love;
Fills the list'ning sailors' ears
Riding on the wandering spheres:
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong,
Witness all the creature throng,
Is confessed by every tongue;
All things back from whence they sprung,
As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrowed of the sea.
Now myself I do resign;
Take me whole; I all am thine.
Save me, God, from self desire,
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire,
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire;
Let not lust my soul bemire.
Quit from these thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons,
Freed from vain religions!
Lo! from far I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute—
India, Egypt, Araby,
Asia, Greece, and Tartary,
Carmel tracts, and Lebanon,
With the Mountains of the Moon,
From whence muddy Nile doth run,
Or wherever else you won:
Breathing in one vital air,
One we are though distant far.
Rise at once; let's sacrifice;
Odours sweet perfume the skies;
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high aspires!
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls.
Leave we nothing to ourselves
Save a voice—what need we else?
Or an hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute or lyre!
Sing aloud! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.

The Valediction

VAIN world, what is in thee?
What do poor mortals see
Which should esteemed be,
Worthy their pleasure?
Is it the mother's womb,
Or sorrows which soon come,
Or a dark grave and tomb,
Which is their treasure?
How dost thou man deceive
By thy vain glory?
Why do they still believe
Thy false history?

Is 't children's book and rod,
The lab'rer's heavy load,
Poverty undertrod,
The world desireth?
Is it distracting cares,
Or heart-tormenting fears,
Or pining grief and tears,
Which man requireth?
Or is it youthful rage,
Or childish toying?
Or is decrepid age
Worth man's enjoying?

Is it deceitful wealth,
Got by care, fraud, or stealth,
Or short uncertain health,
Which thus befool men?
Or do the serpent's lies,
By the world's flatteries
And tempting vanities,
Still overrule them?
Or do they in a dream
Sleep out their season?
Or borne down by lust's stream,
Which conquers reason?

The silly lambs today
Pleasantly skip and play,
Whom butchers mean to slay,
  Perhaps tomorrow;
In a more brutish sort
Do careless sinners sport,
Or in dead sleep still snort,
  As near to sorrow;
Till life, not well begun,
  Be sadly ended,
And the web they have spun
  Can ne'er be mended.

What is the time that's gone,
And what is that to come?
Is it not now as none?
  The present stays not.
Time posteth, oh how fast!
Unwelcome death makes haste;
None can call back what's past—
  Judgment delays not.
Though God bring in the light
  Sinners awake not;
Because hell's out of sight
  They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show;
They know, yet will not know;
Sit still when they should go;
  But run for shadows;
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow,
And crop the flowers that grow,
  In Christ's sweet meadows.
Life's better slept away
  Than as they use it;
In sin and drunken play
  Vain men abuse it.

Malignant world adieu!
Where no foul vice is new—
Only to Satan true,
  God still offended;
Though taught and warned by God,
And His chastising rod,
Keeps still the way that's broad,
  Never amended.
Baptismal vows some make,
  But ne'er perform them;
If angels from heaven spake,
  'Twould not reform them.

They dig for hell beneath,
They labour hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
  To overtake it.
Hell is not had for nought,
Damnation's dearly bought,
And with great labour sought;
  They'll not forsake it.
Their souls are Satan's fee—
  He'll not abate it;
Grace is refused that's free,
  Mad sinners hate it.

Is this the world men choose
For which they heaven refuse
And Christ and grace abuse,
  And not receive it?
Shall I not guilty be
Of this in some degree,
If hence God would me free,
  And I'd not leave it?
My soul, from Sodom fly,
  Lest wrath there find thee;
Thy refuge-rest is nigh;
  Look not behind thee!

There's none of this ado,
None of this hellish crew;

God's promise is most true,
  Boldly believe it.
My friends are gone before,
And I am near the shore;
My soul stands at the door,
  O Lord, receive it!
It trusts Christ and His merits,
  The dead He raises;
Join it with blessed spirits,
  Who sing Thy praises.

SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615–1669)

To the Thames

(From *Cooper's Hill*)

O COULD I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE (1616–1704)

Loyalty Confined

(*Written when a prisoner in the Tower, during Cromwell's usurpation*)

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth plainly show
That innocence is tempest-proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

Here sin, for want of food, must starve
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep rogues out, not keep me in.
Malice is now grown charitable, sure:
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

And whilst I wish to be retired,
Into this private room I'm turn'd;
As if their wisdom had conspired
The salamander should be burn'd.
Or, like those sophists who would drown a fish,
I'm condemned to suffer what I wish.

The cynic hugs his poverty,
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus.
Contentment feels no smart; stoics, we see,
Make torments easy by their apathy.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high-prizèd margarite;
Or like the great Mogul or Pope,
I'm cloister'd up from public sight.
Retiredness is a part of majesty,
And thus, proud Sultan! I am great as thee.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there.
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, shall prove my citadel.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking to make his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to his cure:
Malice, we see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oft times proves favour by th'event.

Altho' I cannot see my king—
Neither in person—nor in coin!—
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders that I have not, mine.
My king from me no adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven in my heart.

Have you not heard the nightingale,
A prisoner close kept in cage,
How she doth chaunt her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her melody doth plainly prove
Her bars are trees, her cage a pleasant grove.

My soul is free as ambient air,
Which doth my outward parts include;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T'accompany my solitude.
What though they do with chains my body bind,
My king alone can captivate my mind.

I am that bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
And tho' they may my corpse confine,
Yet, maugre that, my soul is free:
Though I'm mew'd up, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT (1616–1699)

The Gentle Check

ONE half of me was up and drest,
The other still in lazy rest;
For yet my prayers I had not said;
When I close at her Mattens heard
A dainty-tongued Bird,
Who little thought how she did me upbraid.

But Guilt caught hold of every Note,
And through my breast the anthem shott:
My breast heard more than did my ear,
For now the tune grew sharp and chode
    Me into thoughts of God,
To whom most due my earlier Accents were.

How shall I blush enough to see
Poor Birds prevent my praise to thee!
Dear Lord my Muse for pardon pants,
And every tardy guilty Tone
    Doth languish to a Grone:
Alas to day she sings not but recants.

Forgive, forgive my lazie Rhyme
Which in its musik keeps not time.
Yf thy sweet patience lets me borrow
Another Morn of Life, I give
    My promise heer to strive
Before the lark to be at heaven tomorrow.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT

Easter Dialoge

1ST ANGEL. THOSE Funeral Teares why dost Thou shed
On Life's and Resurrection's Bed?

2ND ANGEL. Why must those lowering Clowds of Sadness
Deflowre this virgin Morn of Gladness?

MAGDALENE. What Morn of Gladness, now the Sun
Of all my fairest Joyes is gone;
He, whome my Soule did hope to meet
Heer in this West in which He sett?
But oh! That more than deadly Spight
Which robb'd Him of His Life's sweet Light,
Lives heer you see in Death's own Cave,
And plunders Him ev'n of His Grave.
Nor know I where our Foes have set
His Body, and my Soule with it.

JESUS. Woman, to what loss do thine Eyes
Such full drink-off'rings sacrifice?

MAGDALENE. Sweet Gard'ner, yf thy Hand it were
Which did transplant Him; tell me where
Thou sett'st that precious Root on whome
Grow all my Hopes; and I will from
That Soile remove him to a Bed
With Balme and Myrrh and Spices spred,
Where by mine Eyes two Fountains He
For evermore shall waterd be.

JESUS. *Mary*

MAGDALENE. *O Master!*

ANGELS 1ST AND 2ND. With what sweet
Fury she flies at His deer Feet,
To weep and kiss out what She by
Her Toung could never signify!

CHORUS. O no! the Powers of sweetest Toungs,
Of string-or-pipe-attended Songs,
Can raise no pitch of joy so high
As Easters Rising Majestie.
O glorious Resurrection, which dost Rise
Above the reach of loftiest Ecstasies!

JOSEPH BEAUMONT

The Pretence

VAIN Hart, why wouldst Thou try
The Bag of every Bee that buzzeth by?
With any didst Thou ever meet
Amidst whose Honey was not sett
A Sting to warn thy Hand
The Danger of Delight to understand.

Nay, leave thy preaching: I
Believe that Pleasure Lawfull is, which thy
Fond Tooth, desires to taste. But since
The Lawfulness is thy pretence,
Come, I will let Thee loose
To Lawful things, where Thou mayst noblier choose.

First, know, 'tis Lawful to
Abstein from that Thou pantest after so.
'Tis Lawful quite to quench the fire
Of any secular desire:
'Tis Lawful to refuse
What Law itself alloweth Thee to use.

'Tis Lawful to deny
Whate'r doth feuel to thy Flame supply.
'Tis Lawful to maintain a Warr
Against thy Selfe, and not to spare
That Body, which unless
Thou mortifie'st it, will thy Life suppress.

To Weep, to Fast, to Pray;
To walk the hardy and heroik Way
Of Saints and Martyrs, whoe in fear
Of nothing more than Pleasures were;
To bowe thy venturous back
And any Cross on Thy brave Shoulders take;

By his dear Blood to trace
The gallant Footstepps of thy Lord; to Place
Thy Self above thy Self, and live
In Life's own Fount, whilst Thou dost give
All Thy Desires to His
Incomparable Will in Sacrifice.

All these are Lawful; and
Much more then so.—Why dost Thou trembling stand?
That Tremor shakes from off Thy face
The Mask in which it sheltered was;
And makes thee now confess
Thou fearest thine own weapon, LAWFULNESS.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE (1618–1702)

The Fountain

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, that stoop'st to taste
These sweeter streams, let me arrest thy haste;
Nor of their fall
The murmurs (though the lyre
Less sweet be) stand to admire.
But as you shall
See from this marble tun
The liquid crystal run,
And mark withal
How fixed the one abides,
How fast the other glides;
Instructed thus, the difference learn to see
'Twixt mortal life and immortality.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE

Weeping and Kissing

A KISS I begged, but smiling, she
Denied it me;
When straight, her cheeks with tears o'erflown—
Now kinder grown—
What smiling she'd not let me have
She weeping gave.
Then you whom scornful beauties awe,
Hope yet relief;
For Love (who tears from smiles) can draw
Pleasure from grief.

ALEXANDER BROME (1620–1666)

The Resolve

TELL me not of a face that's fair,
  Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
  Nor curls in order laid,
Nor of a rare seraphic voice
  That like an angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice
  I would have all these things:
But if that thou wilt have me love,
  And it must be a she,
The only argument can move
  Is that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
  But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
  Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
  Lilies their whiteness stain;
What fool is he that shadows seeks
  And may the substance gain?
Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,
  Let it be one that's kind:
Else I'm a servant to the glass
  That's with Canary lined.

ALEXANDER BROME

'Tis not her birth

'TIS not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
  Nor do I court her for my pleasure,
Nor for that old morality,
Do I love her 'cause she loves me.
And he that loves his lady 'cause she's fair,
Delights his eye, so loves himself, not her.
Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how, nor why.

ALEXANDER BROME

Drinking Song

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many a year!
And those three are plagues enough, any should think,
For one poor mortal to bear!
'Twas drink made me fall into love;
And love made me run into debt!
And though I have struggled, and struggled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet!

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain;
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets!
And my mistress that cannot endure me,
Will love me and love me again!
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

ROBERT HEATH (fl. 1650)

What is Love?

'TIS a child of phansie's getting,
Brought up between Hope and Fear;
Fed with smiles, grown by uniting
Strong, and so kept by desire.
'Tis a perpetual vestal fire
Never dying,
Whose smoke like incense doth aspire,
Upwards flying.

It is a soft magnetic stone,
Attracting hearts by sympathy,
Binding up close two souls in one,
Both discoursing secretly.
'Tis the true Gordian knot that ties
Yet ne'er unbinds,
Fixing thus two lovers' eyes
As well as minds.

'Tis the sphere's heavenly harmony
  Where two skilful hands do strike;
And every sound expressively
  Marries sweetly with the like:
'Tis the world's everlasting chain
    That all things tied,
And bid them like the fixed wain
    Unmoved to bide.

'Tis Nature's law inviolate,
  Confirmed by mutual consent
Where two dislike, like, love and hate,
  Each to the other's full content:
'Tis the caress of everything;
    The turtle dove;
Both birds and beasts do offerings bring
    To Mighty Love.

'Tis th' angels' joy: the gods' delight, man's bliss,
'Tis all in all: without Love nothing is.

PATRICK CARY (c. 1651)

Whilst I beheld the neck o' th' Dove

WHILST I beheld the neck o' th' dove,
I spied and read these words.
"This pretty dye
Which takes your eye,
Is not at all the bird's.
The dusky raven might
Have with these colours pleased your sight,
Had God but chose so to ordain above;"
This label wore the dove.

Whilst I admired the nightingale,
These notes she warbled o'er.
"No melody
Indeed have I,
Admire me then no more:
God has it in His choice
To give the owl, or me, this voice;
'Tis He, 'tis He that makes me tell my tale;"
This sang the nightingale.

I smelt and praised the fragrant rose,
Blushing, thus answer'd she.
"The praise you gave,
The scent I have,
Do not belong to me;
This harmless odour, none
But only God indeed does own;
To be His keepers, my poor leaves He chose;"
And thus replied the rose.

I took the honey from the bee,
On th' bag these words were seen.
"More sweet than this
Perchance nought is,
Yet gall it might have been:
If God it should so please,
He could still make it such with ease;
And as well gall to honey change can He;"
This learnt I of the bee.

I touch'd and liked the down o' th' swan;
But felt these words there writ.
"Bristles, thorns, here
I soon should bear,
Did God ordain but it;
If my down to thy touch
Seem soft and smooth, God made it such;
Give more, or take all this away, He can;"
This was I taught by th' swan.

All creatures, then, confess to God
That th' owe Him all, but I.
My senses find
True, that my mind
Would still, oft does, deny.
Hence, Pride! out of my soul!
O'er it thou shalt no more control;
I'll learn this lesson and escape the rod:
I, too, have all from God.

The Seeds of Love

I SOWED the seeds of love,
And I sowed them in the spring,
I gathered them up in the morning so soon
While the small birds so sweetly sing.

My garden was planted well,
With flowers everywhere:
But I had not the liberty to choose for myself
Of the flowers that I love so dear.

The gardener was standing by
And I asked him to choose for me.
He chose for me the violet, the lily, and the pink,
But these I refused all three.

The violet I did not like
Because it bloomed so soon.
The lily and the pink I really overthink,
So I vowed I would wait till June.

In June there was a red rose bud,
And that is the flower for me.
I oftentimes have plucked that red rose bud,
Till I gained the willow tree.

The willow tree may twist,
And the willow tree may twine,
I oftentimes have wished I were in that young
man's arms
That once had the heart of mine.

Come all you false young men,
Do not leave me here to complain,
For the grass that has oftentimes been trampled
under foot,
Give it time, it will rise up again.

The Unquiet Grave

"THE wind doth blow today, my love,
And a few small drops of rain;
I never had but one true-love,
In cold grave she was lain.

"I'll do as much for my true-love
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day."

The twelvemonth and a day being up,
The dead began to speak:
"Oh who sits weeping on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?"

"'Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,
And will not let you sleep;
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
And that is all I seek."

"You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
But my breath smells earthy strong;
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long.

"'Tis down in yonder garden green,
Love, where we used to walk,
The finest flower that ere was seen
Is withered to a stalk.

"The stalk is withered dry, my love,
So will our hearts decay;
So make your heart content, my love,
Till God calls you away."

ANONYMOUS

If all the world were paper

If all the world were paper,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we do for drink?

If all the world were sand-o,
Oh, then what should we lack-o?
If, as they say, there were no clay,
How should we take tobacco?

If all our vessels ran-a,
If none but had a crack:
If Spanish apes ate all the grapes,
How should we do for sack?

If friars had no bald pates,
Nor nuns had no dark cloisters;
If all the seas were beans and peas,
How should we do for oysters?

If there had been no projects,
Nor none that did great wrongs;
If fiddlers should turn players all,
How should we do for songs?

If all things were eternal,
And nothing their end bringing;
If this should be, then how should we
Here make an end of singing?

ANONYMOUS

Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign Lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand!

"Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

"Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!"

Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven;
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

ANONYMOUS

Tom o' Bedlam

THE moon's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my marrow;
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow, make
Me music to my sorrow.

I know more than Apollo;
For oft, when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping.

The moon embraces her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior;
While the first does horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander:
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander;

With a night of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to Tourney:
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey.

ANONYMOUS

The Pursuit of Love

ART thou gone in haste?
I'll not forsake thee;
Runnest thou ne'er so fast
I'll overtake thee:
Over the dales, over the downs,
Through the green meadows,
From the fields through the towns,
To the dim shadows.

All along the plain,
To the low fountains,
Up and down again
From the high mountains;
Echo then shall again
Tell her I follow,
And the floods to the woods,
Carry my holla, holla!
Ce! la! ho! ho! hu!

The Cuckoo

THE cuckoo is a pretty bird,
  She singeth as she flies;
She bringeth us good tidings,
  She telleth us no lies;
She sucketh all sweet flowers
  To keep her throttle clear,
And every time she singeth
Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!
  The summer draweth near.

The cuckoo is a giddy bird,
  No other is as she,
That flits across the meadow,
  That sings in every tree.
A nest she never buildeth,
  A vagrant she doth roam;
Her music is but tearful—
Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!
  "I nowhere have a home."

The cuckoo is a witty bird,
  Arriving with the spring.
When summer suns are waning
  She spreadeth wide her wing.
She flies th' approaching winter,
  She hates the rain and snow;
Like her, I would be singing,
Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!
  And off with her I'd go!

Robin Good-Fellow

FROM Oberon in fairyland,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee
And merry be
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About the airy welkin soon,
And in a minute's space descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Cry, ware goblins, where I go;
But Robin I
Their seats will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Where'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night sports they trudge home
With counterfeiting voice I greet
And call them on with me to roam
Through woods, through brakes,
Through bogs, through lakes,
Or else unseen with them I go,
And in the nick
To play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man;
Sometimes an oxe, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do;
But study how to cog and lie;
To make debate and mischief too
'Twixt one another secretly:
I mark their glose
And it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so;
When I have done
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loop-holes where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese and lambs asleep:
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so.
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills in meadows green,
We nightly dance our heydeguise,
And to our fairy king and queen
We chant our moonlight harmonies.
When larks gin sing,
Away we fling,
And babes new-born steal as we go;
An elf in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
  Thus nightly revelled to and fro,
And for my pranks men call me by
  The name of Robin Good-fellow.
    Fiends, ghosts and sprites,
    Who haunt the nights,
  The hags and goblins do me know;
    And beldames old
    My feats have told,
  So *vale*, *vale*; ho, ho, ho!

ANONYMOUS

Song

"ART thou that she than whom no fairer is,
  Art thou that she desire so strives to kiss?"
"Say I am; how then?
Maids may not kiss
Such wanton humoured men."

"Art thou that she the world commends for wit?
Art thou so wise and makest no use of it?"
"Say I am: how then?
My wit doth teach me shun
Such foolish, foolish men."

ANONYMOUS

On Francis Drake

SIR Drake, whom well the world's end knew,
  Which thou didst compass round,
And whom both poles of heaven once saw,
    Which north and south do bound:
The stars above would make thee known,
    If men here silent were;
The sun himself cannot forget
    His fellow traveller.

ANONYMOUS

WHEN busy fame o'er all the plain,
Velinda's praises rung;
And on their oaten pipes each swain
Her matchless beauty sung:
The envious nymphs were forc'd to yield
She had the sweetest face;
No emulous disputes were held,
But for the second place.

Young Coridon, whose stubborn heart
No beauty e'er could move;
But smil'd at Cupid's bow and dart,
And brav'd the God of Love:
Would view this nymph, and pleas'd at first
Such silent charms to see;
With wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd, and curs'd
His curiosity.

ANONYMOUS

AS Cupid roguishly one day,
Had all alone stole out to play;
The Muses caught the little, little, little knave,
And captive Love to Beauty gave:
The Muses caught the little, little, little knave,
And captive Love to Beauty gave:
The laughing dame soon miss'd her son,
And here and there, and here and there,
And here and there distracted run;
Distracted run, and here and there,
And here and there, and here and there distracted run:
And still his liberty to gain, his liberty to gain,
Offers his ransom,
But in vain, in vain, in vain;
The willing, willing prisoner still hugs his chain,
And vows he'll ne'er be free,
And vows he'll ne'er be free,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no he'll ne'er be free again,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no he'll ne'er be free again.

ANONYMOUS

Sweet Suffolk Owl

SWEET Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers, like a lady bright;
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
"Te whit! Te whoo!"

Thy note that forth so freely rolls
With shrill command the mouse controls;
And sings a dirge for dying souls.
"Te whit! Te whoo!"

ANONYMOUS

The Cavalier Husband

TUSH! let them keep him, if they can;
He's not in hold, while you are free!
Come, weep no more! but pledge the man;
Who, though in fetters, yet can be
A prisoner unto none but thee!
Then, dry your tears! for every tear
Makes them, like drowned worlds to appear.

Post through the air my fancy went;
And there stood by,
When he was brought to th' Parliament;
And straight, "To the bar! To the bar!" they cry.
The smiling Captain askèd, "Why?"
With that, they soon drew up his Charge.
Lady, you shall hear't at large!

Imprimis. *He is married late,*
With a ring too! unto a Saint
Would make the best of us amate!
Witty, pretty, young, and quaint;
And fairer than our wives can paint!
Her lips doth set men's lips on edge;
Sure, that's a breach of Privilege!

Item. *This fair Delinquent hath*
A pair of Organs in her throat
Which, when she doth inspire with breath,
She can command in every note.
Her very hair, put in array,
Will fetter the Militia!

Her cheeks still Nature's pattern have;
Not yet called in!
But in them engrossed all that is brave:
And other Ladies hucksters be;
Her beauty, the monopoly!
When their's gone, to her they come;
And chaffer in her face for some.

She hath an altar on her brow;
Her eyes are two fires on each side,
Where superstitious lovers bow!
Her name is MARY *too, beside!*
"Let's clap him up, till further leisure;
And send for her to wait our pleasure!"

Then go, fair Lady! follow him!
Fear no trumpet! fear no drum!
Fair women may prevail with Pym;
And one sweet smile, when there you come,
Will quickly speak the Speaker dumb!
If not, then let one tear be spent;
And 'twill dissolve the Parliament!

ANONYMOUS

He or she that hopes to gain

HE or she that hopes to gain
Love's best sweet without some pain,
Hopes in vain.

Cupid's livery no one wears
But must put on hopes and fears,
Smiles and tears.

And, like to April weather,
Rain and shine both together,
Both or neither.

ANONYMOUS

WHAT is't to us who guides the state
Who's out of favour or who's great?
Who are the ministers or spies?
Who votes for places, or who buys?

The world will still be rul'd by knaves,
And fools contending to be slaves;
Small things, my friend, serve to support
Life, troublesome at best, and short.

Our youth runs back, occasion flies,
Grey hairs come on, and pleasure dies;
Who would the present blessing lose
For empire which he cannot use?

Kind providence has us supply'd
With what to others is deny'd;
Virtue, which teaches to condemn
And scorn ill actions and ill men.

Beneath this lime-tree's fragrant shade,
On beds of flowers supinely laid,
Let's, then, all other cares remove,
And drink and sing to those we love.

ANONYMOUS

The Peremptory Lover

'TIS not your beauty not your wit
That can my heart obtain,
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breast or brain;
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
As true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,
And doat on you no more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome
By proving thus unkind;
No smoothed sigh, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonics play such pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love at least I will have thanks,—
And something else beside!

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be with you,
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,—
If true, I'll constant be—
If Fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections, well ye know,
In equal terms do stand,
'Tis in your power to love or no,
Mine's likewise in my hand.
Dispense with your austerity,
Inconstancy abhor,
Or, by great Cupid's deity,
I'll never love you more.

ANONYMOUS

A Lover of late was I

A LOVER of late was I,
For Cupid would have it so;
(The boy that had never an eye—
As every man doth know.)
I sigh'd, and sobb'd, and cried, "alas,"
For her that laugh'd and call'd me ass.

Then knew I not what to do,
Then I saw it was in vain
A lady so coy to woo,
Who gave me the ass so plain;
Yet would I her ass freely be,
So she would help, and bear with me.

An' I were as fair as she,
Or she were as kind as me,
What pair could have made, as we
So pretty a sympathy:
I was as kind as she was fair;
But for all this we could not pair.

Pair with her that will for me!—
With her I will never pair
That cunningly can be coy,
For being a little fair—
The ass I'll leave her to disdain;
And now I am myself again.

THOMAS STANLEY (1625–1678)

The Relapse

O TURN away those cruel eyes,
The stars of my undoing!
Or death, in such a bright disguise,
May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blind and impious pride,
Who dare contemn thy glory;
It was my fall that deified
Thy name, and seal'd thy story.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee;
Though my first death proclaim thee fair,
My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
No other for thy fuel,
And if thou burn one victim twice,
Both think thee poor and cruel.

Song

I PRITHEE let my heart alone,
Since now 'tis rais'd above thee,
Not all the beauty thou dost own,
Again can make me love thee.

He that was shipwreck'd once before
By such a Syren's call,
And yet neglects to shun that shore,
Deserves his second fall.

Each flatt'ring kiss, each tempting smile,
Thou dost in vain bestow,
Some other lovers might beguile,
Who not thy falsehood know.

But I am proof against all art,
No vows shall e'er persuade me
Twice to present a wounded heart
To her that hath betray'd me.

Could I again be brought to love
Thy form, though more divine,
I might thy scorn as justly move,
As now thou sufferest mine.

Song

NO, I will sooner trust the wind,
When falsely kind
It courts the pregnant sails into a storm,
And when the smiling waves persuade,
Be willingly betray'd,
Than thy deceitful vows or form.

Go, and beguile some easy heart
With thy vain art;
Thy smiles and kisses on those fools bestow
Who only see the calms that sleep
On this smooth flatt'ring deep,
But not the hidden dangers know.

They that like me thy falsehood prove,
Will scorn thy love.
Some may, deceiv'd at first, adore thy shrine;
But he that, as thy sacrifice,
Doth willingly fall twice,
Dies his own martyr, and not thine.

THOMAS STANLEY

Expectation

CHIDE, chide no more away
The fleeting daughters of the day,
Nor with impatient thoughts outrun
The lazy sun,
Or think the hours do move too slow;
Delay is kind,
And we too soon shall find
That which we seek, yet fear to know.

The mystic dark decrees
Unfold not of the Destinies,
Nor boldly seek to antedate
The laws of Fate;
Thy anxious search awhile forbear,
Suppress thy haste,
And know that Time at last
Will crown thy hope or fix thy fear.

JOHN HALL (1627–1656)

The Call

ROMIRA, stay,
And run not thus like a young roe away;
No enemy
Pursues thee (foolish girl!) 'tis only I;
I'll keep off harms,
If thou'll be pleased to garrison my arms;

What, dost thou fear
I'll turn a traitor? may these roses here
To paleness shred,
And lilies stand disguised in new red,
If that I lay
A snare, wherein thou wouldst not gladly stay.
See, see the sun
Does slowly to his azure lodging run;
Come, sit but here,
And presently he'll quit our hemisphere:
So, still among
Lovers, time is too short or else too long,
Here will we spin
Legends for them that have love-martyrs been;
Here on this plain
We'll talk Narcissus to a flower again.
Come here, and choose
On which of these proud plats thou wouldst repose;
Here mayst thou shame
The rusty violets, with the crimson flame
Of either cheek,
And primroses white as thy fingers seek;
Nay, thou mayst prove
That man's most noble passion is to love.

JOHN HALL

On an Hour Glass

My life is measur'd by this glass, this glass
By all those little sands that thorough pass.
See how they press, see how they strive, which shall
With greatest speed and greatest quickness fall.
See how they raise a little mount, and then
With their own weight do level it again.
But when th' have all got thorough, they give o'er
Their nimble sliding down, and move no more.
Just such is man, whose hours still forward run,
Being almost finish'd ere they are begun;
So perfect nothings, such light blasts are we,
That ere we're aught at all, we cease to be.

Do what we will, our hasty minutes fly,
And while we sleep, what do we else but die?
How transient are our joys, how short their day!
They creep on towards us, but fly away.
How stinging are our sorrows! where they gain
But the least footing, there they will remain.
How groundless are our hopes, how they deceive
Our childish thoughts, and only sorrow leave!
How real are our fears! they blast us still,
Still rend us, still with gnawing passions fill;
How senseless are our wishes, yet how great!
With what toil we pursue them, with what sweat!
Yet most times for our hurts, so small we see,
Like children crying for some Mercury.
This gapes for marriage, yet his fickle head
Knows not what cares wait on a marriage bed:
This vows virginity, yet knows not what
Loneness, grief, discontent, attends that state.
Desires of wealth another's wishes hold,
And yet how many have been chok'd with gold?
This only hunts for honour, yet who shall
Ascend the higher, shall more wretched fall.
This thirsts for knowledge, yet how is it bought?
With many a sleepless night, and racking thought.
This needs will travel, yet how dangers lay
Most secret ambuscados in the way?
These triumph in their beauty, though it shall
Like a pluck'd rose or fading lily fall.
Another boasts strong arms: 'las! giants have
By silly dwarfs been dragg'd unto their grave.
These ruffle in rich silk: though ne'er so gay,
A well-plum'd peacock is more gay than they.
Poor man! what art? A tennis ball of error,
A ship of glass toss'd in a sea of terror;
Issuing in blood and sorrow from the womb,
Crawling in tears and mourning to the tomb:
How slippery are thy paths! How sure thy fall!
How art thou nothing, when th' art most all!

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688)

The Shepherd Boy sings in the Valley of Humiliation

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (1628–1687)

To his Mistress

What a dull fool was I,
To think so gross a lie,
As that I ever was in love before!
I have, perhaps, known one or two
With whom I was content to be
At that, which they call "Keeping company."
But, after all that they could do,
I still could be with more.
Their absence never made me shed a tear;
And I can truly swear,
That, till my eyes first gazed on you,
I ne'er beheld that thing I could adore.

A world of things must curiously be sought,
A world of things must be together brought,
To make up charms which have the power to move,
Through a discerning eye, true love.
That is a masterpiece above
What only looks and shape can do;
There must be wit, and judgment too;
Greatness of thought, and worth, which draw
From the whole world, respect and awe.

She that would raise a noble love, must find
Ways to beget a passion for her mind,
She must be that, which she, to be would seem
For all true love is grounded on esteem.
Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart
Than all the crooked subtleties of art.
  She must be (what said I?) She must be you.
  None but yourself that miracle can do;
At least, I'm sure, thus much I plainly see,
None but yourself e'er did it upon me.
'Tis you alone, that can my heart subdue—
  To you alone, it always shall be true!

CHARLES COTTON (1630–1687)

The Idea

ART thou then absent, O thou dear
And only subject of my flame?
And these fair objects that appear
But shadows of that noble frame,
For which I do all other form disclaim?

Am I deluded? do I only rave?
Was it a phantasme only that I saw?
Have dreams such power to deceive?
Oh, lovely shade, thou didst too soon withdraw,
Like fleecy snow, that as it falls, doth thaw.

Glorious illusion! Lovely shade!
Once more deceive me with thy light;
'Tis pleasure so to be betray'd,
And I for ever shall delight,
To be pursu'd by such a charming sprite.

Laura Sleeping

WINDS whisper gently while she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings
Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,
From pure, and yet unrivall'd springs.

Glide over beauty's field her face,
To kiss her lip and cheek, be bold,
But with a calm and stealing pace;
Neither too rude; nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair,
With such a gale, as wings soft love,
And with so sweet, so rich an air,
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as hushed as lover's sigh;
Or that unfolds the morning door:
Sweet, as the winds, that gently fly,
To sweep the Spring's enamelled floor.

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
That pure and unpolluted run,
Like to the new-born crystal streams,
Under the bright enamour'd sun.

But when she waking shall display
Her light, retire within your bar,
Her breath is life, her eyes are day,
And all mankind her creatures are.

The Retreat

I AM return'd, my Fair, but see
Perfection in none but thee:
Yet many beauties have I seen,
And in that search a truant been,
Through fruitless curiosity.

I've been to see each blear-ey'd star,
Fond men durst with thy light compare;
And, to my admiration find,
That all, but I, in love are blind,
And none but thee, divinely fair.

Here then I fix, and now grown wise,
All objects, but thy face, despise,
(Taught by my folly) now I swear,
If you forgive me, ne'er to err,
Nor seek impossibilities.

The Entertainment to Phyllis

NOW Phoebus is gone down to sleep
In cold embraces of the deep,
And Night's pavilion in the sky,
(Crown'd with a starry canopy)
Erected stands, whence the pale Moon
Steals out to her Endymion;
Over the meads, and o'er the floods,
Thorough the ridings of the woods,
Th' enamour'd Huntress scours her ways,
And through Night's veil her horns displays.
I have a bower for my Love,
Hid in the centre of a grove
Of aged oaks, close from the sight
Of all the prying eyes of Night.

The polish'd walls of marble be
Pillaster'd round with porphyry,
Casements of crystal to transmit
Night's sweets to thee, and thine to it,
Fine silver locks to ebon doors,
Rich gilded roofs, and cedar floors,
With all the objects may express
A pleasing solitariness.
Within my Love shall find each room,
New furnish'd from the silk-worms' loom;
Vessels of the true antique mould,
Cups cut in amber, myrrh and gold;
Quilts blown with roses, beds with down,
More white than Atlas' aged crown,
Carpets where flowers woven grow,
Only thy sweeter steps to strew,
Such as may emulation bring,
To the wrought mantle of the Spring.
There silver lamps shall silent shine,
Supplied by oils of jessamine,
And mists of odours shall arise
To air thy little Paradise.
I have such fruits too, for thy taste,
As teeming Autumn never grac'd,
Apples as round as thine own eyes;
Or, as thy sister beauties' prize,
Smooth, as thy snowy skin, and sleek
And ruddy as the morning's cheek,
Grapes that the Tyrian purple wear,
The sprightly matrons of the year,
Such as Lyaeus never bare,
About his drowsy brows, so fair,
So plump, so large, so ripe, so good,
So full of flavour, and of blood.
There's water in a grot hard by,
To quench thee, when with dalliance dry,
Sweet, as the milk of sand-red cow,
Brighter than Cynthia's silver bow,
Cold, as the goddess' self e'er was,
And clearer than thy looking glass.

But oh! the sum of all delight
For which the day submits to night,
Is that my Phyllis thou wilt find,
When we are in embraces twin'd.
Pleasures that so have tempted Jove;
To all his masquerades of love;
For them the Prince his purple waives,
And strips him naked as his slaves.
'Tis they that teach humanity
The thing we love, the reason why:
Before we live; but ne'er till then,
Are females women; or males men:
This is the way, and this the trade,
That does perfect what nature made,
Then go; but first thy beauties screen,
Lest they that revel on the lawns,
The nymphs, the satyrs, and the fawns,
Adore thee for Night's hornèd Queen.

CHARLES COTTON

Song

WHY, dearest, shouldst thou weep, when I relate
The story of my woe?
Let not the swarthy mists of my black fate
O'ercast thy beauty so;
For each rich pearl lost on that score
Adds to mischance, and wounds your servant more.

Quench not those stars that to my bliss should guide;
Oh, spare that precious tear!
Nor let those drops into a deluge tide,
To drown your beauty there;
That cloud of sorrow makes it night;
You lose your lustre, but the world its light.

To my dear and most worthy Friend, Mr Izaak Walton

WHILST in this cold and blustering clime,
Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here;

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two
Perhaps a week, wherein to try,
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly;

A day without too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, Master! half our work is done.

There whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just with treacherous bait
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves in such an hour
  Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans devour
  Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This (my best friend) at my poor home
  Shall be our pastime and our theme:
But then should you not deign to come
  You make all this a flattering dream.

RICHARD FLECKNOE (d. 1678)

Invocation of Silence

STILL-BORN Silence! Thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind,
Frost o' th' mouth, and thaw o' th' mind.
Secrecy's confidant and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admiration's readiest tongue!
Leave thy desert shades among
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired Devotion dwells!
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues and strike us dumb!

CHARLES WEBBE (c. 1678)

Against Indifference

MORE love or more disdain I crave;
Sweet, be not still indifferent:
O send me quickly to my grave,
Or else afford me more content!
Or love or hate me more or less,
For love abhors all lukewarmness.

Give me a tempest if 'twill drive
Me to the place where I would be;
Or if you'll have me still alive,
Confess you will be kind to me.
Give hopes of bliss or dig my grave:
More love or more disdain I crave.

KATHERINE PHILIPS ("ORINDA") (1631–1664)

To one persuading a Lady to Marriage

FORBEAR, bold youth; all's heaven here,
And what you do aver,
To others courtship may appear,
'Tis sacrilege to her.
She is a public deity;
And were't not very odd
She should depose herself to be
A petty household god?

First make the sun in private shine
And bid the world adieu,
That so he may his beams confine
In compliment to you:
But if of that you do despair,
Think how you did amiss
To strive to fix her beams which are
More bright and large than his.

KATHERINE PHILIPS ("ORINDA")

To my excellent Lucasia, on our Friendship

I DID not live until this time
Crown'd my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but thee.

This carcass breath'd, and walkt, and slept,
So that the world believ'd
There was a soul the motions kept;
But they were all deceiv'd.

For as a watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine:
But never had Orinda found
A soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures, and supplies,
And guides my darkened breast:
For thou art all that I can prize,
My joy, my life, my rest.

No bridegroom's nor crown-conqueror's mirth
To mine compared can be:
They have but pieces of the earth,
I've all the world in thee.

Then let our flames still light and shine,
And no false fear control,
As innocent as our design,
Immortal as our soul.

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON (1633–1685)

The Day of Judgment

Translated from Dies irae, dies illa

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find?

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations underground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

O then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror toss'd.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt, too great to pay,
Before the sad accounting day.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep; accept my tears.

Thou who wert moved with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preserve me from that dangerous snare
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God and heirs of grace.

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in my end!

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death.
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE (1635–1691)

To a Lady asking him how long he would love her

IT is not, Celia, in our power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
May lose those joys we now do taste;
The Blessèd, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure pass'd:
Were it not madness to deny
To live because we're sure to die?

THOMAS FLATMAN (1637–1688)

Death

OH the sad day
When friends shall shake their heads and say
Of miserable me,
Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath,
See how he struggles with the pangs of Death!
When they shall say of these poor eyes,
How hollow, and how dim they be!
Mark how his breast does swell and rise,
Against his potent Enemy!
When some old friend shall step to my bedside,
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide,
And when his next companions say,
How does he do? what hopes? shall turn away,
Answering only with a lift up hand,
Who can his fate withstand?
Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e'er my Rhetorick could before,
Persuade the peevish world to trouble me no more.

THOMAS FLATMAN

The Unconcerned

Now that the world is all in a maze,
Drums, and trumpets rending Heav'ns
Wounds a-bleeding, mortals dying,
Widows and orphans piteously crying;
Armies marching, towns in a blaze,
Kingdoms and states at sixes and sevens:
What should an honest fellow do,
Whose courage and fortunes run equally low!
Let him live, say I, till his glass be run,
As easily as he may;
Let the wine and the sand of his glass flow together,
For life's but a Winter's day.
Alas from sun to sun,
The time's very short, very dirty the weather,
And we silently creep away.
Let him nothing do, he could wish undone;
And keep himself safe from the noise of gun.

THOMAS FLATMAN

The Whim

Why so serious, why so grave?
Man of business, why so muddy?
Thyself from Chance thou canst not save
With all thy care and study.
Look merrily then, and take thy repose;
For 'tis to no purpose to look so forlorn,
Since the world was as bad before thou wert born,
And when it will mend who knows?
And a thousand year hence 'tis all one,
If thou lay'st on a dunghill, or sat'st on a throne.

To be troubled, to be sad,
Carking mortal, 'tis a folly,
For a pound of pleasure's not so bad
As an ounce of melancholy:
Since all our lives long we travel towards Death,
Let us rest us sometimes, and bait by the way,
'Tis but dying at last; in our race let us stay,
And we shan't be so soon out of breath.
Sit the Comedy out, and that done,
When the play's at an end, let the Curtain fall down.

THOMAS FLATMAN

The Slight

I DID but crave that I might kiss,
If not her lip, at least her hand,
The coolest lover's frequent bliss,
And rude is she that will withstand
That inoffensive liberty:
She (would you think it?) in a fume
Turn'd her about and left the room;
Not she, she vow'd, not she.

Well, Chariessa, then said I,
If it must thus for ever be,
I can renounce my slavery,
And since you will not, can be free.
Many a time she made me die,
Yet (would you think't?) I lov'd the more
But I'le not tak't as heretofore,
Not I, I'le vow, not I.

THOMAS FLATMAN

For Thoughts

THOUGHTS! what are they?
They are my constant friends,
Who, when harsh Fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a smiling ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

When I retire and flee
The busy throngs of company
To hug myself in privacy,
O the discourse—the pleasant talk
'Twixt us, my thoughts, along a lonely walk!

You (like the stupefying wine
The dying malefactors sip
With trembling lip,
T'abate the rigour of their doom
By a less troublous cut to their long home)
Make me slight crosses, though they piled up lie,
All by the magic of an ecstasy.

Do I desire to see
The throne and awful majesty
Of that proud one,
Brother and uncle to the stars and sun?
These can conduct me where such toys reside
And waft me 'cross the main, sans wind and tide.

Would I descry
Those radiant mansions 'bove the sky,
Invisible to mortal eye,
My thoughts can eas'ly lay
A shining track thereto,
And nimbly flitting go;
Through all the eleven orbs can shove a way
My thoughts like Jacob's ladder are
A most angelic thoroughfare.

The wealth that shines
In th' oriental mines;
Those sparkling gems which Nature keeps
Within her cabinets, the deeps;
The verdant fields,
Those rarities the rich world yields,
Huge structures, whose each gilded spire
Glisters like lightning, which while men admire
They deem the neighbouring sky on fire—
These can I dwell upon and tire mine eyes
With millions of varieties.
As on the front of Pisgah I
Can th' Holy Land through these my optics spy.

Contemn we then
The peevish rage of men,
Whose violence cannot divorce
Our mutual amity,
Or lay so damned a curse
As non-addresses 'twixt my thoughts and me;
For though I sigh in irons, they
Use their old freedom, readily obey,
And, when my bosom friends desert me, stay.

Come then, my darlings, I'll embrace
My privilege; make known
The high prerogative I own,
By making all allurements give you place,
Whose sweet society to me
A sanctuary and a shield shall be
'Gainst the full quivers of my Destiny.

THOMAS FLATMAN

On Marriage

How happy a thing were a wedding,
And a bedding,
If a man might purchase a wife
For a twelvemonth and a day;
But to live with her all a man's life,
For ever and for aye,
Till she grow as grey as a cat,
Good faith, Mr Parson, excuse me from that!

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET (1638–1706)

Dorinda's sparkling wit

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies;
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy:
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

Song

Written at Sea, in the First Dutch War (1665), *the night before an Engagement*

To all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you—
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea—
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring 'em twice a day—
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The King with wonder and surprise
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs—
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
  Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe
  And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?—
    With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
  Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
  No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe—
    With a fa, la, la, la, la.

To pass our tedious hours away
  We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play:
  But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you—
    With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow
  And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
  Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan—
    With a fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
  That dies in every note
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
  For being so remote,
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd—
    With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice you cannot refuse
  To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
  Our certain happiness:
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love—
    With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
  And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
  Some pity from your tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy—
We have too much of that at sea—
    With a fa, la, la, la, la.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

Phillis, for shame!

PHILLIS, for shame! let us improve,
A thousand different ways,
These few short moments snatch'd by love
From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
The censure of the grave,
Tho' Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride;
Nor can it e'er submit
To let that fop, Discretion, ride
In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I show
To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise?

PHILIP AYRES (1638–1712)

On a Fair Beggar

BAREFOOT and ragged, with neglected hair,
She whom the Heavens at once made poor and fair,
With humble voice and moving words did stay,
To beg an alms of all who passed that way.

But thousands viewing her became her prize,
Willingly yielding to her conquering eyes,
And caught by her bright hairs, whilst careless she
Makes them pay homage to her poverty.

"So mean a boon," said I, "what can extort
From that fair mouth, where wanton love to sport
Amidst the pearls and rubies we behold?
Nature on thee has all her treasures spread,
Do but incline thy rich and precious head,
And those fair locks shall pour down showers of gold."

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639–1701)

To Chloris

AH, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain!
When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in the mine;
Age from no face took more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection press'd,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still, as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart:
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty, she.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Phillis Knotting

HEARS not my Phillis how the birds
Their feathered mates salute?
They tell their passion in their words:
Must I alone be mute?
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

"The god of love in thy bright eyes,
Does like a tyrant reign;
But in thy heart a child he lies
Without his dart or flame."
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

"So many months in silence passed,
And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
My passion should approve."
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

"Must then your faithful swain expire
And not one look obtain,
Which he to soothe his fond desire
Might pleasingly explain?"
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while!

Love still has something of the sea

LOVE still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tossed;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind in cruel sport
The vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which, if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the wingèd boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove,
And if I gazed a thousand years
I could no deeper love.

Song

PHILLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas,
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please;
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis smiling
And beguiling
Makes me happier than before.

Though alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her all her tricks;
Which though I see,
I can't get free.
She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more?

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Phillis, Men Say That All My Vows

PHILLIS, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learned to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

To Celia

NOT, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest!
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find—
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

A Lady to a Young Courtier

LOVE thee! good sooth, not I!
I've somewhat else to do;
Alas, you must go learn to talk,
Before you learn to woo.
Nay, fie! stand off, go to!

Because you're in the fashion,
And newly come to court;
D'ye think your clothes are orators
T'invite us to the sport?
Ha, ha! Who will not jeer thee for't.

Ne'er look so sweetly, youth,
Nor fiddle with your band;
We know, you trim your borrowed curls
To show your pretty hand.
But 'tis too young for to command.

Go, practise how to jeer;
And think each word a jest;
That's the court wit. Alas, you're out,
To think when finely drest,
You please me, or the ladies, best.
Mark how Sir Whackam fools;
Aye marry, there's a wit!
Who cares not what he says or swears;
So ladies laugh at it;
Who can deny such blades a bit!

JANE BARKER

Epitaph on the Secretary to the Muses

He's gone, and Fate admits of no return.
But whither is he gone? to's grave, no doubt;
Where, if there's any drink, he'll find it out.

APHRA BEHN (1640–1689)

Song

Love in fantastic triumph sate
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create
And strange tyrannic power he show'd:
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desires
Enough t' undo the amorous world.
From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishments and fears,
And every killing dart from thee.
Thus thou and I the god have arm'd
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine the victor is, and free!

Song

A THOUSAND martyrs I have made,
All sacrificed to my desire,
A thousand beauties have betray'd
That languish in resistless fire:
The untamed heart to hand I brought,
And fix'd the wild and wand'ring thought.

I never vow'd nor sigh'd in vain,
But both, tho' false, were well received;
The fair are pleased to give us pain,
And what they wish is soon believed:
And tho' I talk'd of wounds and smart,
Love's pleasures only touch'd my heart.

Alone the glory and the spoil
I always laughing bore away;
The triumphs without pain or toil,
Without the hell the heaven of joy;
And while I thus at random rove
Despise the fools that whine for love.

DR HENRY ALDRICH (1647–1710)

Reasons for Drinking

IF all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink;
Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
Or lest we should be by and by—
Or any other reason why.

The Reconcilement

COME, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast
That Time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove
Who free from quarrels live:
'Tis the most tender part of love
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I loved you best.

Own but the same to me—you'll find
How blest will be our fate.
O to be happy—to be kind—
Sure never is too late!

The Convert

DEJECTED, as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
So fairest! at your feet I lie,
Of all my sex's faults asham'd.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Love's innocent and sacred flame,
And that divinest power have us'd
To laugh at as an idle name.

But since so freely I confess
A crime which may your scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it less
By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue,
  Variety was all my bliss;
But ignorant of love and you,
  How could I choose but do amiss?

If ever now my wandering eyes
  Seek out amusements as before;
If e'er I look, but to despise
  Such charms, and value yours the more;

May sad remorse and guilty shame,
  Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
  May I lose all in losing thee.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

The Recovery

SIGHING and languishing I lay,
  A stranger grown to all delight,
Passing with tedious thoughts the day,
  And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care
  Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with despair,
  Neglecting all the world beside:

Till, like some angel from above,
  Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
  Can make amends for all the grief.

Those pleasing hopes I now pursue,
  Might fail, if you could prove unjust;
But promises from heaven and you,
  Who is so impious to mistrust?

Here all my doubts and troubles end;
  One tender word my soul assures;
Now am I vain, since I depend
  Not on mine own desert, but yours.

Inconstancy excused

I MUST confess I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes;
But he that's smil'd upon by you,
Must all the world despise.

In winter, fires of little worth
Excite our dull desire;
But when the sun breaks kindly forth,
Those fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for slighting now
What I did once adore;
O, do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more:

Fixt by your never failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languishing within your arms,
I sigh my soul away.

The Relapse

LIKE children in a starry night,
When I beheld those eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Insensible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame so long,
At last I felt the scorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my passion strong,
And I lay dying with desire.

By all the helps of humane art,
I just recovered so much sense,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair, but fatal influence.

But, since you shine away despair,
And now my sighs no longer shun,
No Persian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the rising sun.

If once again my vows displease,
There never was so lost a lover;
In love, that languishing disease,
A sad relapse we ne'er recover.

ANONYMOUS

A Song

KNOW this my brethren heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone,
The righteous men shall flourish now,
Good days are coming on;
Come then my brethren and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me,
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey then up go we.

We'll break the windows which the whore
Of Babylon hath painted,
And when the popish saints are down,
Then Burges shall be sainted;
There's neither cross nor crucifix
Shall stand for men to see,
Rome's trash and trumpery shall go down,
And hey then up go we.

What e'er the popish hands hath built,
Our hammers shall undo,
We'll break their pipes, and burn their copes,
And pull down churches too:
We'll exercise within the groves,
And teach beneath a tree,
We'll make a pulpit of a cask,
And hey then up go we.

We'll down with all the Versities,
Where learning is profest,
Because they practice and maintain
The language of the beast.
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
And parts what ere they be;
We'll cry all arts and learning down,
And hey then up go we.

We'll down with deans and prebends too,
And I rejoice to tell ye
How that, we will eat pigs our fill,
And capon by the belly;
We'll burn the fathers' learned books;
And make the school-men flee;
We'll down with all that smells of wit,
And hey then up go we.

If once the anti-Christian crew
Be crush'd and over thrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to stoop,
And keep the gentry down;
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride we see,
We'll therefore cry good manners down,
And hey then up go we.

The name of Lords shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother,
No reason why in church and state
One man should rule another;
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop,
And hey then up go we.

What though the King and Parliament
Do not accord together,
We have more cause to be content,
This is our sun-shine weather;
For if that reason should take place,
And they should once agree,
Who would be in a Roundhead's case,
For hey then up go we.

What should we do then in this case,
  Let's put it to a venture,
If that we hold out seven years space,
  We'll sue out our indenture.
A time may come to make us rue,
  And time may set us free,
Except the gallows claim his due,
  For hey then up go we.

ANONYMOUS

OBSERVE the rose-bud ere it blows,
  While the dawn glimmers o'er the sky;
Observe its silken leaves unfold,
  As fond of day's majestic eye!

At noon, more bold, in fullest bloom,
  It spreads a gale of sweets around;
At eve it mourns the setting sun,
  And sheds its honour on the ground.

So beauty's bashful bud appears,
  So blushes in the eye of praise:
So ripens in the noon of life,
  And wither'd so in age decays.

Time is the canker-worm of youth,
  It bites the blossom as it grows,
It blasts the flower that blooms at full,
  And rudely sheds the falling rose.

See, beauty, see! how love and joy
  On youth's light pinions haste away;
How swift the moments glide along,
  And age advances with delay!

Now, beauty, crop the rose-bud now,
  And catch the essence as it flies;
Let pleasure revel in its bloom,
  Let time possess it when it dies.

ANONYMOUS

FAME of Dorinda's conquests brought
The god of love her charms to view;
To wound th' unwary maid he thought,
But soon became her conquest too.
He dropt, half drawn his feeble bow;
He look'd, he rav'd, and sighing pin'd;
And wish'd, in vain, he had been now,
As painters falsely draw him, blind.
Disarm'd, he to his mother flies:
Help, Venus, help thy wretched son!
Who now will pay us sacrifice?
For love himself's, alas, undone!
To Cupid now no lover's prayer
Shall be address'd in suppliant sighs;
My darts are gone, but oh! beware,
Fond mortals, of Dorinda's eyes.

ANONYMOUS

JULIA, young wanton, flung the gather'd snow,
Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry blow:
'Tis cold, I cry'd, but ah! too soon I found,
Sent by that hand it dealt a scorching wound.

Resistless fair! we fly thy power in vain,
Who turn'st to fiery darts the frozen rain;
Burn, Julia, burn like me, and that desire
With water which thou kindlest, quench with fire.

ANONYMOUS

Last Sunday at St James's prayers

LAST Sunday at St James's prayers,
The prince and princess by,
I, drest in all my whale-bone airs,
Sat in a closet nigh.

I bow'd my knees, I held my book,
Read all the answers o'er;
But was perverted by a look,
Which pierced me from the door.
High thoughts of Heaven I came to use,
With the devoutest care;
Which gay young Strephon made me lose,
And all the raptures there.
He stood to hand me to my chair,
And bow'd with courtly grace;
But whisper'd love into my ear,
Too warm for that grave place.
"Love, love," said he, "by all adored,
My tender heart has won."
But I grew peevish at the word,
And bade he would be gone.
He went quite out of sight, while I
A kinder answer meant;
Nor did I for my sins that day
By half so much repent.

WALTER PORTER (?1595–1659)

Love in thy youth, fair maid

Love in thy youth, fair maid, be wise,
Old Time will make thee colder,
And though each morning new arise,
Yet we each day grow older.

Thou as heaven art fair and young,
Thine eyes like twin stars shining;
But ere another day be sprung;
All these will be declining;

Then winter comes with all his fears,
And all thy sweets shall borrow;
Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,
And I, too late, shall sorrow.

ANONYMOUS

Tobacco

THE Indian weed withered quite;
Green at morn, cut down at night;
Shows thy decay: all flesh is hay:
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Think thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff, gone with a puff:
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

But when the pipe grows foul within,
Think of thy soul defiled with sin,
And that the fire doth it require:
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
May serve to put thee still in mind
That unto dust return thou must:
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

ANONYMOUS

Ale

WHEN as the chill Charokko blows,
And Winter tells a heavy tale;
When pyes and daws and rooks and crows
Sit cursing of the frosts and snows;
Then give me ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
Such as will make grimalkin prate;
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
Quickens the poet's wit and pen,
Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,
And frames the march of Swedish drum,
Disputes with princes, laws, and rights,
What's done and past tells mortal wights,
And what's to come.

Ale, that the ploughman's heart up-keeps
And equals it with tyrants' thrones,
That wipes the eye that over-weeps,
And lulls in sure and dainty sleeps
Th' o'er-wearied bones.

Grandchild of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
Wine's emulous neighbour, though but stale,
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter—
Ha! give me ale!

JOHN CHALKHILL (fl. 1678)

Corydon's Song

OH, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trololie lollie loe,
Heigh trololie lollie lee.
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
Heigh trololie lollie loe,
Heigh trololie lollie lee.
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

But oh! the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart;
Heigh trololie lollie loe,
Heigh trololie lollie lee;
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Grey russet for our wives;
Heigh trololliе lollie loe,
Heigh trololliе lollie lee.
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing,
That doth prolong our lives:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The ploughman though he labour hard,
Yet on the holiday,
Heigh trololliе lollie loe,
Heigh trololliе lollie lee.
No emperor so merrily
Doth pass his time away;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers;
Heigh trololliе lollie loe,
Heigh trololliе lollie lee.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
Heigh trololliе lollie loe,
Heigh trololliе lollie lee.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
Heigh trololliе lollie loe,
Heigh trololliе lollie lee.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies;
Then come away,
Turn countryman with me.

THOMAS OTWAY (1652–1685)

The Enchantment

I DID but look and love awhile,
'Twas but for one half-hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease;
Sighs, which do heat impart
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

NAHUM TATE (1652–1715)

The Choice

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven! a rural seat,
Rather contemptible than great!
Where, though I taste Life's sweets, still I may be
Athirst for Immortality!
I would have business; but exempt from strife!
A private, but an active, life!
A Conscience bold, and punctual to his charge!
My stock of Health; or Patience large!
Some books I'd have, and some acquaintance too;
But very good, and very few!
Then (if one mortal two such grants may crave!)
From silent life, I'd steal into my grave!

The Old Man's Wish

If I live to grow old (for I find I go down!)
Let this be my fate: in a country town
Let me have a warm house, with a stone at the gate;
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate:
May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
The ocean at distance, on which I may look,
With a spacious plain, without hedge or style,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile;

With a pudding on Sunday, and stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar;
With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine
To drink the King's health as oft as I dine:

With Plutarch and Horace and one or two more
Of the best wits that lived in the ages before;
With a dish of roast mutton, not venison nor teal,
And clean, though coarse, linen at every meal:

And if I should have guests I must add to my wish,
On Fridays, a mess of good buttered fish;
For full well do I know, and the truth I reveal,
I had better do so than come short of a meal:

With breeches and jerkin of good country grey;
And live without working, now my strength doth decay;
With a hogshead of sherry, for to drink when I please,
With friends to be merry, and to live at my ease.

Without molestation, may I spend my last days
In sweet recreation; and sound forth the praise
Of all those that are true to the King and his laws;
Since it be their due, they shall have my applause.

When the days are grown short and it freezes and snows,
May I have a coal fire as high as my nose!
A fire which, once stirred up with a prong,
Will keep the room temperate all the night long.

With courage undaunted, may I face my last day;
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
"In the morning, when sober; in the evening, when mellow,
He is gone, and has left not behind him his fellow.
For he governed his passions with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better, as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay."

THOMAS D'URFEY (1653–1723)

Chloe Divine

CHLOE'S a Nymph in flowery groves,
A Nereid in the streams;
Saint-like she in the temple moves,
A woman in my dreams.

Love steals artillery from her eyes,
The Graces point her charms;
Orpheus is rivall'd in her voice,
And Venus in her arms.

Never so happily in one
Did heaven and earth combine;
And yet 'tis flesh and blood alone
That makes her so divine.

JOHN NORRIS (1657–1711)

The Aspiration

HOW long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lie!
Where at the gates and avenues of sense
My Soul must watch to have intelligence;
Where but faint gleams of thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine on a cloudy night.
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear?

How cold this clime! and yet my sense
Perceives even here thy influence.
Even here thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine,
Sometimes my erroneous needle does decline;
But yet so strong the sympathy,
It turns and points again to thee.

I long to see this excellence
Which at such distance strikes my sense.
My impatient Soul struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage.
Would'st thou great Love this prisoner once set free,
How would she hasten to be link'd with thee!
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

CHARLES MORDAUNT, LORD PETERBOROUGH (1658–1735)

Song by a Person of Quality

I SAID to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-ation?

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply:—
See the heart without motion, though Celia pass by!
Not the beauty she has, or the wit that she borrows,
Gives the eyes any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

When our Sappho appears, she whose wit's so refined,
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind;
Whatever she says, is with spirit and fire;
Every word I attend, but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, tho' man is her aim:
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes;
Those stars of the world are too good for the skies.

But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;
When she comes in my way, the emotion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again.

O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season!
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?

ANNE WHARTON (1659–1685)

How hardly I concealed my tears,
  How oft did I complain!
When, many tedious days, my fears
  Told me I loved in vain.

But now my joys as wild are grown,
  And hard to be concealed!
Sorrow may make a silent moan;
  But Joy will be revealed!

I tell it to the bleating flocks!
  To every stream and tree!
And bless the hollow murmuring brooks,
  For echoing back to me!

Thus, may you see, with how much joy,
  We want! we wish! believe!
'Tis hard such passion to destroy;
  But easy to deceive!

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA (1660–1720)

The Soldier's Death

Trail all your pikes, dispirit every drum,
  March in a slow procession from afar,
Ye silent, ye dejected Men of War!
Be still the hautboys, and the flute be dumb!
Display no more, in vain, the lofty banner;
For see! where on the bier before ye lies
The pale, the fall'n, the untimely Sacrifice
To your mistaken Shrine, to your false Idol Honour.

To Death

O KING of Terrors, whose unbounded sway
All that have life, must certainly obey,
The King, the Priest, the Prophet, all are thine,
Nor would even God (in flesh) thy stroke decline.
My name is on thy roll, and sure I must
Encrease thy gloomy kingdom in the dust.
My soul at this no apprehension feels,
But trembles at thy swords, thy racks, thy wheels;
Thy scorching fevers, which distract the sense,
And snatch us raving, unprepar'd from hence;
At thy contagious darts, that wound the heads
Of weeping friends, who wait at dying beds.
Spare these, and let thy time be when it will;
My business is to die, and thine to kill.
Gently thy fatal sceptre on me lay,
And take to thy cold arms, insensibly, thy prey.

A Nocturnal Reverie

IN such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings,
Or from some tree, framed for the owl's delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the wanderer right,—
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face,
When in some river, overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen,
When freshened grass now bears itself upright
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence spring the woodbine and the bramble rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows,

Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes,
When scattered glow-worms,—but in twilight fine,—
Shew trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine,
While Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms, and perfect beauty bright;
When odours, which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric awful in repose;
While sunburned hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale;
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing thro' the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures, whilst tyrant man doth sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own;
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks and all's confused again—
Our cares, our toils, our clamours all renewed,
Our pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

Hallo my Fancy

In melancholic fancy,
Out of myself,
In the vulcan dancy,
All the world surveying,
Nowhere staying,
Just like a fairy elf;
Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hill, the trees and valleys tripping,
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping,—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the misty vapours
Fain would I know
What doth cause the tapers;
Why the clouds benight us
And affright us,
While we travel here below;
Fain would I know what makes the roaring thunder,
And what these lightnings be that rend the clouds asunder,
And what these comets are on which we gaze and wonder—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I know the reason,
Why the little ant,
All the summer season,
Layeth up provision
On condition
To know no winter's want.
And how housewives, that are so good and painful,
Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful;
And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the foamy ocean,
Fain would I know
What doth cause the motion,
And returning
In its journeying,
And doth so seldom swerve?

And how the little fishes that swim beneath salt water,
Do never blind their eye; methinks it is a matter
An inch above the reach of old Erra Pater!—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I be resolvèd
How things are done;
And where the bull was calvèd
Of bloody Phalaris,
And where the tailor is
That works to the man i' the moon!
Fain would I know how Cupid aims so rightly;
And how the little fairies do dance and leap so lightly,
And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles nightly—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

In conceit like Phaeton
I'll mount Phoebus' chair,
Having ne'er a hat on,
All my hair a-burning
In my journeying;
Hurrying through the air.
Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing
And see how they on foamy bits are playing,
All the stars and planets I will be surveying!—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

O from what ground of nature
Doth the pelican,
That self-devouring creature,
Prove so froward
And untoward,
Her vitals for to strain!
And while the subtle fox, while in death's wounds a-lying,
Do not lament his pangs by howling and by crying,
And why the milk-swan doth sing when she's a-dying—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I conclude this,
At least make essay;
What similitude is:
Why fowls of a feather
Flock and fly together,
And lambs know beasts of prey;
How nature's alchemists, these small laborious creatures,
Acknowledge still a prince in ordering their matters,
And suffer none to live who slothing lose their features—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

To know this world's centre,
Height, depth, breadth and length,
Fain would I adventure
To search the hid attractions
Of magnetic actions
And adamantine strength.
Fain would I know, if in some lofty mountain,
Where the moon sojourns, if there be tree or fountain;
If there be beasts of prey, or yet be fields to hunt in—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Hallo my fancy, hallo,
Stay, stay at home with me,
I can no longer follow,
For thou hast betrayed me,
And bewrayed me;
It is too much for thee.
Stay, stay at home with me, leave off thy lofty soaring;
Stay then at home with me, and on thy books be poring;
For he that goes abroad, lays little up in storing—
Thou'rt welcome my fancy, welcome home to me.

MRS TAYLOR (c. 1685)

Song

STREPHON hath fashion, wit, and youth,
With all things else that please;
He nothing wants but Love and Truth
To ruin me with ease.

But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle fierce desire,
Whose pow'r enflames another's heart,
And he ne'er feels the fire.

O how it does my soul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he shou'd despise our sex;
Or, what's worse love 'em all.

So that my heart, like Noah's dove,
In vain has sought for rest,
Finding no hope to fix my love,
Returns into my breast.

JOHN CUTTS, LORD CUTTS (1661–1707)

Song

ONLY tell her that I love:
Leave the rest to her and Fate:
Some kind planet from above
May perhaps her pity move:
Lovers on their stars must wait.—
Only tell her that I love!

Why, O why should I despair!
Mercy's pictured in her eye:
If she once vouchsafe to hear,
Welcome Hope and farewell Fear!
She's too good to let me die.—
Why, O why should I despair?

FRANCIS ATTERBURY, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER (1662–1732)

Written on a white fan borrowed from Miss Osborne, afterwards his Wife

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow.
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast—a flame.

WILLIAM WALSH (1663–1708)

A Song to Phillis

PHILLIS, we not grieve that Nature,
Forming you, has done her part;
And in every single feature
Shew'd the utmost of her art.

But in this it is pretended
That a mighty grievance lies,
That your heart should be defended,
Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

Love's a senseless inclination,
Where no mercy's to be found;
But is just, where kind compassion
Gives us balm to heal the wound.

Persians, paying solemn duty,
To the rising sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
But in hopes to make him kind.

Rivals in Love

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are cursed;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure, rivals are the worst!
By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are labouring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your rigours are
With them alone I'll cope:—
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

To his Book

Go, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an am'rous heart;
Those who love's dear, deluding pains have known,
May in my fatal stories read their own.
Those who have lived from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me;
Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And warn'd by my example, shun my fate.
While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
I view the waves on which I once was toss'd.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars;
Then peace again. Oh! would it not be best
To chase the fatal poison from our breast?

But since so few can live from passion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away;
What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

WILLIAM WALSH

The Despairing Lover

DISTRACTED with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish:
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set:
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
But, that he could live
But as long as he could:

How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

WILLIAM KING (1663–1712)

Song

YOU say you love; repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing sound,
Repeat the ease of all my pain,
The cure of every wound.

What you to thousands have denied,
To me you freely give;
Whilst I in humble silence died
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos top each night
Endymion sighing lay,
Gaz'd on the moon's transcendent light,
Despair'd, and durst not pray.

But divine Cynthia saw his grief,
Th' effect of conquering charms,
Unask'd the goddess brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

The Spell

WHENE'ER I wive, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye powers that o'er the noose preside!
Wit, beauty, wealth and humour give,
Or let me still a rover live.
But if all these no nymph can share,
And I'm predestined to the snare,
Let mine, ye powers, be doubly fair.
Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
Whilst Cupid at his elbow stood;
And twitching him, said, Youth, be wise,
Ask not impossibilities:
A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and fortune never met:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court some bright Phillis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliss, and will not cloy.
But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair:
Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and song, and sonnet,
Their Beauty's but a SPELL, to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring;
Ere the sack posset is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem to suck her springing soul.—
These, and the rest you doted on,
Are nauseous or insipid grown;
The SPELL dissolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

The Despairing Lover

BREAK, break, my foolish heart,
Loaded with love, and with despair opprest.
How canst thou bear thy smart?
How rule the ferment of this lab'ring breast?
No more the swelling cloud's black hoard retain;
Break, break, thou foolish heart, and vent th' included pain.

How cruel is thy fate,
Doom'd to despair, tho' meeting no disdain?
Thy nymph too soft to hate,
Shares all thy cares, and pities all thy pain.
In vain; for all moves not her rigid will;
The wish may be to save, but the resolve's to kill.

How can I hope redress,
Sworn not so much as to request a cure?
Who, to preserve her peace,
Have vow'd despair, and chosen to endure;
Silent must be, in pity to her pain,
And never, never ask, for fear I should obtain.

The pulses of thy frame
Throb thick with pain, and strong with anguish move;
The breath that fans thy flame,
In sighs now ventilates thy hopeless love;
Each various aliment of the nat'ral life,
Now feeds but thy despair, and but foments thy grief.

Break then, thou foolish heart;
Wisely I'd die, since I can never live;
Make the bad bus'ness short;
Who'd thus still in continu'd deaths survive?
Come, courage; 'twill but one strong pang require:
Die all at once, and in one mighty grief expire.

Werena my heart's licht I wad dee

THERE ance was a may, and she lo'ed na men;
She biggit her bonnie bow'r doun in yon glen;
But now she cries, Dool and a well-a-day!
Come doun the green gait and come here away!

When bonnie young Johnnie cam owre the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things—
And werena my heart's licht, I wad dee.

He had a wee titty that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his mother
That werena my heart's licht, I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be:
The wife took a dwam and lay doun to dee;
She maned and she graned out o' dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said—What had he do wi' the likes of me?
Appose I was bonnie, I wasna for Johnnie—
And werena my heart's licht, I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins thro' the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins thro' the mill-e'e—
And werena my heart's licht, I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee:
She spied me as I cam owre the lea;
And then she ran in and made a loud din—
Believe your ain e'en, an ye trow not me.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow,
His auld ane look'd ay as well as some's new:
But now he lets 't wear ony gait it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn bing.

And now he gaes daund'ring about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e—
And werena my heart's licht, I wad dee.

Were I but young for thee, as I hae been,
We should hae been gallopin' doun in yon green,
And linkin' it owre the lily-white lea—
And wow, gin I were but young for thee!

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH (1666–1726)

Learned Women

ONCE on a time a nightingale
To changes prone;
Unconstant, fickle, whimsical,
(A female one)
Who sang like others of her kind,
Hearing a well-taught linnet's airs,
Had other matters in her mind,
To imitate him she prepares.

Her fancy straight was on the wing:
"I fly," quoth she,
"As well as he;
I don't know why
I should not try
As well as he to sing."

From that day forth she changed her note,
She spoiled her voice, she strained her throat:
She did, as learnèd women do,
Till everything
That heard her sing,
Would run away from her—as I from you.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE (1667–1735)

To Cloe

CLOE's the wonder of her sex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But Nature, graciously inclined,
Not bent to vex but please us,
Has to her boundless beauty joined
A boundless will to ease us.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE

To Myra

THE happiest mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each desirous of the blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happiest mortals once were we.

But since cruel fates dissever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me;
Of all pains the greatest pain
Is to love—and love in vain.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719)

Hymn

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

THOMAS YALDEN (1670–1736)

Advice to a Lover

FOR many unsuccessful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
Battering them often with my tears,
I sigh'd, but durst not pray.
No prostrate wretch before the shrine
Of some lov'd Saint above,
E'er thought his goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful nymph look'd down
With coy insulting pride,
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or toss'd her head aside.
Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
"Use more prevailing charms;
You modest, whining fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.

With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart;
The lips he briskly must invade
That would possess the heart."
With that I shook off all the slave,
My better fortunes tried;
When Cynthia in a moment gave
What she for years denied.

JOHN OLDMIXON (1673–1742)

I LATELY vow'd, but 'twas in haste,
That I no more would court
The joys that seem when they are past
As dull as they are short.

I oft to hate my mistress swear,
But soon my weakness find;
I make my oaths when she's severe,
But break them when she's kind.

JOHN OLDMIXON

To Chloe

PRITHEE, Chloe, not so fast,
Let's not run and wed in haste;
We've a thousand things to do;
You must fly and I pursue,
You must frown and I must sigh,
I entreat and you deny.
Stay—If I am never crossed,
Half the pleasure will be lost.
Be, or seem to be severe;
Give me reason to despair:
Fondness will my wishes cloy,
Make me careless of the joy.
Lovers may of course complain
Of their trouble and their pain
But, if pain and trouble cease,
Love without it will not please.

The Contented Shepherd

As on a summer's day
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I loved,
As her fancy moved,
Came walking forth that way.

And as she passèd by
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to die!

And dost thou nothing heed,
What Pan our God has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away,
To the sweetest shepherd's reed?

There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, he cried,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

To me thou art more gay
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.

What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade
And a shepherd all thy own.

NICHOLAS ROWE

Colin's Complaint

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head;
The wind that blew over the plain
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook in return to his pain
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining he cried,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far had I died.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd twas a pleasure too great;
I listen'd and cried when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
She could dote on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What though when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave
Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

The Day of Judgement

WHEN the fierce North-wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the Creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes,
Sees the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when their eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas,) come, arise to Jesus,
How He sits God-like! and the saints around Him
Throned, yet adoring!

O may I sit there when He comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

A Cradle Hymn

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment:
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features—
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child: I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His Virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hushed the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling; here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise!

ISAAC WATTS

The Sluggard

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber";
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags:
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson to me:
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

A Morning Song

My God, who makes the Sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chamber of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the Sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

ISAAC WATTS

An Evening Song

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

. . . .

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

Address to his Elbow-chair, new-clothed

My dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend;
If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall,
Why shouldst not thou attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?

True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings and external show?
To real worth alone I make my court;
Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.
Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay,
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
The safe retreat of every lurking mouse;
Derided, shunn'd; the lumber of my house.
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before!
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my sires of yore!
'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful then, my constancy I prov'd;
I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd:
I lov'd thee more; nor like a courtier, spurn'd
My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.
With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.
Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd,
And every wayward appetite obey'd.
But sage Experience taught me how to prize
Myself; and how this world; she bade me rise
To nobler flights, regardless of a race
Of factious emmets; pointed where to place
My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure,
And, patiently, what Heaven has sent endure;
From all the futile cares of business free,
Not fond of life, but yet content to be;
Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the past;
And seriously prepare to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies,
And all the malice of the storm defies;
With ease of body bless'd, and peace of mind,
Pities the restless crew he left behind;
Whilst, in his cell, he meditates alone
On his great voyage to the world unknown.

AMBROSE PHILIPS (1675?–1749)

To Charlotte Pulteney

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush;
Like the linlet in the bush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat;
Chirping forth thy pretty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May
Flitting to each bloomy spray;
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linlet in the nest:—
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot:
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
This picture, once, resembled thee.

Songs

I

SINCE Cœlia's my foe;
To a desert I'll go!
Where some river
For ever
Shall echo my woe!

The trees shall appear
More relenting than her;
In the morning
Adorning
Each leaf with a tear.

When I make my sad moan
To the rocks, all alone;
From each hollow
Will follow
Some pitiful groan.

But, with silent disdain,
She requites all my pain!
To my mourning,
Returning
No answer again.

II

Ah! Cœlia! adieu!
When I cease to pursue,
You'll discover
No Lover
Was ever so true!

Your sad Shepherd flies
From those dear cruel eyes!
Which not seeing
His being
Decays, and he dies!

Yet 'tis better to run
To the fate we can't shun;
  Than for ever
    To strive for
What cannot be won!

What, ye Gods! have I done?
That Amyntor alone
  Is so treated
    And hated
For loving but one!

ROBERT WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD (1676–1745)

To the Sunflower

HAIL! pretty emblem of my fate!
Sweet flower, you still on Phoebus wait;
On him you look, and with him move,
By nature led, and constant love.

Know, pretty flower, that I am he,
Who am in all so like to thee;
I, too, my fair one court, and where
She moves, my eyes I thither steer.

But, yet this difference still I find,
The sun to you is always kind;
Does always life and warmth bestow:—
Ah! would my fair one use me so!

Ne'er would I wait till she arose
From her soft bed and sweet repose;
But, leaving thee, dull plant, by night
I'd meet my Phillis with delight.

JOHN HUGHES (1677–1720)

The Fair Traveller

IN young Astrea's sparkling eye,
  Resistless love has fixt his throne;
A thousand lovers bleeding lie
  For her, with wounds they fear to own.

While the coy beauty speeds her flight
  To distant groves from whence she came;
So lightning vanishes from sight,
  But leaves the forest in a flame.

JOHN HUGHES

Song

WOULD you gain the tender creature,
  Softly—gently—kindly—treat her!
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Listless charms without the heart.

SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY (d. 1677)

Where did you borrow that last Sigh?

WHERE did you borrow that last sigh,
  And that relenting groan?
For those that sigh, and not for love,
  Usurp what's not their own.
Love's arrows sooner armour pierce
  Than your soft snowy skin;
Your eyes can only teach us love,
  But cannot take it in.

JOHN POMFRET (1667–1702)

Extract from *The Choice*

WOULD bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd choose
(For who would so much satisfaction lose,
As witty nymphs, in conversation, give)
Near some obliging modest fair to live;
For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find.
That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart,
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.
I'd have her reason all her passion sway,
Easy in company, in private gay,
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free,
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A soul she should have for great actions fit,
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit;
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or base:
Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
To give good counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserved, nor talk too much:
That shows a want of judgment, and of sense;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refined;
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind;
Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride,
In all the methods of deceit untried:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No censure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n envy be compelled to say,
She goes the least of woman kind astray.

ABEL EVANS (1679–1737)

On a Fat Man

WHEN Tadlow walks the streets, the paviours cry,
"God bless you, sir!" and lay their rammers by.

Song

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky;
At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art
Your kind thought you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex (she replied),
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

A Night-Piece on Death

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky,
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide!
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.

The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."
Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away,)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Hah! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapped with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din;

Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.
"When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things:
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God;
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.
"Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead?
"Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed,
A few and evil years they waste;
But when their chains are cast aside
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day."

A Retrospect

TWENTY lost years have stolen their hours away,
Since in this inn, e'en in this room I lay.
How chang'd! what then was rapture, fire and air,
Seems now sad silence all and blank despair!

Is it that youth paints every view too bright,
And, life advancing, fancy fades her light?
Ah! no,—nor yet is day so far declin'd,
Nor can time's creeping coldness reach the mind.

'Tis that I miss the inspirer of that youth;
Her, whose soft smile was love, whose soul was truth;
Death snatch'd my joys, by cutting off her share,
But left her griefs to multiply my care.

Pensive and cold this room in each chang'd part
I view, and, shock'd, from ev'ry object start;
There hung the watch that, beating hours from day,
Told its sweet owner's lessening life away.

There her dear diamond taught the sash my name;
'Tis gone! frail image of love, life, and fame.
That glass she dress'd at, keeps her form no more,
Not one dear footstep tunes th' unconscious floor.

. . . . . .

Oh life! deceitful lure of lost desires!
How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires!
Scarce can a passion start, we change so fast,
Ere new lights strike us, and the old are past.

Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste explore,
That ere we learn to live, we live no more.
Who then can think, yet sigh to part with breath,
Or shun the healing hand of friendly Death?

Peggy

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare;
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld,
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown;
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gies me sic delight
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best;
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld
With innocence the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.

To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr Addison

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
  Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend;
Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
  To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue;
My grief be doubled, from thy image free;
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.
  Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
(Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown),
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;

Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to Heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering Angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How Michael battled and the dragon fell?
Or mixt with milder Cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the Heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:

'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend sincere;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race;
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and the evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade
From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then, (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!
These words divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, oh Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell!
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

Colin and Lucy. A Ballad

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Was I to blame, because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare!
But know, fond maid; and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet."
She spoke; she died; her corse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
Forever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green;
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

WILLIAM OLDYS (1696–1761)

On a Fly drinking out of his cup

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me and drink as I:
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON, LORD MELCOMBE (1691–1762)

The Patriot

LOVE thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care;
'Tis enough that, when it fell,
Thou its ruin didst not share.

Envy's censure, Flattery's praise,
With unmoved indifference view:
Learn to tread Life's dangerous maze
With unerring Virtue's clue.

Void of strong desire and fear,
Life's wide ocean trust no more;
Strive thy little bark to steer
With the tide, but near the shore.

Thus prepared, thy shorten'd sail
Shall, whene'er the winds increase,
Seizing each propitious gale,
Waft thee to the port of Peace.

Keep thy conscience from offence
And tempestuous passions free,
So, when thou art call'd from hence,
Easy shall thy passage be.

Easy shall thy passage be,
Cheerful thy allotted stay,
Short the account 'twixt God and thee,
Hope shall meet thee on thy way.

SAMUEL WESLEY, THE YOUNGER (1691–1739)

On the Setting Up of Mr Butler's Monument in Westminster Abbey

WHILE Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone!

JOHN BYROM (1692–1763)

To an Officer in the Army
(*intended to allay the violence of Party Spirit*)

GOD bless the King!—I mean the Faith's Defender;
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

Sally in our Alley

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
And, would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O, then I'll marry Sally;
O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed—
But not in our alley!

HENRY CAREY

A Drinking Song

BACCHUS must now his power resign—
I am the only God of Wine!
It is not fit the wretch should be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine!
Stock'd with nothing else but Wine:
Let Wine its only produce be,
Let Wine be earth, and air, and sea—
And let that Wine be...ALL for me!

PHILIP STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (1694–1773)

Mistaken Fair

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon without a master;
Then only let us study now
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless, be blest
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at least your Sherlock give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

PHILIP STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

Advice to a Lady in Autumn

ASSES' milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before,
Then sleep for an hour or two, and no more,
At nine stretch your arms, and oh! think when alone
There's no pleasure in bed.—Mary, bring me my gown:
Slip on that ere you rise; let your caution be such;
Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too much
Your pinners set right, your twitcher tied on,
Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done,
Retire to some author improving and gay,
And with sense like your own, set your mind for the day,
At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' the year,
The sun, like your wit, is as mild as 'tis clear:
But mark in the meadows the ruin of time;
Take the hint, and let life be improved in its prime.

Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed;
For beauty, like yours, no assistance can need.
With an appetite thus down to dinner you sit,
Where the chief of the feast is the flow of your wit:
Let this be indulged, and let laughter go round;
As it pleases your mind to your health 'twill redound.
After dinner two glasses at least I approve;
Name first to the King, and the last to your love:
Thus cheerful, with wisdom, with innocence, gay,
And calm with your joys, gently glide through the day.
The dews of the evening most carefully shun;
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun;
Then in chat, or at play, with a dance, or a song,
Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along.
All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind;
And those you may end, when you please to be kind.

CHRISTOPHER PITT (1699–1748)

On Mrs Walker's Poems: particularly that on the Author

BLUSH, Wilmot, blush; a female muse,
Without one guilty line,
The tender theme of love pursues
In softer strains than thine.

'Tis thine the passion to blaspheme,
'Tis her's with wit and ease
(When a mere nothing is the theme)
Beyond thyself to please.

Then be to her the prize decreed,
Whose merit has prevail'd;
For what male poet can succeed,
If Rochester has fail'd?

Since Phœbus quite forgetful grows,
And has not yet thought fit,
In his high wisdom, to impose
A salique law on wit;

Since of your thoughts he takes no care,
Ye Priors, Popes, and Gays;
'Tis hard!—but let the women wear
The breeches and the bays.

Wooed and Married and A'

THE bride cam' out o' the byre,
And O, as she dighted her cheeks,
"Sirs, I'm to be married the-night,
And ha'e neither blankets nor sheets,
Ha'e neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado!"

Wooed and married and a'!
Married and wooed and a'!
And was she na very weel aff
That was wooed and married and a'?

Out spake the bride's father
As he cam' in frae the pleugh,
"O haud your tongue my dochter,
And ye'se get gear eneugh.
The stirk stands i' the tether,
And our braw bawsint yade
Will carry hame your corn:—
What wad ye be at, ye jade?"

Out spake the bride's mither:
"What, deil, needs a' this pride?
I hadna a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride.
My gown was linsey wolsey,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskin's
Mae than ane or twa."

Out spake the bride's brither
As he cam' in wi' the kye:
"Puir Willie wad ne'er ha'e ta'en ye
Had he kent ye as weel as I.
For ye'rs baith proud and saucy,
And no for a puir man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better
I'se ne'er tak ane i' my life!"

Out spake the bride's sister
As she cam' in frae the byre;
"Oh, gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire!
But we puir folk maun live,
And do the best we can;
I dinna ken what I sould want
If I could get but a man!"

WILLIAM BROOME (1689–1745)

The Rose-Bud

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
The Winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky;
The lark sweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of Spring:
The silver dews, the vernal showers,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are clothed with green, or swell with buds;
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair-one's breast,
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair;
Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
Arise ye flowery race, arise!
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

But thou, fair Nymph, thy self survey
In this sweet offspring of a day;
That miracle of face must fail,
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the short-lived flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:

Tho' sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet Time destroys what sickness spares;
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name;
Time must indent that heavenly brow,
And thou must be, what Helen's now.

This moral to the Fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose.

WILLIAM BROOME

Poverty and Poetry

'TWAS sung of old how one Amphion,
Could by his verses tame a lion;
And by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make bears and wolves dance rigadoons:
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town;
But it is plain that in these times
No house is rais'd by poet's rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles in the air;
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high strains to ekes and ayes.
The Muses too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.

Yet still the doating rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams,
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water;
Yet even athirst he sweetly sings
Of Nectar, and Elysian springs.

What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
Lawyers, by endless controversies,
Consume unthinking clients' purses,
As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
Eat up the plump and fat ones' bodies.

The grave physician, who by physic,
Like Death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade,
Tho' patients die, the doctor's paid;
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the Muses stray,
And love in flow'ry meads to play;
An idle crew! whose only trade is
To shine in trifles, like our ladies;
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning;
Thus they get nothing to bequeath
Their vot'ries, but a laurel wreath.

But love rewards the bard! the fair
Attend his song, and ease his care:
Alas! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil;
Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
Like Phœbus you attune the strain,
Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers in your Belindas.

But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain that envied prize, a name;
Great recompense! like his who sells
A diamond for beads and bells;
Will fame be thought sufficient bail
To keep the poet from the gaol?
Thus the brave soldier in the wars,
Gets empty praise, and aching scars;
Is paid with fame and wooden legs,
And starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

The Braes of Yarrow

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow!"

"Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?"
"I gat her where I darena weel be seen—
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?"

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear—
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That e'er pu'ed birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"Why runs thy stream O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weeds
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

"What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow:
And weep around, in waeful wise,
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow.

"Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight? But to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met'st and fell on the braes of Yarrow."

"Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan."

"Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rocks as mellow.

"Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter:
Though he was fair, and well beloved again
Than me, he never loved thee better.

"Busk ye then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow!'

"How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

"O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my love—
My love, as he had not been a lover.

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—'twas my ain sewing:
Ah, wretched me! I little, little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin!

"The boy took out his milk white, milk white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the to-fall of the night
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

"Much I rejoiced, that woeful, woeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be proud—
With cruel and ungentle scoffin'
May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes,
My lover nailèd in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me;
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love!
With bridal sheets my body cover!
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door;
Let in the expected husband lover!

"But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
O lay his cold head on my pillow:
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved!
Oh! could my warmth to life restore thee,
Yet lie all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before ye.

"Pale, pale indeed! O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter;
And lie all night between my breasts!
No youth shall ever lie there after."

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!
Return and dry thy useless sorrow!
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs—
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow."

WILLIAM HAMILTON

The Despairing Lover

Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover;
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak,
A thousand various wishes.

For O! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling!
The every look and every grace,
So charm where'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee:
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

SOAME JENYNS (1704–1787)

Song

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for heav'n's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost power to try,
Nor further urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very power
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may;
But rather use your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
To fight with love and you.

One-and-Twenty

LONG-EXPECTED One-and-twenty,
Ling'ring year, at length is flown:
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Great *** ****, are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betsies, Kates, and Jennies,
All the names that banish care;
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Show the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice and folly
Joy to see their quarry fly:
There the gamester, light and jolly,
There the lender, grave and sly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full, and spirits high—
What are acres? What are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian friend or mother
Tell the woes of wilful waste,
Scorn their counsel, scorn their pother;—
You can hang or drown at last!

SAMUEL JOHNSON

To Mrs Thrale on her completing her thirty-fifth year

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty five!
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty five,
High to soar and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty five;
For howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty five,
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty five.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

On the Death of Mr Robert Levet, A Practiser in Physic

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest caverns known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no throbbing fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

GEORGE LYTTELTON, LORD LYTTELTON (1709–1773)

Extracts from the *Monody on the Death of His Lady*

YE tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
Ye high o'er shadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refined, your rural charms explore.
Closed are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming used to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice,
To hear her heavenly voice,
For her despising, when she deigned to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring.
The woodlark and linnet pleased no more,
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets now resume your song:
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For death has stopped that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky.
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley can she now be found.
In all the wide stretched prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferred to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine;
The pomp of cities and the pride of courts,
Her modest beauties shunned the public eye:
To your sequestered dales
And flower embroidered vales,
From an admiring world she chose to fly.
With Nature there retired, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,

And banished every passion from her breast;
But those the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have formed your youth,
And strewed with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O lost beyond repair!

O wretched father; left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weakened mind, oppressed with woe!
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe?
Now she alas! is gone,
From folly, and from vice, their helpless age to save?

. . . . . .

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brightened by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look
Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refined,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind.
And made each charm of polished courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted innocence;
Tell how to more than manly sense
She joined the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,

The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow.
E'en for the kid or lamb, that poured its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall;
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind;
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On fortune's smile or frown;
That could, without regret or pain,
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or interest or ambition's highest prize.
That injured or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that temperately bright
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone, nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceived,
That nor too little, nor too much believed.
That scorned unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
Amidst the acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

. . . . . .

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its various course performed,
And back returned again;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchanged remain,
Still in her golden chain

Harmonious concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke!
That all this pleasing fabric love had raised
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had formed
With soothing hope for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!
Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against His supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was His most righteous will—and be that will obeyed.

GEORGE LYTTELTON, LORD LYTTELTON

Tell me, my heart, if this be love

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before—
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

FANNY GREVILLE (18th century)

Prayer for Indifference

I ASK no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart those gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound,
Beyond is agony.

ROBERT, EARL NUGENT (1709–1788)

I loved thee

I LOVED thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

THOMAS LISLE (1709–1767)

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
To set his Eurydice free.
All hell was astonished a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far; but how vast their surprise,
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to the fault
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.
But pity succeeding soon vanquished his heart;
And, pleased with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art,
Such power has music in hell.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS (1709–1759)

An Ode on Miss Harriet Hanbury, Six Years Old

WHY should I thus employ my time,
To paint those cheeks of rosy hue?
Why should I search my brains for rhyme,
To sing those eyes of glossy blue?

The power as yet is all in vain,
Thy numerous charms, and various graces:
They only serve to banish pain,
And light up joy in parents' faces.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel;
Those charms their powerful sway shall find:
Youth shall in crowds before you kneel,
And own your empire o'er mankind.

Then, when on Beauty's throne you sit,
And thousands court your wish'd-for arms;
My Muse shall stretch her utmost wit,
To sing the victories of your charms.

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,
At least while verse like mine endures:
And future Hanburys shall boast
Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.

A little vain we both may be,
Since scarce another house can show,
A poet, that can sing like me;
A beauty, that can charm like you.

ROBERT LOWTH, BISHOP OF LONDON (1710–1787)

ERE sin could blight, or sorrow fade
Death came with timely care,
The op'ning bud to heaven convey'd
And bade it blossom there.

Grongar Hill

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phoebus riding high
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft have I, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale;
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:

Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering to the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs.
And, beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
In mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give to each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see:
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air;
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,

In vain ye search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM, EARL OF EGREMONT (1710–1763)

The Fair Thief

BEFORE the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more, that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the sweetness ether sheds
On primrose buds or violet beds.

Still to reveal her artful wiles
She stole the Graces' silken smiles:
She stole Aurora's balmy breath;
And pilfered orient pearl for teeth:
The cherry, dipped in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips, and hue.

These were her infant spoils, a store;
And she in time still pilfered more!
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity; and stole
From Pallas sense to charm the soul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey;
Her next the beam that lights the day;
She sang: amazed the Sirens heard;
And to assert their voice appeared:
She played; the Muses from the hill
Wondered who thus had stole their skill.

Great Jove approved her crimes and art;
And, t'other day, she stole my heart!
If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on this Fair;
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be my arms.

PAUL WHITEHEAD (1710–1774)

To Dr Schomberg, of Bath

To Schomberg quoth Death, "I your patient will have;"
To Death replied Schomberg, "My patient I'll save."
Then Death seiz'd his arrow, the Doctor his pen,
And each wound the one gave, t'other heal'd it again;
'Till Death swore he never had met such defiance,
Since he and the College had been in alliance.

ALICIA COCKBURN (1712–1794)

The Flowers of the Forest

I'VE seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay;
Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
But soon it is fled,—it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorn'd of the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay;
Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are wither'd and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
And the red storm roaring, before the parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
Turn drumly and dark, as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE (1714–1763)

Song: The Sky-Lark

Go, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her, the sounds that sooth her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid
What are his notes compared to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

Written at an Inn at Henley

To thee, fair freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin,
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in store;
It buys me freedom, at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

The Landscape

How pleas'd within my native bowers
Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see:
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

RICHARD JAGO (1715–1781)

Absence

With leaden foot Time creeps along
While Delia is away:
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah, envious Pow'r! reverse my doom;
Now double thy career,
Strain ev'ry nerve, stretch ev'ry plume,
And rest them when she's here!

The Goldfinches

To you, whose groves protect the feather'd quires,
  Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
  The Doric strain belongs, O Shenstone, hear.

'Twas gentle spring, when all the tuneful race,
  By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine,
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
  And hearts and fortunes with her mate to join.

Through Nature's spacious walks at large they rang'd,
  No settled haunts, no fix'd abode their aim;
As chance or fancy led, their path they chang'd,
  Themselves, in every varied scene, the same.

Till on a day to weighty cares resign'd,
  With mutual choice, alternate they agreed,
On rambling thoughts no more to turn their mind,
  But settle soberly, and raise a breed.

All in a garden, on a currant-bush,
  With wond'rous art they built their waving seat,
In the next orchard lived a friendly thrush,
  Not distant far, a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,
  With early songs they wak'd the sprightly groves,
'Till time matured their bliss, and crown'd their nest
  With infant pledges of their faithful loves;

And now what transport glowed in either's eye,
  What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food!
What joy each other's likeness to descry,
  And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?
  How does the fairest purpose often fail?
A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast
  Their rising hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he;
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart:
With concords false and hideous prosody
He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On barb'rous plunder bent, with savage eye
He mark'd where wrapt in down the younglings lay,
Then rushing seiz'd the wretched family,
And bore them in his impious hands away.

But how shall I relate in numbers rude
The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed!
When from a neighb'ring spray aghast she viewed
The savage ruffian's inauspicious deed!

So, wrapt in grief, some heart-struck matron stands,
While horrid flame devour her children's room!
On heav'n she calls, and wrings her trembling hands,
Constrain'd to see, but not prevent their doom.

"O grief of griefs! with shrieking voice she cried,
What sight is this that I have lived to see?
O! that I had a maiden goldfinch died,
From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free!

"Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
Was it for this, I poised th' unwieldy straw?
For this I pick'd the moss from yonder hill?
Nor shunned the pond'rous chat along to draw?

"Was it for this, I cull'd the wool with care;
And strove with all my skill our work to crown?
For this, with pain I bent the stubborn hair;
And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

"Was it for this my freedom I resigned,
And ceased to rove from beauteous plain to plain?
For this I sat at home whole days confined,
And bore the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

"Was it for this my watchful eyes grow dim?
The crimson roses on my cheek turn pale?
Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim;
And all my wonted spirits 'gin to fail.

"O plund'rer vile; O more than weezel fell!
More treach'rous than the cat with prudish face!
More fierce than kites, whom with the furies dwell!
More pilf'ring than the cuckoo's prowling race!

"For thee may plum or gooseberry never grow,
Nor juicy currant cool thy clammy throat:
But bloody birch twigs work thee shameful woe,
Nor ever goldfinch cheer thee with her note!"

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,
The piteous tale her mournful mate returned;
Then side by side they sought the distant vale,
And there in silent sadness inly mourned.

ANONYMOUS

Song

Ye little loves that round her wait,
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As Celia on her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whisper, "Strephon dies."

If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair disdains to love,
Smile and say, "'Tis all a lie,
And haughty Strephon scorns to die!"

ANONYMOUS

The White Rose

*Sent by a Yorkist Gentleman to his Lancastrian Mistress**

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,—
As kiss it thou mayst deign,—
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkshire turn again.

* Somerville wrote what seems to me an expansion of this. [Ed.]

ANONYMOUS

Gaily I lived

GAILY I lived as ease and nature taught,
And spent my little life without a thought;
And am annoyed that Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

ANONYMOUS

Banish, my Lydia

BANISH, my Lydia, these sad thoughts,—
Why sit'st thou musing so,
To hear the ugly rail at faults
They would, but cannot do?
For let the guilt be what it will,
So small account they bear,
That none yet thought it worth their while
On such to be severe.

With far more reason thou may'st pine,
Thyself, for being fair;
For hadst thou but less glorious been,
Thou of no faults wouldst hear:
So the great light that shines from far
Has had its spots set down,
While many a little useless star
Has not been tax'd with one.

ANONYMOUS

Winifreda

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move thy fear;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke:
And all the great ones much shall wonder
How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How shall I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mother's features,
And hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I go wooing with my boys.

JOHN ST LEDGER

Extempore

To a Lady of Tory Principles, appearing at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, with an Orange Lily in her Breast, on King William's Birth-Night

THOU little Tory, why the jest,
Of wearing Orange in thy breast;
When that same breast betraying shews
The whiteness of the rebel rose.

ANONYMOUS

Epigram

DEAR Cupid (I cried) do consult with your mother,
To subdue my dear Chloe's insensible heart!
Kind Cupid obey'd; Venus too play'd her part,
And my Chloe at length fell in love with another.

ANONYMOUS

Rondeau

BY two black eyes my heart was won,
Sure never wretch was more undone!
To Celia with my suit I came,
But she, regardless of her prize,
Thought proper to reward my flame
By two black eyes!

ANONYMOUS

Anacreontique

AS it happen'd on a night
Full of rain and void of light,
Dismal night! when not a star
Shone in all the hemisphere;
And on earth, by sleep oppressed,
Every soul was gone to rest,
Love unknown to me before,
Love, stood knocking at my door.
"Whence, and who so late at night,"
(Said I, waking in a fright,)
"Dare so rude a knocking keep,
To disturb my downy sleep;
Sleep from every sorrow free,
Sleep so rare a guest to me?"
"Little cause have you to fear
Whence we come and who we are;
Love," the subtle rogue, replies,
"Gentle stranger, prithee rise,

And some tender care employ,
On a little harmless boy,
Who, long wandering up and down,
Unacquainted with the town,
Trembling, cold, and wet all o'er,
Here have lit upon a door."
Mov'd at what the urchin said,
Simple fool, I rose from bed,
Struck a light, and op'd the door;
  Where a little boy I spied,
Wings that on his shoulder wore,
  Bow and arrow by his side,
Ent'ring, I his name inquire,
"Lead me, master, to the fire;
For my name," he made reply,
"You shall know it by and by."
I led him to't, all seeming mild,
And, as he said, a harmless child.
His little hands so chill with cold,
In mine, to warm, I fondly hold:
His little locks, so wet with rain,
I gently wring, and dry again.
When strait reviving by my care,
When warm'd his hands, and dried his hair,
"Landlord," said he, "I fain would know
How fares my dart, how fares my bow?
If proof against the wet, or no.
Landlord, how fares my dart and bow?"
He bent his bow, he fixt his dart,
And shot me full into the heart.
Stung with unsufferable pain,
I drew the dart with might and main;
With might and main I drew the dart,
But left th' impression on my heart
Of her, whose image it did bear,
Cloe, the gods' peculiar care.
All this he saw, and seeing, smiled,
No more a little harmless child.
But, little imp, devoid of shame,
"Then," said he, "would you know my name,

Cupid I'm called by gods above,
By men below, the power of love.
The power in men and gods inspires
All tender thoughts and amorous fires;
Above, when minded to be great,
In Venus' court I keep my state.
Venus my mother, queen of love,
Whom yet I no more fear than Jove,
Jove often turned, to shew my power,
To bull, or swan, to flame, or flower.
Below, when weary of the skies,
I keep incog, in Cloe's eyes;
Whence all my private pranks I play,
And wound a thousand hearts a day.
A thousand—ay as many hearts,
As she has looks, or I have darts:
But fare you well, for now I know,
Safe is my dart, safe is my bow.
Happy for you, could you but say,
Your heart was half as safe as they."

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD (1717–1797)

Anna Grenville, Countess Temple, Appointed Poet Laureate to the King of the Fairies

By these presents, be it known
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That We, Oberon the Grand,
Emperor of Fairy Land,
King of Moonshine, Prince of Dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles
That lie in pretty maidens' smiles,
Arch-Treasurer of all the graces
Dispersed through fifty lovely faces,

Sovereign of the Flipper's Order
With all the rites that thereon border,
Defender of the Sylphic Faith,
Declare—and thus your Monarch saith.
Whereas there is a noble Dame
Whom mortals Countess Temple name,
To whom Ourself didst erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught by her graceful negligence
Which, scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains, and never art.
This Lady, 'tis our Royal Will
Our Laureate's vacant seat should fill.
A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brows, and guard her Lays.
Of Nectar Sack an acorn cup
Be, at her Board, each year, filled up.
And as each Quarter Feast comes round,
A Silver Penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe;
And so We bid you all, Adieu!

Given at our Palace of Cowslip Castle,
The shortest night of the year.

OBERON.

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD

Left on the Duchess of Queensbury's Toilet, the Author finding her from Home

To many a Kitty, Love his car
Would for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Retains it for an age.

To Madame de Damas Learning English

THOUGH British accents your attention fire,
You cannot learn so fast as we admire.
Scholars like you but slowly can improve,
For who would teach you but the verb "I love."

JAMES CAWTHORN (1719–1761)

Extract from *Abelard to Heloise*

O MEMORY! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,
Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore!
What griefs I suffered, and what pangs I bore!
How long I struggled, laboured, strove to save
An heart that panted to be still a slave!
When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love, and flame,
Seized every sense, and burnt through all my frame;
From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while these venerable cloisters rise
O'er the bleak surge, and gain upon the skies,
My wounded soul indulged the tear to flow
O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe;
Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaseless prayers, the whole artillery given
To win the mercies of offended Heaven,
Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the ground.
Yet, yet, alas! tho' all my moments fly
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh;
Tho' meagre fasts have on my cheek display'd
The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade,
Spite of myself the still-empoisoning dart
Shoots through my blood, and drinks up all my heart;
My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the glooms that wrap the midnight sky,
My Eloisa steals upon my eye;
For ever rises in the solar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day.
Where'er I go the visionary guest
Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy.
While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
I hear her softer accents in the sound;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And Heaven much injured has but half my prayer.
No tears can drive her hence, no pangs control,
For every object brings her to my soul.

Last night, reclining on yon airy steep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in every cave,
And the soft moon-beam danced from wave to wave.
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawned upon the scene,
Recalled the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew:
When, with keen speechless agonies opprest,
Thy frantic lover snatched thee to his breast,
Gaz'd on thy blushes, arm'd with every grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move,
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore.
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crowded on my view.
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful, stalk'd along the shade;
Pierc'd by his sword, I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound;
A group of black Infernals round me hung,
And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.

FRANCIS FAWKES (1720–1777)

A Nosegay for Laura, July 1745

COME, ye fair, ambrosial flowers,
Leave your beds, and leave your bowers,
Blooming, beautiful and rare,
Form a posy for my fair;
Fair, and bright, and blooming be,
Meet for such a nymph as she.
Let the young vermilion rose
A becoming blush disclose;
Such as Laura's cheeks display,
When she steals my heart away.
Add carnation's varied hue,
Moisten'd with the morning dew:
To the woodbine's fragrance join
Sprigs of snow white jessamine.

Add no more; already I
Shall, alas! with envy die,
Thus to see my rival blest,
Sweetly dying on her breast.

MARK AKENSIDE (1721–1770)

Inscription for a grotto

To me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
Were placed by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
Primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber; here my clustering fruits I tend;
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my bounds

Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
O stranger, undismay'd. Nor bat, nor toad
Here lurks; and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion; chiefly, if thy name
Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT (1721–1771)

To Leven Water

PURE stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course...
Devolving from thy parent lake
A charming maze thy waters make
By bowers of birch and groves of pine
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

JOHN SKINNER (1721–1807)

Tullochgorum

COME, gi'es a sang, Montgom'rie cried,
And lay your disputes a' aside;
What signifies for folks to chide
For what was done before them?
Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory a' agree
To drap their whigmigmorum;
Let Whig and Tory a' agree
To spend this night in mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me,
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum's my delight;
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we'll be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we'll be a',
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
For blithe and merry we'll be a'
As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays?
I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their allegros and a' the rest;
They canna please a Scottish taste
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsel's distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like auld philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fir
To the reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
  And a' that's gude watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
  And dainties a great store o' them!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by ony vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat,
  That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the discontented fool,
Wha wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
  And discontent devour him!
May dule and sorrow be his chance,
Dule and sorrow, dule and sorrow,
Dule and sorrow be his chance,
  And nane may say "Wae's me for him!"
May dule and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
  The reel o' Tullochgorum!

JOHN CUNNINGHAM (1727–1773)

Day

Morning

In the barn the tenant cock,
  Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
  Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
  Shadows nurs'd by night retire;
And the peeping sun-beam now
  Paints with gold the village spire.

. . . . .

From the low roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale;
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Collin, from the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet—O sweet! the warbling throng
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

Noon

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood
Now the noon-tide radiance glows:
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines
Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall,
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool,
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene and still!
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
'Till the fresh descending show'r,
Grateful to the thirsty ground
Raises every fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune!
Blithesome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of noon.

Evening

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
Free—(the furrow'd task is done)—
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home.

As the lark, with varied tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud.

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride
Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo, bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

JOHN HOOLE (1727–1803)

From a *Monody on the Death of Peg Woffington*

Ah! lost, for ever lost! the breath that warm'd,
The wit that ravish'd, and the mien that charm'd!
Here sleeps, beneath, the fairest of the fair,
The graces' darling and the muses' care!
Who once could fix a thousand gazers' eyes,
Now cold and lifeless unregarded lies!
Who once the soul in bonds of love detained,
Now lies, alas! in stronger bonds restrained.
Fair death had rifled all her pleasing store,
And Nature loathes a form so loved before!

. . . . .

Farewell the glory of a wond'ring age,
The second Oldfield of a sinking stage!
Farewell the boast and envy of thy kind,
A female softness, and a manly mind!
Long as the muses can record thy praise,
Thy fame shall last to far succeeding days:
While wit survives, thy name shall ever bloom,
And wreaths unfading flourish round thy tomb!

DR BARNARD OF KILLALOE, BISHOP OF LIMERICK (1727–1806)

I lately thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty five,
And ventured to assert it;
The observation was not new,
But seemed to me so just and true
That none could contravert it.

"No, sir," said Johnson, "'tis not so;
'Tis your mistake, and I can show
An instance, if you doubt it.
You, who perhaps are forty eight,
May still improve, 'tis not too late;
I wish you'd set about it."

Encouraged thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts
Which way I could apply it;
Genius I knew was past my reach,
For who can learn what none can teach?
And wit—I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill;
You may improve me if you will,
(My books are at a distance):
With you I'll live and learn, and then
Instead of books I shall read men,
So lend me your assistance.

Dear Knight of Plympton, teach me how
To suffer with unclouded brow,
And smile serene as thine,
The jest uncouth and truth severe,
Like thee to turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

Thou sayst not only skill is gained,
But genius, too, may be attained,
By studious imitation;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll study till I make them mine
By constant meditation.

JANE ELLIOT (1727–1805)

A Lament for Flodden

I'VE heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray:
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits eerie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

LADY DOROTHEA DUBOIS (1728–1774)

Song

A Scholar first my love implor'd,
And then an empty titled Lord,
The Pedant talked in lofty strains,
Alas! his Lordship wanted brains:
I listen'd not, to one or t'other,
But strait referr'd them to my Mother.

A Poet next my love assailed,
A Lawyer hop'd to have prevailed;
The Bard too much approv'd himself,
The Lawyer thirsted after pelf:
I listen'd not, to one or t'other,
But still referr'd them to my Mother.

An Officer my heart would storm,
A Miser sought me too, in Form;
But *Mars* was overfree and bold,
The Miser's heart was wed to gold:
I listen'd not to one or t'other,
Referring still unto my Mother.

And after them some twenty more,
Successless were, as those before;
When *Damon*, lovely *Damon*, came,
Our hearts straight felt a mutual flame:
I vow'd I'd have him and no other,
Without referring to my Mother.

THOMAS WARTON (1728–1790)

The Progress of Discontent

WHEN now, mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing, accosts a reverend tutor.
"Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this my eldest son of nine;
My wife's ambition, and my own
Was that this child should wear a gown;
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour;
And for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son's a very forward youth;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him:
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
Your vote and interest, Sir!"—'Tis done.
Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed:
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:
"These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings:
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dulness of a college,
Debarred the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife?
O! what's a table richly spread
Without a woman at its head!
Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all!
To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of Deans, Vice Pres.—of Bursar too;
Come joys that rural quiet yields,
Come, tithes, and house, and fruitful fields!"
Too fond of liberty and ease
A patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
At length,—and in his fortieth year,
A living drops,—two hundred clear;
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession.
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
"What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here's sufficient wood;
Pray God the cellars may be good!
The garden—that must be new planned—
Shall these old-fashioned yew trees stand?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flowery shrub of thousand dyes:—
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay:
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-ranged hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream:

This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We'll alter to a modern privy:
Up yon green slope of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an arbour, at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor lov'd devotion—
But of a garden had no notion."
  Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'squire;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse:
And though she boast no charms divine,
Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.
  Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning.
With tithes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys;
Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.
  But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is opprest;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:

For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.
"Why did I sell my college life
(He cries) for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days! when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure!
When calm around the common room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected:
And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious founder!
When impositions were supplied
To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please;
My thoughts no christ'ning dinner crost,
No children cried for butter'd toast;
And ev'ry night I went to bed
Without a Modus in my head!"
  Oh! trifling head and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untried,
And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd;
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

SIR JAMES MARRIOTT (1730?–1803)

From an *Elegy on the Death of a Young Lady*

Ah fleeting joys! how soon those hopes were o'er!
We doomed to mourn, and she to charm no more.
The waning moon shall fill her wasted horn,
And Nature's radiance gild the orient morn,
The smiling spring with charms renew'd appear,
The sleeping blossoms haste to deck the year,
But bloom no more this fair departed flower,
Nor wak'd by genial sun, nor vernal shower.

How vain, alas! was all thy father's art,
Vain were the sighs which swell'd thy mother's heart.
Again I see thee just expiring lie,
Pale thy cold lip, half clos'd thy languid eye,
Thy guardian Innocence beside thee stands,
And patient Faith uplifts her holy hands,
Teach thee with smiles to meet the stroke of death,
Calm all thy pangs, and ease thy struggling breath.

Resign'd, dear maid, to earth's maternal breast,
May sister Seraphs chaunt thy soul to rest.
There shall the constant Amaranthus bloom,
And wings of Zephyrs shed the morn's perfume.
O'er thy sad hearse, fair emblems of the dead,
By virgin hands are dying lilies shed.
The weeping Graces shall thy tomb surround;
The Loves with broken darts shall strew the ground;
In vain for thee they wak'd the fond desires,
Wove myrtle wreaths, and fann'd their purer fires.
The youthful God, who joins the nuptial bands,
In vain expecting near his altar stands;
Fate spread the cloud: his torch extinct, he flies,
And veils with saffron robe his streaming eyes.

Yet O, while crown'd with never fading flowers,
Thy spirit wanders through Elysian bowers,
If plaintive sounds of mortal grief below
Reach the blest seats, and waft our tender woe,
Hear, happy shade; while thus our mortal lays
This monument of soft affection raise.
By gentle ties of kindred birth allied,
The Muse that sports on Camus' willow'd side
In Memory's lofty dome inscribes thy name,
And with thy beauties strives to mix her fame.

To his Wife with a present of a Knife on the Fourteenth Anniversary of her Wedding-day, which happened to be her birthday and New Year's Day

A KNIFE, dear girl, cuts love, they say—
Mere modish love, perhaps it may;
For any tool, of any kind,
Can separate what was never joined.
The knife that cuts our love in two
Will have much tougher work to do;
Must cut your softness, truth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours, with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
That self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight—for ever:
All memory of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last;
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer—and a *short* one too:
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.
'Till that be done,—and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon,—
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat!
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again!"

To his Wife on the sixteenth anniversary of her Wedding day with a Ring

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,"
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring! "for what?"
To wed thee o'er again?—Why not?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd,
And all my Molly then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here then to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride:
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.
And why?—They shew me every hour
Honour's high thought, affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,—
And teach me all things—but repentance.

The Touch-stone

A FOOL and knave with different views
For Julia's hand apply;
The knave, to mend his fortune sues,
The fool, to please his eye.

Ask you how Julia will behave?
Depend on't for a rule,—
If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave,
If she's a knave, the fool.

JAMES WOODHOUSE (1735–1820)

From the *Elegy on Shenstone*

WHEN summer flushed these leafless bowers,
With verdure deck'd the glades,
And strew'd the fields with painted flowers,
I sought these lovely shades;

If tree of brighter hue appeared,
Or flower of fairer dye,
Or bird of softer note was heard,
I always wished him by:

Then, fancy'd paint on shady seat,
His image in my mind,
Or hear his voice in each retreat,
Or feign his step behind;

But soon, at Reason's wak'ning call,
The mimic phantasm flees;
His voice—was but a water fall,
His step—was but a breeze.

JAMES BEATTIE (1735–1803)

An Epitaph

LIKE thee I once have stemm'd the sea of life,
Like thee have languish'd after empty joys,
Like thee have labour'd in the stormy strife,
Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.

Forget my frailties; thou art also frail:
Forgive my lapses; for thyself may'st fall:
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale—
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

JOHN LANGHORNE (1735–1779)

Lesbia, live to love

LESBIA, live to love and pleasure,
Careless what the grave may say:
When each moment is a treasure
Why should lovers lose a day?

Setting suns shall rise in glory,
But when little life is o'er,
There's an end to all the story:
We shall sleep and wake no more.

Give me then a thousand kisses,
Twice ten thousand more bestow,
Till the sum of boundless blisses
Neither we nor envy know.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE (1735–1788)

There's Nae Luck

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this the time to talk o' work?
Ye jades lay by your wheel!
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava';
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gi'e to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockins pearly blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat.
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare!
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

Since Colin's weel, and weel content,
I ha'e nae mair to crave;
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest abune the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava';
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

JOHN WOLCOT (1738–1819)

Epigram

(*On a learned gentleman, who was, not long since, very forward in censuring Indian delinquents, and threatening them with exemplary punishment, but of late is so greatly changed, as in one instance to become perfectly silent, and in another the avowed defender and protector of the man whom he reprobated and condemned in the strongest terms*)

MIDAS, they say, possessed the art of old
Of turning whatsoe'er he touch'd to gold;
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease—
Touch *them* with gold, *they'll turn to what you please.*

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT (1722–1777)

Amynta

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

O, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
O, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
O, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!

Alas, 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor Shepherd, Amynta can no more be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

CUTHBERT SHAW (1739–1771)

From *A Monody on the Death of a Young Lady*

I WHO, with more than manly strength, have bore
, The various ills imposed by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight.
Just Heaven! (I cried) from memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.

But O!—in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant closed her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies;
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?
Fond man forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed;
In humble rev'rence kiss th' afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach:
To shew that all the flattering schemes of joy
Which tow'ring Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,
Caught and imprisoned in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;

Moping awhile, in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven!—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys, just promising to blow,
All nipt and withered by one envious blast!
My laughing hours, that wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day?
And O—the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head,
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore;
Thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
Haply, when locked in sleep's embrace,
Again I shall behold my Emma's face;
Again with transport hear
Her voice, soft whispering in my ear;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste, at least, of visionary bliss.

But ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas! what pleasures *now* can these convey?

Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.
By Nature's lavish bounties cheered no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Through valley, grot, and grove;
Nought can *their* beauties or *my* loss restore;
No herb, no plant, can medicine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hov'ring round my bed,
Who *now* with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who *now* shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who *now*, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory—Cease, O cease—
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face?
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of joys, ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoyed now more distrest,
More beggar by the riches once possest.

My little darling!—dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek, with fond delight
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She who, with doating eyes, would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tend'rest love;
And O! sweet senseless smiler (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And Reason shows those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
For virtue prove the Phenix of the earth?
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And oft, as to thy listening ear,
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou see'st the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of Sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its Guilt and Power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy Law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for Sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for Grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in Death—
When I soar to tracts unknown—
See Thee on Thy Judgment-Throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad;
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.

"Will ye gang down the water side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly."

"I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me."

"Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie."

"If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie."

"While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye aye sall be my dearie!"

Elegy

SIGH not, ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead you fly;
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?
How still it lies within the breast!
Why mourn, since death presents us peace,
And in the grave our sorrows cease?

The shatter'd bark, from adverse winds,
Rest in this peaceful haven finds;
And, when the storms of life are past,
Hope drops her anchor here at last.

Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead you fly;
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

ANNE HUNTER

Song

THE season comes when first we met,
But you return no more;
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore?
O days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed for ever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight,
In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace:
But, ah, I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close!

My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue.

"For why," she cries, "sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?"
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love were near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

ANNA LAETITIA BARBAULD (1743–1825)

Life

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.
O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah tell where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years th' appointed hour,
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
O say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.

ANNA LAETITIA BARBAULD

To a Lady, with some Painted Flowers

FLOWERS to the fair: to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.
Flowers, sweet and gay and delicate like you,
Emblems of innocence and beauty too.
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned;
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows;
But this soft family, to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone:
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense, and glad the heart
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these,
Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please.

WILLIAM HAYLEY (1745–1820)

Song

FROM glaring shew, and giddy noise,
The pleasures of the vain,
Take me, ye soft, ye silent joys,
To your retreats again.

Be mine, ye cool, ye peaceful groves,
Whose shade to love belong;
Where echo, as she fondly roves,
Repeats my Stella's song.

Ah, Stella! why should I depart
From solitude and thee,
When in that solitude thou art
A perfect world to me!

MICHAEL BRUCE (1746–1767)

To the Cuckoo

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome ring.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wand'ring through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
  Thou fli'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
  We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring.

SIR WILLIAM JONES (1746–1794)

Epigram

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled:
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep.

SIR WILLIAM JONES

An Ode in imitation of Alcaeus

What constitutes a State?
  Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate,
  Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
  Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
  Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
  With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake or den,
  As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State,
And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissention, like a vapour sinks,
And, e'en the all dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

JOHN LOGAN (1748–1788)

The Braes of Yarrow

"THY braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover:
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow:
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

"He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding ring—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow:
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow!

"Sweet were his words when last we met,
My passion I as freely told him:
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

"His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The greenwood path to meet her brother:
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

"No longer from thy window look—
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

"The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow,
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

CHARLOTTE SMITH (1749–1806)

Written at the Close of Spring

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower which she has nursed in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell
And dress with hurried hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
And the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colours flee away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second spring?

ANONYMOUS

YOUR hay it is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd,
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heap'd;
Come, my boys, come,
Come, my boys, come,
And merrily roar our harvest home:
Harvest home,
Harvest home,
And merrily roar our harvest home.
Come, my boys, &c.

We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen,
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten:
One in ten,
One in ten,
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten,
One in ten, &c.

For prating too long, like a book learnt sot,
'Till pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot:
Burnt to pot,
Burnt to pot,
Till pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot.
Burnt to pot, &c.

We'll toss off our ale till we cannot stand,
And hey for the honour of old England;
Old England,
Old England,
And hey for the honour of old England.
Old England, &c.

WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT

Know Thyself

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I the abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance born with thought?
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws?
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood;
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides;
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they;
This frame, compacted with transcendent skill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me.
New matter still the mould'ring mast sustains,
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains;
And from the fleeting stream, repaired by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.

What am I then? sure, of a nobler birth,
By parent's right, I own as mother, earth;
But claim superior lineage by my SIRE,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire:
Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,
By double nature, double instinct sway'd:
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
Tied to this massy globe with magic chain
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll:
What steady powers their endless motions guide,
Through the same trackless paths of boundless void!
I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale:
These god-like thoughts, while eager I pursue,
Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind:
Some beastly want, craving importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heavenly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me, I'm a brute as much as he.
If on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
So man, among his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.

Pity him, beasts! you, by no law confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind;

Whilst man, through opening views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flatt'ring future still must give the joy;
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode:
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness or pain.
Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew,
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue.
Of them I ask the way; the first replies
Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies.
Down on the turf, the next, thou two legg'd beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest:
Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little, or too much.
"Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise command,
Helpless, forlorn, uncertain, here I stand;
Take this faint glimm'ring of thyself away,
Or break into my soul with perfect day!"
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd,
Thus the benighted traveller that strays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays;
The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.
"O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
Thou clear'st the secret of my high descent,
And told me what those mystic tokens meant;
Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
Their systems false, delusive were their dreams:
Unskill'd my two-fold nature to divide,
One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride;
Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."

Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,
What thou once wert, art now, and still may be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;
Faultless thou dropp'd from his unerring skill,
With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will;
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
For who has pow'r to walk, has pow'r to rove:
Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve;
And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.
Borne on thy new imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light;
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil;
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Though by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chas'd,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
Repast ill-suited to such diff'rent guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes;
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd, or deferr'd, or baulk'd, or gratified,
Rage on, and make thee equally unblest,
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd.
In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,
Return, and seek thy Father, and thy God;
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy;
Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes;
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise:
Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,
Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

The Deserter

If sadly thinking
With spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking
  My cares compose,
A cure for sorrow
From sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow
  Would end my woes.
But as in wailing
There's nought availing,
And Death unfailing
  Will strike the blow,
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry
  Before we go.

To joy a stranger,
A way-worn ranger,
In every danger
  My course I've run;
Now hope all ending,
And Death befriending,
His last aid lending,
  My cares are done:
No more a rover,
Or hapless lover,
My griefs are over,
  My glass runs low;
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry
  Before we go!

THOMAS, LORD ERSKINE (1750–1823)

On Scott's "The Field of Waterloo"

ON Waterloo's ensanguined plain
Lie tens of thousands of the slain;
But none, by sabre or by shot,
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY (1750–1825)

Auld Robin Gray

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
And saving a croun he had naething else beside:
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa';
My mother she fell sick,—and my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me!"

My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack—Why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me!

My father urged me sair: my mother didna speak;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:
They gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith,—for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why was I born to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

PHILIP FRENEAU (1752–1832)

The Wild Honeysuckle

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you diè you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

The Indian Burying Ground

In spite of all the learn'd have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands:—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit,—
Observe the swelling turf, and say,
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah with her braided hair),
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer—a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

JOHN VIVIAN (c. 1760)

On Laura's Grave

BENEATH yon flow'ry turf, the fairest head,
E'er slept on earth's cold bosom, lies asleep.
O Earth! enwrap her soft; and o'er her dust
Let ev'ry grace, and ev'ry virtue weep.

The Morn, as o'er the misty plain she treads,
Shall sprinkle in the sod her pearly tears,
And o'er her grave shall Eve delight to muse,
While airy dirges sooth her listening ears.

Oft the blue nightly taper's studious flame
Shall weeping fancy leave, and thro' the gloom
Steal a sad visitant to pour her plaints,
And bend her pensive head o'er LAURA'S tomb.

Here shall she see, the same due rites to pay,
With silent pace, in sable weeds array'd,
Eye-streaming sorrow, and deep-sighing Love,
With trailing torch, advance along the shade.

The Muses come, and scatter wreaths around,
Weav'd by the fingers of the infant Year.
Remembrance comes, and, hence departing loth,
Oft turns the wistful look, and drops a tear.

The Kitten

WANTON droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustics' closing day,
When, drawn the evening fire about,
Sit agèd crone and thoughtless lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting until his supper cool;
And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
As bright the blazing faggot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with many faces.

Backward coiled and crouching low,
With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe,—
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then stealing onward, fiercely spring
Upon the tempting faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As still beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;

. . . .

And see!—the start, the jet, the bound,
The giddy scamper round and round
With leap and toss and high curvet,
And many a whirling somerset.

. . . .

The featest tumbler, stage bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains;
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requite him oft with plaudits loud.

But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
Applauses too thy pains repay,
For then beneath some urchin's hand
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of kindness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly croons thy busy purr
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground;
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose;
While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.
But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire.

. . . .

Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways,
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Hath roused him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart of pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find,
That joins it still to living kind.
Whence hast thou then, thou witless puss!
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it that in thy glaring eye
And rapid movements, we descry—
Whilst we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney corner snugly fill,—
A lion darting on its prey,
A tiger at his ruthless play?
Or is it that in thee we trace
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem, viewed with kindred eye,
Of tricky, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly sportive child,
Who hath like thee our wits beguiled,

To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
And so, poor kit! must thou endure,
When thou becom'st a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chased roughly from the tempting board.
But yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favoured playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove!
When time hath spoiled thee of our love,
Still be thou deemed by housewife fat
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenished oft with savoury food.
Nor, when thy span of life is past,
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast,
But, gently borne on goodman's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid;
And children show with glistening eyes
The place where poor old pussy lies.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER (1762–1836)

My muse and I, ere youth and spirits fled,
Sat up together many a night, no doubt:
But now I've sent the poor old lass to bed,
Simply because my fire is going out.

SAMUEL ROGERS (1762–1855)

A Wish

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
  Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
  In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
  Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
  And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS

An Italian Song

DEAR is my little native vale,
  The ringdove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
  To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
  That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
  With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
  The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
  Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Philoctetes

ON this lone isle whose rugged rocks affright
The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
Great Pæan's son, unwonted erst to tears,
Wept o'er his wound: alike each rolling light
Of heaven he watched, and blamed its lingering flight;
By day the sea-mew, screaming round his cave,
Drove slumber from his eyes; the chiding wave
And savage howlings chased his dreams by night.
Hope still was his: in each low breeze that sighed
Through his rude grot he heard a coming oar,
In each white cloud a coming sail he spied;
Nor seldom listened to the fancied roar
Of Œta's torrents, or the hoarser tide
That parts famed Trachis from the Euboic shore.

To Valclusa

WHAT tho' Valclusa, the fond Bard be fled,
That woo'd his Fair in thy sequester'd bowers,
Long lov'd her living, long bemoan'd her dead,
And hung her visionary shrine with flowers!
What tho' no more he teach thy shades to mourn
The hapless chances that to love belong,
As erst, when drooping o'er her turf forlorn
He charm'd wild Echo with his plaintive song!
Yet still, enamour'd of the tender tale,
Pale Passion haunts thy grave's romantic gloom,
Yet still soft music breathes in every gale,
Still undecay'd the fairy garlands bloom,
Still heavenly fragrance fills each fragrant vale,
Still Petrarch's Genius weeps o'er Laura's tomb.

THOMAS RUSSELL

Sonnet

COULD then the Babes from yon unshelter'd cot
Implore thy passing charity in vain?
Too thoughtless Youth! what tho' thy happier lot
Insult their life of poverty and pain!
What tho' their Maker doom'd them thus forlorn
To brook the mockery of taunting throng,
Beneath th' Oppressor's iron scourge to mourn,
To mourn, but not to murmur at his wrong!
Yet when their last late evening shall decline,
Their evening cheerful, tho' their day distrest,
A Hope perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
A Grace by thee unsought, and unpossest,
A Faith more fix'd, a Rapture more divine,
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762–1850)

Time and Grief

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile:
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
Yet ah! how much must this poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS (1762–1827)

Sonnet to Hope

O EVER skill'd to wear the form we love,
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart;
Come gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign Enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom,
That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye,
O! strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die;
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest!

JOHN COLLINS (d. 1808)

To-morrow

IN the downhill of life when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow chair will afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And, blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope to To-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade, too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade, too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow,
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Or what honours may wait him To-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends let me share what To-day may afford
And let them spread the table To-morrow.

And when I, at last, must throw off this frail cov'ring,
Which I've worn for three score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare To-day,
May become Everlasting To-morrow.

HENRY LUTTRELL (1765?–1851)

Burnham Beeches

A BARD, dear Muse, unapt to sing,
Your friendly aid beseeches,
Help me to touch the lyric string,
In praise of Burnham Beeches.

What though my tributary lines
Be less like Pope's than Creech's,
The theme, if not the poet, shines,
So bright are Burnham Beeches.

O'er many a dell and upland walk,
Their sylvan beauty reaches,
Of Birnam wood let Scotland talk,
While we've our Burnham Beeches.

Oft do I linger, oft return
(Say who my taste impeaches),
Where holly, juniper and fern,
Spring up round Burnham Beeches.

Though deep embowered their shades among,
The owl at midnight screeches,
Birds of far merrier, sweeter song,
Enliven Burnham Beeches.

If "sermons be in stones," I'LL bet
Our vicar when he preaches,
He'll find it easier far to get
A hint from Burnham Beeches.

Their glossy rind here winter stains,
Here the hot solstice bleaches.
Bow, stubborn oaks! bow, graceful planes!
Ye match not Burnham Beeches.

Gardens may boast a tempting show
Of nectarines, grapes, and peaches,
But daintiest truffles lurk below
The boughs of Burnham Beeches.

Poets and painters, hither hie,
Here ample room for each is
With pencil and with pen to try
His hand at Burnham Beeches.

When monks, by Holy Church well schooled,
Were lawyers, statesmen, leeches,
Cured souls and bodies, judged or ruled,
Then flourished Burnham Beeches.

Skirting the convent's wall of yore,
As yonder ruin teaches.
But shaven crown and cowl no more
Shall darken Burnham Beeches.

Here bards have mused, here lovers true
Have dealt in softest speeches,
While suns declined, and, parting, threw
Their gold o'er Burnham Beeches.

O ne'er may woodman's axe resound
Nor tempest making breaches
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our Burnham Beeches.

Hold! though I'd fain be jingling on,
My power no further reaches—
Again that rhyme? enough—I've done,
Farewell to Burnham Beeches.

CAROLINE, LADY NAIRNE (1766–1845)

The Land o' the Leal

I'M wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And O! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-coming fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's the joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
O, dry your glistening e'e, John!
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, John!
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

Heavenward

WOULD you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory giv'n,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, tho' now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly time—fly speedily,
Come life and light.

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN (1767-1815)

The Groves of Blarney

THE groves of Blarney
They look so charming,
Down by the purlings
Of sweet silent brooks,
All decked by posies
That spontaneous grew there,
Planted in order
In the rocky nooks.

'Tis there the daisy,
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink
And the rose so fair;
Likewise the lily,
And the daffodilly—
All flowers that scent
The sweet open air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers
Owns this plantation;
Like Alexander,
Or like Helen fair,
There's no commander
In all the nation,
For regulation,
Can with her compare.
Such walls surround her,
That no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder
Her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell,
Her he did pommel,
And made a breach
In her battlement.

There is a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are for ever bred;
And mossed by nature
Makes it completer
Than a coach-and-six
Or a downy bed.
'Tis there the lake is
Well stored with fishes,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
To guard the flood.

There gravel walks are
For recreation,
And meditation
In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover,
In the afternoon;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As for to walk in
Those shady groves,
'Tis there the courtier
Might soon transport her
Into some fort, or
The "sweet rock-close."

There are statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods,
And nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Caesar,
And Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked
In the open air!
There is a boat on
The lake to float on,
And lots of beauties
Which I can't entwine;
But were I a preacher,
Or a classic teacher,
In every feature
I'd make 'em shine!

There is a stone there
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament:

A clever spouter
He'll sure to turn out, or
An out-and-outer,
"To be let alone."
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone!

WILLIAM KENDALL (1768–1832)

To Maria
On a Favourite Red-blossomed Thorn

THOUGH purest tints at opening morn
O'er Heaven's pale azure beam;
With purer lustre, lovely thorn,
Thy rosy flowerets gleam.

Yet vainly strives that fleeting bloom
With Mary's blush to vie:
Her blushes cheer the wintry gloom
When all thy blossoms die!

AMELIA OPIE (1769–1853)

A Lament

THERE was an eye, whose partial glance
Could ne'er my numerous failings see;
There was an ear that heard untired
When others spoke in praise of me.

There was a heart time only taught
With warmer love for me to burn;
A heart whene'er from home I roved
Which fondly pined for my return.

There was a lip which always breathed,
E'en short farewells in tones of sadness;
There was a voice whose eager sound
My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness.

There was a mind whose vigorous power
On mine its own effulgence threw,
And called my humble talents forth,
While thence its dearest joys it drew.

There was a love which for my weal
With anxious fears would overflow;
Which wept, which pray'd for me, and sought
From future ills to guard—But now!—

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
That lip and voice are mute for ever;
And cold that heart of anxious love,
Which Death alone from mine could sever:

And lost to me that ardent mind,
Which loved my various tasks to see;
And oh! of all the praise I gain'd
His was the dearest far to me!

Now I unloved, uncheer'd, *alone*,
Life's weary wilderness must tread,
Till He who heals the broken heart
In mercy bids me join the dead.

THE HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER (1769–1834)

To Lady Anne Hamilton

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass!

Oh, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings!

Sapphics
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder

FRIEND of HUMANITY:
Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches.

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, "Knives and
Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives:
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'Squire? or Parson of the Parish?
Or the Attorney?

Was it the 'Squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous Parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish Lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER:
Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the "Chequers,"
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A Pot of Beer, if you will give me Sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, Sir.

FRIEND of HUMANITY:
I give thee Sixpence! I will see thee damned first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

(Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of Republican Enthusiasm and Universal Philanthropy.)

THOMAS OSBERT MORDAUNT (1730–1809)

Sound, Sound the Clarion

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

THOMAS DIBDIN (1771–1841)

The Snug Little Island

DADDY Neptune, one day, to Freedom did say,
"If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain!"
Says Freedom, "Why that's my own Island!"
O, it's a snug little Island!
A right little, tight little Island!
Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little Island.

Julius Caesar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water—he couldn't come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on
And all for the sake of our Island.
O, what a snug little Island!
They'd all have a touch at the Island!
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some stayed to live on the Island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, "Damn it, I never liked my land.
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on your beautiful Island."
Says he, "'Tis a snug little Island;
Shan't we go visit the Island?"
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

But party deceit help'd the Normans to beat;
Of traitors they managed to buy land;
By Dane, Saxon or Pict, Britons ne'er had been lick'd,
Had they stuck to the King of their Island.
Poor Harold the King of the Island!
He lost both his life and the Island.
That's all very true: what more could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his Island.

The Spanish Armada set out to invade-a,
'Twill sure if they ever come nigh land.
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing on the Island.
O, the poor Queen of the Island!
The Dons came to plunder the Island;
But snug in her hive, the Queen was alive,
And "buzz" was the word in the Island.

Those proud puff'd-up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth; but they hardly could spy land
When our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
And stoop to the lads of the Island!

Huzza for the lads of the Island!
The good wooden walls of the Island;
Devil or Don, let them come on,
But see how they'd come off at the Island.

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
In each saying, "This shall be my land";
Should the "Army of England," or all it could bring, land,
We'd show 'em some play for the Island.
We'd fight for our right to the Island;
We'd give them enough of the Island;
Invaders should just—bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771–1854)

The Common Lot

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and WHO WAS HE?—
Mortal! Howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name hath perished from the earth;
This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

JAMES MONTGOMERY

At Home in Heaven

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
—Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies,
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
(Remember'd or forgot,)
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE (1775–1841)

Night and Death

MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

EBENEZER ELLIOTT (1781–1849)

Battle Song

DAY, like our souls, is fiercely dark;
What then? 'Tis day!
We sleep no more; the cock crows—hark?
To arms! away!
They come! they come! the knell is rung
Of us or them;
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
Of gold and gem.
What collar'd hound of lawless sway,
To famine dear—
What pensioned slave of Attila,
Leads in the rear?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
Our blood to spill?
Wear they the livery of the Czar?
They do his will.
Nor tassell'd silk, nor epaulet,
Nor plume, nor torse—
No splendour gilds, all sternly met,
Our foot and horse.
But, dark and still, we inly glow,
Condensed in ire!
Strike, tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
Our gloom is fire.
In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
Insults the land;
Wrongs, vengeance, and the Cause are ours,
And God's right hand!

Madmen! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod!
Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God!
Behind, before, above, below,
They rouse the brave;
Where'er they go, they make a foe,
Or find a grave.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

Plaint

DARK, deep and cold the current flows
Unto the sea where no wind blows,
Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
The mingled wail of friends and foes,
Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Unto the land which no one knows?

Though myriads go with him who goes,
Alone he goes where no wind blows,
Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,
And none can go for him who goes;
None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Reunion seek with it or those?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,
And Death, his shadow—doom'd, he goes:
That God is there the shadow shows.

O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows!
And thou, O Land, which no one knows!
That God is All, His shadow shows.

To the Bramble Flower

THY fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bid'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

May

MAY! queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Of pipe or wire;
Thou hast the golden bee
Ripen'd with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame and free-livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumy flight
Warbling the day and night—
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

ANONYMOUS

Canadian Boat Song

LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred in the time long vanished,
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep—
No seer foretold the children would be banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!
O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore,
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand:
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM (1784–1842)

Hame, Hame, Hame

HAME, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countree;
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie White Rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will graw in my ain countree.

O, there's nocht now frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave;
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie
May rise again an' fight for their ain countree.

The great now are gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
I'll "shine on ye yet in your ain countree."

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

A Sea-Song

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1784–1859)

Album Verses

THOU record of the votive throng,
That fondly seek this fairy shrine,
And pay the tribute of a song
Where worth and loveliness combine,—

What boots that I, a vagrant wight
From clime to clime still wandering on,
Upon thy friendly page should write
—Who'll think of me when I am gone?

Go plough the wave, and sow the sand!
Throw seed to ev'ry wind that blows;
Along the highway strew thy hand,
And fatten on the crop that grows.

For even thus the man that roams
On heedless hearts his feeling spends;
Strange tenant of a thousand homes,
And friendless, with ten thousand friends!

Yet here, for once, I'll leave a trace,
To ask in after times a thought!
To say that here a resting place
My wayworn heart has fondly sought.

So the poor pilgrim heedless strays,
Unmoved thro' many a region fair;
But at some shrine his tribute pays
To tell that he has worshipp'd there.

BERNARD BARTON (1784–1849)

THE springs of life are failing one by one,
And Age with quicken'd step is drawing nigh;
Yet would I heave no discontented sigh,
Since cause for cold ingratitude is none.

If slower through my veins life's tide may run,
The heart's young fountains are not wholly dry;
Though evening clouds shadow my noontide sky,
Night cannot quench the spirit's inward sun!
Once more then, ere the eternal bourn be pass'd,
Would I my lyre's rude melody essay;
And, while amid the chords my fingers stray,
Should Fancy sigh—"These strains may be its last!"
Yet shall not this my mind with gloom o'ercast,
If my day's work be finish'd with the day!

LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859)

Jenny Kiss'd Me

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kiss'd me.

LEIGH HUNT

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass,
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass:
Oh sweet and tiny cousins that belong
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

Love and Age

I PLAY'D with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wander'd hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touch'd as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
O, then I thought my heart was breaking!—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another:
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row:
My joy in them was past expression;
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely;
But I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glisten'd
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christen'd;
But that was twenty years ago.

Time pass'd. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire gray;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flower'd meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure;
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassion'd blindness
Has pass'd away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

The War Song of Dinas Vawr

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met a host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen:
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Edynfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

Rich and Poor; or, Saint and Sinner

THE poor man's sins are glaring;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act—
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station;
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality;
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of piety.

Three Men of Gotham

SEAMEN three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine.—
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,
In a bowl Care may not be.—
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmèd bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine
And our ballast is old wine.—
And your ballast is old wine.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1787–1874)

Sing a Low Song

SING a low song!
A tender cradling measure, soft and low
Not sad nor long,
But such as we remember long ago,
When Time, now old, was flying
Over the sunny seasons, bright and fleet,
And the red rose was lying
Amongst a crowd of flowers all too sweet.

Sing o'er the bier!
The bell is swinging in the time-worn tower:
He's gone who late was here,
As fresh as manhood in its lustiest hour.
A song to each brief season,
Winter and shining summer, doth belong,
For some sweet human reason,—
O'er the cradle or the coffin still a song.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY (1787–1854)

To Death

COME not in terrors clad, to claim
An unresisting prey:
Come like an evening shadow, Death!
So stealthily, so silently!
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath
Then willingly, O willingly,
With thee I'll go away!

What need to clutch with iron grasp
What gentlest touch may take?
What need with aspect dark to scare,
So awfully, so terribly,
The weary soul would hardly care,
Call'd quietly, call'd tenderly,
From thy dread power to break?

'Tis not as when thou markest out
The young, the blest, the gay,
The loved, the loving—they who dream
So happily, so hopefully;
Then harsh thy kindest call may seem,
And shrinkingly, reluctantly,
The summon'd may obey.

But I have drunk enough of life—
The cup assign'd to me
Dash'd with a little sweet at best,
So scantily, so scantily—
To know full well that all the rest
More bitterly, more bitterly,
Drugg'd to the last will be.

And I may live to pain some heart
That kindly cares for me:
To pain, but not to bless. O Death!
Come quietly, come lovingly—
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath;
Then willingly, O willingly,
I'll go away with thee!

CAROLINE SOUTHEY

"I never cast a flower away"

I NEVER cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me—
A little flower—a faded flower—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and broken;
An earth-sick longing for the time
When it shall never more be spoken.

Last Lines

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkynge, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkynge, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe
A lovely Mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathèd many a syghe
And a vowe;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her heart was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne,
No more a youth was there,
But a maiden rent her haire
And cried in sad despaire,
"That I was borne!"
As I laye a-thynkynge, she perishèd forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar
There came a lovely Childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;
As I laye a-thynkynge, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier;
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan
Doth appear,
As I laye a-thynkynge, O! bitter flow'd the tear!

As I laye a-thynkynge, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While, soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
As to her nest;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her meaning was exprest:—
"Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,"—
'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
"HERE IS REST!"

SIR AUBREY DE VERE (1788–1846)

From *The Crusaders: The Children Band*

All holy influences dwell within
The breast of Childhood: instincts fresh from God
Inspire it, ere the heart beneath the rod
Of grief hath bled, or caught the plague of sin.
How mighty was that fervour which could win
Its way to infant souls!—and was the sod
Of Palestine by infant Croises trod?
Like Joseph went they forth, or Benjamin,
In all their touching beauty, to redeem?
And did their soft lips kiss the Sepulchre?
Alas! the lovely pageant as a dream
Faded! They sank not through ignoble fear;
They felt not Moslem steel. By mountain, stream,
In sands, in fens, they died—no mother near!

To Mary

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain.
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT (1792–1848)

The Old Navy

THE captain stood on the carronade: "First lieutenant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory!

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man to his gun;
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory!"

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;
"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff";
Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to *he*;
"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory!"

Our captain sent for all of us: "My merry men," said he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be:
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory!"

JOHN CLARE (1793–1864)

I Am

(*Written in Northampton County Asylum*)

I AM: yet what I am none cares or knows,
My friends forsake me like a memory lost;
I am the self-consumer of my woes,
They rise and vanish in oblivious host,
Like shades in love and death's oblivion lost;
And yet I am, and live with shadows tost

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dream,
Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems;
And een the dearest—that I loved the best—
Are strange—nay, rather stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod;
A place where woman never smiled or wept;
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept;
Untroubling and untroubled where I lie;—
The grass below—above the vaulted sky.

JOHN CLARE

The Flitting

I'VE left my own old home of homes,
Green fields and every pleasant place;
The summer like a stranger comes,
I pause and hardly know her face.
I miss the hazel's happy green,
The bluebells' quiet hanging blooms,
Where envy's sneer was never seen,
Where staring malice never comes.

I miss the heath, its yellow furze,
Molehills and rabbit tracks that lead
Through beesom, ling, and teazel burrs
That spread a wilderness indeed;
The woodland oaks and all below
That their white powdered branches shield,
The mossy paths: the very crow
Croaks music in my native field.

I sit me in my corner chair
That seems to feel itself from home,
And hear bird music here and there
From hawthorn hedge and orchard come;
I hear, but all is strange and new:
I sat on my old bench in June,
The sailing puddock's shrill "peelew"
On Royce Wood seemed a sweeter tune.

I walk adown the narrow lane,
The nightingale is singing now,
But like to me she seems at loss
For Royce Wood and its shielding bough.
I lean upon the window sill,
The trees and summer happy seem;
Green, sunny green they shine, but still
My heart goes far away to dream

Of happiness, and thoughts arise
With home-bred pictures many a one,
Green lanes that shut out burning skies
And old crooked stiles to rest upon;
Above them hangs the maple tree,
Below grass swells a velvet hill,
And little footpaths sweet to see
Go seeking sweeter places still,

With bye and bye a brook to cross
O'er which a little arch is thrown:
No brook is here, I feel the loss
From home and friends and all alone.
—The stone pit with its shelvy sides
Seemed hanging rocks in my esteem;
I miss the prospect far and wide
From Langley Bush, and so I seem

Alone and in a stranger scene,
Far, far from spots my heart esteems,
The closen with their ancient green,
Heaths, woods and pastures, sunny streams.
The hawthorns here were hung with may,
But still they seem in deader green,
The sun een seems to lose its way
Nor knows the quarter it is in.

I dwell in trifles like a child,
I feel as ill becomes a man,
And still my thoughts like weedlings wild
Grow up to blossom where they can.

They turn to places known so long
I feel that joy was dwelling there,
So home-fed pleasure fills the song
That has no present joys to hear.

I read in books for happiness,
But books are like the sea to joy,
They change—as well give age the glass
To hunt it's visage when a boy.
For books they follow fashions new
And throw all old esteems away,
In crowded streets flowers never grew,
But many there have died away.

Some sing the pomps of chivalry
As legends of the ancient time,
Where gold and pearls and mystery
Are shadows painted for sublime;
But passions of sublimity
Belong to plain and simpler things,
And David underneath a tree
Sought when a shepherd Salem's springs,

Where moss did into cushions spring,
Forming a seat of velvet hue,
A small unnoticed trifling thing
To all but heaven's hailing dew.
And David's crown hath passed away,
Yet poesy breathes his shepherd-skill,
His palace lost—and to this day
The little moss is blossoming still.

Strange scenes mere shadows are to me,
Vague impersonifying things;
I love with my old haunts to be
By quiet woods and gravel springs,
Where little pebbles wear as smooth
As hermits' beads by gentle floods,
Whose noises do my spirits soothe
And warm them into singing moods.

Here every tree is strange to me,
All foreign things where'er I go,
There's none where boyhood made a swee
Or clambered up to rob a crow.
No hollow tree or woodland bower
Well known when joy was beating high,
Where beauty ran to shun a shower
And love took pains to keep her dry,

And laid the sheaf upon the ground
To keep her from the dripping grass,
And ran for stooks and set them round
Till scarce a drop of rain could pass
Through; where the maidens they reclined
And sung sweet ballads now forgot,
Which brought sweet memories to the mind,
But here no memory knows them not.

There have I sat by many a tree
And lean'd o'er many a rural stile,
And conned my thoughts as joys to me,
Nought heeding who might frown or smile.
'Twas nature's beauty that inspired
My heart with rapture not its own,
And she's a fame that never tires;
How could I feel myself alone?

No, pasture molehills used to lie
And talk to me of sunny days,
And then the glad sheep resting bye
All still in ruminating praise
Of summer and the pleasant place
And every weed and blossom too
Was looking upward in my face
With friendship's welcome "How do ye do?"

All tenants of an ancient place
And heirs of noble heritage,
Coeval they with Adam's race
And blest with more substantial age.

For when the world first saw the sun
  These little flowers beheld him too,
And when his love for earth begun
  They were the first his smiles to woo.

There little lambtoe bunches springs
  In red tinged and begolden dye
For ever, and like China kings
  They come but never seem to die.
There may-bloom with its little threads
  Still comes upon the thorny bowers
And ne'er forgets those prickly heads
  Like fairy pins amid the flowers.

And still they bloom as on the day
  They first crowned wilderness and rock,
When Abel haply wreathed with may
  The firstlings of his little flock,
And Eve might from the matted thorn
  To deck her lone and lovely brow
Reach that same rose that heedless scorn
  Misnames as the dog rosey now.

Give me no high-flown fangled things,
  No haughty pomp in marching chime,
Where muses play on golden strings
  And splendour passes for sublime,
Where cities stretch as far as fame
  And fancy's straining eye can go,
And piled until the sky for shame
  Is stooping far away below.

I love the verse that mild and bland
  Breathes of green fields and open sky,
I love the muse that in her hand
  Bears flowers of native poesy;
Who walks nor skips the pasture brook
  In scorn, but by the drinking horse
Leans o'er its little brig to look
  How far the sallows lean across,

And feels a rapture in her breast
Upon their root-fringed grains to mark
A hermit moorhen's sedgy nest
Just like a naiad's summer bark.
She counts the eggs she cannot reach
Admires the spot and loves it well,
And yearns, so nature's lessons teach,
Amid such neighbourhoods to dwell.

I love the muse who sits her down
Upon the molehill's little lap,
Who feels no fear to stain her gown
And pauses by the hedgerow gap;
Not with that affectation, praise
Of song, to sing and never see
A field flower grown in all her days
Or e'en a forest's aged tree.

E'en here my simple feelings nurse
A love for every simple weed,
And e'en this little shepherd's purse
Grieves me to cut it up; indeed
I feel at times a love and joy
For every weed and every thing,
A feeling kindred from a boy,
A feeling brought with every Spring.

And why? this shepherd's purse that grows
In this strange spot, in days gone bye
Grew in the little garden rows
Of my old home now left: and I
Feel what I never felt before,
This weed an ancient neighbour here,
And though I own the spot no more
Its every trifle makes it dear.

The ivy at the parlour end,
The woodbine at the garden gate,
Are all and each affection's friend
That render parting desolate.

But times will change and friends must part
And nature still can make amends;
Their memory lingers round the heart
Like life whose essence is its friends.

Time looks on pomp with vengeful mood
Or killing apathy's disdain;
So where old marble cities stood
Poor persecuted weeds remain.
She feels a love for little things
That very few can feel beside,
And still the grass eternal springs
Where castles stood and grandeur died.

JOHN CLARE

The Stranger

WHEN trouble haunts me, need I sigh?
No, rather smile away despair;
For those have been more sad than I,
With burthens more than I could bear;
Aye, gone rejoicing under care
Where I had sunk in black despair.

When pain disturbs my peace and rest,
Am I a hopeless grief to keep,
When some have slept on torture's breast
And smiled as in the sweetest sleep,
Aye, peace on thorns, in faith forgiven,
And pillowed on the hope of heaven?

Though low and poor and broken down,
Am I to think myself distrest?
No, rather laugh where others frown
And think my being truly blest;
For others I can daily see
More worthy riches worse than me.

Aye, once a stranger blest the earth
  Who never caused a heart to mourn,
Whose very voice gave sorrow mirth—
  And how did earth his worth return?
It spurned him from its lowliest lot,
The meanest station owned him not:

An outcast thrown in sorrow's way,
  A fugitive that knew no sin,
Yet in lone places forced to stray—
  Men would not take the stranger in.
Yet peace, though much himself he mourned,
Was all to others he returned.

. . . .

His presence was a peace to all,
  He bade the sorrowful rejoice.
Pain turned to pleasure at his call,
  Health lived and issued from his voice.
He healed the sick and sent abroad
The dumb rejoicing in the Lord.

The blind met daylight in his eye,
  The joys of everlasting day;
The sick found health in his reply;
  The cripple threw his crutch away.
Yet he with troubles did remain
And suffered poverty and pain.

Yet none could say of wrong he did,
  And scorn was ever standing bye;
Accusers by their conscience chid,
  When proof was sought, made no reply.
Yet without sin he suffered more
Than ever sinners did before.

. . . .

Song's Eternity

WHAT is song's eternity?
Come and see.
Can it noise and bustle be?
Come and see.
Praises sung or praises said
Can it be?
Wait awhile and these are dead—
Sigh—sigh;
Be they high or lowly bred
They die.

What is song's eternity?
Come and see.
Melodies of earth and sky,
Here they be.
Song once sung to Adam's ears
Can it be?
Ballads of six thousand years
Thrive, thrive;
Songs awaken with the spheres
Alive.

Mighty songs that miss decay,
What are they?
Crowds and cities pass away
Like a day.
Books are out and books are read;
What are they?
Years will lay them with the dead—
Sigh, sigh;
Trifles unto nothing wed,
They die.

Dreamers, mark the honey bee;
Mark the tree
Where the blue cap "*tootle tee*"
Sings a glee

Sung to Adam and to Eve—
Here they be.
When floods covered every bough,
Noah's ark
Heard that ballad singing now;
Hark, hark,

"*Tootle tootle tootle tee*"—
Can it be
Pride and fame must shadows be?
Come and see—
Every season own her own;
Bird and bee
Sing creation's music on;
Nature's glee
Is in every mood and tone
Eternity.

JOHN CLARE

The Dying Child

He could not die when trees were green,
For he loved the time too well.
His little hands, when flowers were seen,
Were held for the bluebell,
As he was carried o'er the green.

His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee;
He knew those children of the Spring:
When he was well and on the lea
He held one in his hands to sing,
Which filled his heart with glee.

Infants, the children of the Spring!
How can an infant die
When butterflies are on the wing,
Green grass, and such a sky?
How can they die at Spring?

He held his hands for daisies white,
  And then for violets blue,
And took them all to bed at night
  That in the green fields grew,
    As childhood's sweet delight.

And then he shut his little eyes,
  And flowers would notice not;
Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,
  He now no blossoms got:
    They met with plaintive sighs.

When Winter came and blasts did sigh,
  And bare were plain and tree,
As he for ease in bed did lie
  His soul seemed with the free,
    He died so quietly.

JOHN CLARE

The Thrush's Nest

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, and I drank the sound
With joy, and, often an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day—
How true she warped the moss, to form a nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay;
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted-over shells of greeny blue:
And there I witnessed in the sunny hours
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as that sunshine and the laughing sky.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS (1793–1835)

Dirge

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!—
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

The Child's First Grief

"OH! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back!

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!"

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child,
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers;
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

"And by the brook, and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more!"

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

Night-Blowing Flowers

CHILDREN of night! unfolding meekly, slowly
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When dark blue heavens look softest and most holy,
And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers;
To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts, all purified
From earth, ye seem allied;
O dedicated flowers!

Ye, from the gaze of crowds your beauty veiling,
Keep in dim vestal urns the sweetness shrined;
Till the mild moon, on high serenely sailing,
Looks on you tenderly and sadly kind.
So doth love's dreaming heart
Dwell from the throng apart,
And but to shades disclose
The inmost thought which glows
With its pure heart entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,
To no triumphant song your petals thrill,
But send forth odours with the faint, soft voices
Rising from hidden streams, when all is still.
So doth lone prayer arise,
Mingling with secret sighs,
When grief unfolds, like you,
Her breast, for heavenly dew
In silent hours to fill.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (1794–1854)

Beyond

WHEN youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead,—
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet, modest flowers of spring,
How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May,—

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom:
Fond hope and vision wane,
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more,—

Beyond the sphere of time
And sin and fate's control,
Serene in endless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep;
That hope I'll not forgo:
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so!

SIR HENRY TAYLOR (1800–1886)

Elena's Song

QUOTH tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid—
Lead we not here a jolly life
Betwixt the shine and shade?

Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
To tongue of neither wife nor maid—
Thou wagg'st, but I am worn with strife,
And feel like flowers that fade.

Fairy Song

He has conn'd the lesson now;
He has read the book of pain:
There are furrows on his brow;
I must make it smooth again.

Lo! I knock the spurs away;
Lo! I loosen belt and brand;
Hark! I hear the courser neigh
For his stall in Fairy-land.

Bring the cap, and bring the vest;
Buckle on his sandal shoon;
Fetch his memory from the chest
In the treasury of the moon.

I have taught him to be wise
For a little maiden's sake;—
Lo! he opens his glad eyes,
Softly, slowly: Minstrel, wake!

The Belle of the Ball-room

Years—years ago—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty,—
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty;—
Years—years ago,—while all my joy
Was in my fowling piece and filly,—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball:
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle,

Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced—O Heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender!
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wonder'd where she'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd,—of politics or prayers,—
Or Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets,—
Of danglers—or of dancing bears,
Of battles—or the last new bonnets,
By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmur'd Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal:
My mother laugh'd; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frown'd; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord Lieutenant of the County.

But titles and the three per cents.,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the Stocks
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketch'd; the vale, the wood, the beech,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading:
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading:
She warbled Handel; it was grand;
She made the Catalani jealous:
She touch'd the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored;
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted;
She laugh'd and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolish'd.

She smiled on many, just for fun,—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.—
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet"—upon the river;
Some jealousy of some-one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years roll'd by;
We met again four summers after:
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
But only—Mrs Something Rogers!

RICHARD HENRY HORNE (1803–1884)

The Plough

A LANDSCAPE IN BERKSHIRE

ABOVE yon sombre swell of land
Thou see'st the dawn's grave orange hue,
With one pale streak like yellow sand,
And over that a vein of blue.

The air is cold above the woods;
All silent is the earth and sky,
Except with his own lonely moods
The blackbird holds a colloquy.

Over the broad hill creeps a beam,
Like hope that gilds a good man's brow;
And now ascends the nostril-stream
Of stalwart horses come to plough.

Ye rigid Ploughmen, bear in mind—
Your labour is for future hours:
Advance—spare not—nor look behind—
Plough deep and straight with all your powers!

Pelters of Pyramids

"Nought loves another as itself,
Nor venerates another so;
Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know."

BLAKE

A SHOAL of idlers, from a merchant craft
Anchor'd off Alexandria, went ashore,
And mounting asses in their headlong glee,
Round Pompey's Pillar rode with hoots and taunts—
As men oft say, "What art thou more than we?"
Next in a boat they floated up the Nile,
Singing and drinking, swearing senseless oaths,
Shouting and laughing most derisively
At all majestic scenes. A bank they reach'd,
And clambering up, play'd gambols among tombs;
And in portentous ruins (through whose depths—
The mighty twilight of departed Gods—
Both sun and moon glanc'd furtive, as in awe)
They hid, and whoop'd and spat on sacred things.
At length, beneath the blazing sun they lounged
Near a great Pyramid. Awhile they stood
With stupid stare, until resentment grew,
In the recoil of meanness from the vast;
And gathering stones, they with coarse oathes and jibes,
(As they would say, "What art thou more than we?")
Pelted the Pyramid! But soon those men,
Hot and exhausted, sat them down to drink—
Wrangled, smoked, spat, and laugh'd, and drowsily
Cursed the bald Pyramid, and fell asleep.
Night came:—a little sand went drifting by—
And morn again was in the soft blue heavens.
The broad slopes of the shining Pyramid
Look'd down in their austere simplicity
Upon the glistening silence of the sands
Whereon no trace of mortal dust was seen.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER (1804–1875)

Are They not all Ministering Spirits?

WE see them not—we cannot hear
The music of their wing—
Yet know we that they sojourn near,
The Angels of the spring!

They glide along this lovely ground
When the first violet grows;
Their graceful hands have just unbound
The zone of yonder rose.

I gather it for thy dear breast,
From stain and shadow free:
That which an Angel's touch hath blest
Is meet, my love, for thee!

THOMAS WADE (1805–1875)

The Half-asleep

O FOR the mighty wakening that aroused
The old-time Prophets to their missions high;
And to blind Homer's inward sunlike eye
Show'd the heart's universe where he caroused
Radiantly; the Fishers poor unhoused,
And sent them forth to preach divinity;
And made our Milton his great dark defy,
To the light of one immortal theme espoused!
But half asleep are those now most awake;
And save calm-thoughted Wordsworth, we have none
Who for eternity put time at stake,
And hold a constant course as doth the sun:
We yield but drops that no deep thirstings slake,
And feebly cease ere we have well begun.

The Holytide

THE days are sad, it is the Holytide;
When flowers have ceased to blow, and birds to sing
Where shall the weary heart of Man abide,
Save in the jocund memories of the Spring?
As the gray twilight creeps across the snow,
Let us discourse of walks when leaves were green.
Methinks the roses are more sweet that blow
In Memory's shade, than any that are seen.

The days are sad, it is the Holytide—
Drear clouds have hid the crimson of the West,
And, like the wingèd Day, Delight hath died
Within me, and proud passions gone to rest.
In this dusk hour, before the lamps are lit,
Through the heart's long long gallery I will go,
And mark pale Memory's taper fall on it
Startling strange hues, like firelight on the snow.

The days are sad, it is the Holytide—
Ye, whom I may not see for evermore,
Oh! I will dream, tho' Death's great waste is wide,
That ye may hear me from your silent shore.
And ye who wander, and are far apart
(Oh! this great World is bleak, and years are growing),
I have a sunny corner in my heart
Where I do set ye when rough winds are blowing.

The days are sad, it is the Holytide—
Let Wealth and Glory, as they take their fill,
Think how Mischance to Fortune is allied,
Let Hope look up again thro' cloud of ill:
Let us look down into our children's eyes,
And think, amid the mirth and festal flow,
How once we were as they are—think with sighs
Of them that were as we are, long ago.

The days are sad, it is the Holytide—
Hark! in the drifting tempest and the roar
Of darkling waters, are the Powers that guide
The wreck of Nature to a summer shore;
Let Man too in the darkness arm, and strive
With the dark host within him, rise and fight,
And, ere the morrow morn, begin to live;
Sorrow brings strength, as Day is born of Night.

The days are sad, it is the Holytide—
The sun is on the hearth, the world at home,
Over the frozen heath the whirlwinds ride;
Drink to the Past, and better days to come;
Wreathe we our goblets with the evergreen,
Fadeless as Truth, sad as Humanity;
Let no bright flower, nor wither'd leaf be seen,
These hours are sisters to Adversity.

The days are sad, it is the Holytide—
The Winter morn is short, the night is long,
So let the lifeless hours be glorified
With deathless thoughts, and echoed in sweet song;
And thro' the sunset of this purple cup
They will resume the roses of their prime,
And the Old Dead will hear us, and wake up,
Pass with dim smiles, and make our hearts sublime!

The days are sad, it is the Holytide—
Be dusky mistletoes, and hollies strown,
Sharp as the spear that pierced His sacred side,
Red as the drops upon His thorny crown;
No haggard Passion, and no lawless Mirth
Fright off the sombre Muse—tell sweet old tales,
Sing songs, as we sit bending o'er the hearth,
Till the lamp flickers, and the memory fails.

The days are sad, it is the Holytide—
But ere we part to dreams this blessed night
Of Angel songs on the hush'd mountain side,
And wondrous Shapes that come upon the light,
Let us lift up our voices all together
In one deep harmony, a rapt farewell,
So sweet we shall not hear the stormy weather,
And dying Sorrow wake to hear it swell!

Peaceful Rest

If they shall say, "He had no task on earth,"
And if no soul reanimate my dust,
No record like the memory of the Just
Circle my name—that is not of a worth
To claim renown or leave regret behind;
Then, Nature, mould thou of my broken clay
A little plot against the western wind
Not quite within, nor all apart from day;
Which violets blue may shadow with their bells:
And haply in some far millennial year,
When Hate hath fled away with Evil and Fear,
And War is dead, and Love among us dwells;
Haply, on some Spring morn of golden hours,
Thy gracious hand shall bid me gently forth
From painless slumbers underneath the flowers,
And show me the new Heaven, and promised Earth.

Old Age

As when into the garden paths by night
One bears a lamp, and with its sickly glare
Scatters the burnished flowers a-dreaming there,
Palely they show like spectres in his sight,
Lovely no more, disfurnished of delight,
Some folded up and drooping o'er the way,
Their odours spent, their colour changed to gray,
Some that stood queen-like in the morning light
Fallen discrowned: so the low-burning loves
That tremble in the hearts of aged men
Cast their own light upon the world that moves
Around them, and receive it back again.
Old joys seem dead, old faces without joys;
Laughter is dead. There is no mirth in boys.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH (1807–1886)

Vesuvius as seen from Capri

A WREATH of light blue vapour, pure and rare,
Mounts, scarcely seen against the bluer sky,
In quiet adoration, silently—
Till the faint currents of the upper air
Dislimn it, and it forms, dissolving there,
The dome, as of a palace, hung on high
Over the mountain; underneath it lie
Vineyards and bays and cities white and fair.
Might we not hope this beauty would engage
All living things unto one pure delight?
Oh vain belief! for here, our records tell,
Rome's understanding tyrant from men's sight
Hid, as within a guilty citadel,
The shame of his dishonourable age.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER (1808–1879)

Letty's Globe

WHEN Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a coloured sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land;
She patted all the world; old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped,
And laughed, and prattled in her world-wide bliss;
But when we turned her sweet unlearnèd eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,
"Oh! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!"
And, while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

The Chambered Nautilus

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

Shadows

THEY seem'd, to those who saw them meet,
The casual friends of every day;
Her smile was undisturb'd and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart you thought so calm and tame
Would struggle like a captured bird:

And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blister'd with repeated tears,—
And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and years!

Alas, that love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride!
Alas, that they delay'd so long
The goal of mutual bliss beside!

Yet what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone.

Carpe Diem

YOUTH, that pursuest with such eager pace
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race:
Then stay! oh, stay!

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
Loiter,—enjoy!
Once past, thou wilt never come back again,
A second Boy.

The hills of Manhood wear a noble face,
When seen from far;
The mist of light from which they take their grace
Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know,
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow.

Pause while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gain
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
A Man at last.

JAMES ALDRICH (1810–1856)

A Death Bed

HER suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise!

HENRY ALFORD (1810–1871)

The Bride

"RISE," said the Master, "come unto the feast."
She heard the call and rose with willing feet;
But thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a bidding to put on her best,
She is gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal closet, there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace gate
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
We have not seen her yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber door, and oft
Have listen'd underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whisper'd short and soft.
But she hath made no answer, and the day
From the clear west is fading fast away.

A Private of the Buffs

LAST night among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaff'd, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never look'd before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewilder'd and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught
He yet can call his own.
Aye, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seemed
Like dreams to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering to its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets, of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

AUBREY DE VERE (1814–1902)

The Sun-God

I SAW the Master of the Sun. He stood
High in his luminous car, himself more bright;
An archer of immeasurable might:
On his left shoulder hung his quiver'd load;
Spurn'd by his steeds the eastern mountains glow'd;
Forward his eagle eye and bow of Light
He bent, and while both hands that arch embow'd,
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying night.

No wings profaned that godlike form: around
His neck high-held an ever-moving crowd
Of locks hung glistening: while such perfect sound
Fell from his bowstring that th' ethereal dome
Thrill'd as a dewdrop; and each passing cloud
Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816–1855)

He Saw my Heart's Woe

HE saw my heart's woe, discovered my soul's anguish
How in fever, in thirst, in atrophy it pined;
Knew he could heal, yet looked and let it languish,
To its moans spirit-deaf, to its pangs spirit-blind.

But once a year he heard a whisper low and dreary,
Appealing for aid, entreating some reply;
Only when sick, soul-worn and torture-weary,
  Breathed I that prayer—heaved I that sigh.

He was mute as is the grave, he stood stirless as a tower;
At last I looked up, and saw I prayed to stone:
I asked help of that which to help had no power,
  I sought love where love was utterly unknown.

Idolater I kneeled to an idol cut in rock!
I might have slashed my flesh and drawn my heart's best blood:
The granite god had felt no tenderness, no shock;
  My Baal had not seen nor heard nor understood.

In dark remorse I rose. I rose in darker shame,
Self-condemned I withdrew to an exile from my kind;
A solitude I sought where mortal never came,
  Hoping in its wilds forgetfulness to find.

Now, Heaven, heal the wound which I still deeply feel;
Thy glorious hosts look not in scorn on our poor race;
Thy King eternal doth no iron judgment deal
  On suffering worms who seek forgiveness, comfort, grace.

He gave our hearts to love, he will not love despise,
E'en if the gift be lost, as mine was long ago.
He will forgive the fault, will bid the offender rise,
  Wash out with dews of bliss the fiery brand of woe;

And give a sheltered place beneath the unsullied throne,
Whence the soul redeemed may mark Time's fleeting course
    round earth;
And know its trials overpast, its sufferings gone,
  And feel the peril past of Death's immortal birth.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Speak of the North

SPEAK of the North! A lonely moor
Silent and dark and trackless swells,
The waves of some wild streamlet pour
Hurriedly through its ferny dells.

Profoundly still the twilight air,
Lifeless the landscape; so we deem,
Till like a phantom gliding near
A stag bends down to drink the stream.

And far away a mountain zone,
A cold, white waste of snow-drifts lies,
And one star, large and soft and lone,
Silently lights the unclouded skies.

HERMAN MELVILLE (1819–1891)

Marlena

FAR off in the sea is Marlena,
A land of shades and streams,
A land of many delights,
Dark and bold, thy shores, Marlena;
But green, and timorous, thy soft knolls,
Crouching behind the woodlands.
All shady thy hills; all gleaming thy springs,
Like eyes in the earth looking at you.
How charming thy haunts, Marlena!—
Oh, the waters that flow through the Onimoo;
Oh, the leaves that rustle through Ponoo:
Oh, the roses that blossom in Tarma.
Come, and see the valley of Vina:
How sweet, how sweet, the Isles from Hina:
'Tis aye afternoon of the full, full moon,
And ever the season of fruit,
And ever the hour of flowers,
And never the time of rains and gales,
All in and about Marlena.
Soft sigh the boughs in the stilly air,
Soft lap the beach the billows there;
And in the woods or by the streams,
You needs must nod in the Land of Dreams.

Crossing the Tropics

WHILE now the Pole Star sinks from sight
The Southern Cross it climbs the sky;
But losing thee, my love, my light,
O bride but for one bridal night,
The loss no rising joys supply.

Love, love, the Trade Winds urge abaft,
And thee, from thee, they steadfast waft.

By day the blue and silver sea
And chime of waters blandly fanned—
Nor these, nor Gama's stars to me
May yield delight since still for thee
I long as Gama longed for land.

I yearn, I yearn, reverting turn,
My heart it streams in wake astern
When, cut by slanting sleet, we swoop
Where raves the world's inverted year,
If roses all your porch shall loop,
Not less your heart for me will droop
Doubling the world's last outpost drear.

O love, O love, these oceans vast:
Love, love, it is as death were past!

Pipe Song

CARE is all stuff:—
Puff! Puff!
To puff is enough:—
Puff! Puff!
More musky than snuff,
And warm is a puff:—
Puff! Puff!

Here we sit mid our puffs,
Like old lords in their ruffs,
Snug as bears in their muffs:—
Puff! Puff!
Then puff, puff, puff,
For care is all stuff,
Puffed out in a puff—
Puff! Puff!

HERMAN MELVILLE

The Temeraire

Supposed to have been suggested to an Englishman of the old order by the fight of the Monitor and Merrimac

THE gloomy hulls in armour grim,
Like clouds o'er moors have met,
And prove that oak, and iron, and man
Are tough in fibre yet.

But Splendors wane. The sea-fight yields
No front of old display;
The garniture, emblazonment,
And heraldry all decay.

Towering afar in parting light,
The fleets like Albion's forelands shine—
The full-sailed fleets, the shrouded show
Of Ships-of-the-line.

The fighting *Temeraire*,
Built of a thousand trees,
Lunging out her lightnings,
And beetling o'er the seas—
O Ship, how brave and fair,
That fought so oft and well,
On open decks you manned the gun
Armorial.
What cheerings did you share,
Impulsive in the van,
When down upon leagued France and Spain
We English ran—

The freshet at your bowsprit
  Like the foam upon the can.
Bickering, your colors
  Licked up the Spanish air,
You flapped with flames of battle-flags—
  Your challenge, *Temeraire*!
The rear ones of our fleet
  They yearned to share your place,
Still vying with the Victory
  Throughout that earnest race—
The Victory, whose Admiral,
  With orders nobly won,
Shone in the globe of the battle glow—
  The angel in that sun.
Parallel in story,
  Lo, the stately pair,
As late in grapple ranging,
  The foe between them there—
When four great hulls lay tiered,
And the fiery tempest cleared,
And your prizes twain appeared,
  Temeraire!

But Trafalgar is over now,
  The quarter-deck undone;
The carved and castled navies fire
  Their evening gun.
O, Titan *Temeraire*,
  Your stern lights fade away;
Your bulwarks to the years must yield,
  And heart-of-oak decay.
A pigmy steam-tug tows you,
  Gigantic, to the shore—
Dismantled of your guns and spars,
  And sweeping wings of war.
The rivets clinch the iron clads,
  Men learn a deadlier lore;
But Fame has nailed your battle-flags—
  Your ghost it sails before:
O, the navies old and oaken,
  O, the *Temeraire* no more!

JULIA WARD HOWE (1819–1910)

Battle-Hymn of the Republic

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners so my grace with you will deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE

Our Orders

WEAVE no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the night.

Weave but the flag whose bars to-day
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,
And homely garments, coarse and grey,
For orphans that must earn their bread!

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That poured delight from other lands!
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet:
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtle power,
Go, chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour!

Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined!
Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
The destiny of human kind.

And if that destiny could fail,
The sun should darken in the sky,
The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
And God, and Truth, and Freedom die!

ANONYMOUS

I Likes a Drop of Good Beer, I does

COME, neighbours all, both great and small,
Let's perform our duties here,
And loudly sing, Long live the King,
For bating the tax on beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
And loudly sing, Long live the King,
For bating the tax on beer.

Some people think distill-e-ry drink
Is wholesome, neat and sheer,
But I will contend to my life's end,
There's nothing to tipple like beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
And I will contend to my life's end,
There's nothing to tipple like beer.

Brandy and gin blows out the skin,
And makes one feel very queer:
But whenever I puts them into my stomach
I always wishes 'twas beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
But whenever I puts them into my stomach
I always wishes 'twas beer.

From drinking rum the maggots come,
And bowel pains appear;
But I always find both cholic and wind
Are driven away by beer;
For I likes a little good beer;
But I always find that cholic and wind
Are driven away by beer.

Moll, if I chooses, reads out the news
With voice both firm and clear,
While I eats my tripe and smokes my pipe,
And drinks my gallon of beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
While I eats my tripe and smokes my pipe,
And drinks my gallon of beer.

At the public house they used to chouse,
Which caused me many a tear;
But the new beer shops sell malt and hops,
And that's the right stuff to make beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
But the new beer shops sell malt and hops,
And that's the right stuff to make beer;
For I likes a little good beer.

Of all things thirst I count the worst,
And always stand in fear;
So when I goes out I carries about
A little pint bottle of beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
So when I goes out I carries about
A little pint bottle of beer;
For I likes a little good beer.

'Twixt wet and dry I always try
From the extremes to steer;
And tho' I've shrunk from getting dead drunk,
I've always been fond of my beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
And tho' I've shrunk from getting dead drunk
I've always been fond of my beer;
For I likes a little good beer.

Let ministers shape the duty on Cape
And ordain that Port shall be dear;
But damn their eyes if ever they tries
To rob a poor man of his beer;
For I likes a little good beer;
But damn their eyes if ever they tries
To rob a poor man of his beer;
For I likes a drop of good beer.

EBENEZER JONES (1820–1860)

WHEN the world is burning,
Fired within, yet turning
Round with face unscathed;
Ere fierce flames, uprushing,
O'er all lands leap, crushing,
Till earth fall, fire-swathed;
Up amidst the meadows,
Gently through the shadows,
Gentle flames will glide,
Small, and blue, and golden.
Though by bard beholden,
When in calm dreams folden,—
Calm his dreams will bide.

Where the dance is sweeping,
Through the greensward peeping
Shall the soft lights start;
Laughing maids, unstaying,
Deeming it trick-playing,
High their robes upswaying,
O'er the lights shall dart

And the woodland haunter
Shall not cease to saunter
When, far down some glade,
Of the great world's burning,
One soft flame upturning
Seems, to his discerning,
Crocus in the shade.

ANNE BRONTË (1820–1849)

If This Be All

O God! if this indeed be all
That life can show to me;
If on my aching brow may fall
No freshening dew from Thee;

If with no brighter light than this
The lamp of hope may glow,
And I may only dream of bliss,
And wake to weary woe;

If friendship's solace must decay,
When other joys are gone,
And love must keep so far away,
While I go wandering on,—

Wandering and toiling without gain,
The slave of others' will,
With constant care and frequent pain,
Despised, forgotten still;

Grieving to look on vice and sin,
Yet powerless to quell
The silent current from within,
The outward torrent's swell;

While all the good I would impart,
The feelings I would share,
Are driven backward to my heart,
And turned to wormwood there;

If clouds must ever keep from sight
  The glories of the Sun,
And I must suffer Winter's blight,
  Ere Summer is begun:

If Life must be so full of care—
  Then call me soon to Thee;
Or give me strength enough to bear
  My load of misery!

SIR HENRY YULE (1820–1889)

The Birkenhead

AMID the loud ebriety of War,
With shouts of "la République" and "la Gloire,"
The Vengeur's crew, 'twas said, with flying flag
And broadside blazing level with the wave
Went down erect, defiant, to their grave
Beneath the sea. 'Twas but a Frenchman's brag,
Yet Europe rang with it for many a year.
Now we recount no fable; Europe, hear!
And when they tell thee "England is a fen
Corrupt, a kingdom tottering to decay,
Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey
For the first comer," tell how the other day
A crew of half a thousand Englishmen
Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay!

Not with the cheer of battle in the throat,
Or cannon-glare and din to stir their blood,
But, roused from dreams of home to find their boat
Fast sinking, mustered on the deck they stood,
Biding God's pleasure and their chief's command.
Calm was the sea, but not less calm that band
Close ranged upon the poop, with bated breath
But flinching not though eye to eye with Death!

Heroes! Who were those heroes? Veterans steeled
To face the King of Terrors mid the scaith
Of many an hurricane and trenched field?
Far other: weavers from the stocking-frame;
Boys from the plough; cornets with beardless chin,
But steeped in honour and in discipline!

Weep, Britain, for the Cape whose ill-starred name,
Long since divorced from Hope suggests but shame,
Disaster, and thy Captains held at bay
By naked hordes; but as thou weepest, thank
Heaven for those undegenerate sons who sank
Aboard the Birkenhead in Simon's Bay!

WILLIAM PHILPOT

To His Wife

I

Of all the flowers rising now,
Thou only saw'st the head
Of that unopen'd drop of snow
I placed beside thy bed.

In all the blooms that blow so fast,
Thou hast no further part,
Save those the hour I saw thee last,
I laid above thy heart.

Two snowdrops for our boy and girl,
A primrose blown for me,
Wreathed with one often-play'd-with curl
From each bright head for thee.

And so I graced thee for thy grave,
And made these tokens fast
With that old silver heart I gave,
My first gift—and my last.

II

I dream'd, her babe upon her breast,
Here she might lie and calmy rest
Her happy eyes on that far hill
That backs the landscape fresh and still.

I hoped her thoughts would thrid the boughs
Where careless birds on love carouse,
And gaze those apple-blossoms through
To revel in the boundless blue.

But now her faculty of sight,
Is elder sister to the light,
And travels free and unconfined
Through dense and rare, through form and mind.

Or else her life to be complete
Hath found new channels full and meet—
Then, O, what eyes are leaning o'er,
If fairer than they were before!

WILLIAM (JOHNSON) CORY (1823–1892)

Mimnermus in Church

YOU promise heavens free from strife,
  Pure truth, and perfect change of will
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
  So sweet, I fain would breathe it still;
Your chilly stars I can forgo,
This warm kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,
  One great reality above:
Back from that void I shrink in fear,
  And child-like hide myself in love
Show me what angels feel. Till then
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires
From faltering lips and fitful veins
To sexless souls, ideal quires,
Unwearied voices, wordless strains:
My mind with fonder welcome owns
One dear dead friend's remember'd tones.

Forsooth the present we must give
To that which cannot pass away;
All beauteous things for which we live
By laws of time and space decay.
But O, the very reason why
I clasp them, is because they die.

WILLIAM (JOHNSON) CORY

Heraclitus

THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remember'd how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM (1824–1889)

The Fairies

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

A Memory

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing:
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears!

GEORGE MACDONALD (1824–1905)

Dorcas

If I might guess, then guess I would
  That, mid the gathered folk,
This gentle Dorcas one day stood,
  And heard when Jesus spoke.

She saw the woven seamless coat—
  Half envious, for his sake:
"Oh, happy hands," she said, "that wrought
  The honoured thing to make!"

Her eyes with longing tears grow dim:
  She never can come nigh
To work one service poor for him
  For whom she glad would die!

But, hark, he speaks! O, precious word!
  And she has heard indeed!
"When did we see thee naked, Lord,
  And clothed thee in thy need?

"The King shall answer, Inasmuch
As to my brethren ye
Did it—even to the least of such—
Ye did it unto me."

Home, home she went, and plied the loom,
And Jesus' poor arrayed.
She died—they wept about the room,
And showed the coats she made.

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE (1825–1900)

At the Last

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

Arachne

I WATCH her in the corner there,
As, restless, bold, and unafraid,
She slips and floats along the air
Till all her subtile house is made.

Her home, her bed, her daily food,
All from that hidden store she draws;
She fashions it and knows it good,
By instinct's strong and sacred laws.

No tenuous threads to weave her nest,
She seeks and gathers there or here;
But spins it from her sacred breast,
Renewing still, till leaves are sere.

Then, worn with toil, and tired of life,
In vain her shining traps are set.
Her frost hath hushed the insect strife
And gilded flies her charm forget.

But swinging in the snares she spun,
She sways to every wintry wind;
Her joy, her toil, her errand done,
Her corse the sport of winds unkind.

Poor sister of the spinster clan!
I too from out my store within
My daily life and living plan,
My home, my rest, my pleasure spin.

I know thy heart when heartless hands
Sweep all that hard-earned web away:
Destroy its pearled and glittering bands,
And leave thee homeless by the way.

I know thy peace when all is done,
Each anchored thread, each tiny knot,
Soft shining in the autumn sun;
A sheltered, silent, tranquil lot.

I know what thou hast never known,—
Sad presage to a soul allowed,—
That not for a life I spin, alone,
But day by day I spin my shroud.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL (1829–1914)

The Rising Tide

An idle man, I stroll at eve,
Where move the waters to and fro;
Full soon their added gains will leave
Small space for me to come and go.

Already in the clogging sand
I walk with dull, retarded feet;
Yet still is sweet the lessening strand,
And still the lessening light is sweet.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL

Vesperal

I know the night is near at hand.
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry
But I have had the day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;
When at Thy call I have the night,
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light.

JEAN INGELOW (1830–1897)

The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571

The old mayor climb'd the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby'."

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
  The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abyde
  The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
  By millions crouch'd on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
  My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
  Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's fair wife, Elizabeth.
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
    Floweth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
    Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
    Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
  When I beginne to think how long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
  Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;

And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple tower'd from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell far and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherd lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kindly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some look'd uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the town;
But while the west bin red to see,
And stormes be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I look'd without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again.
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you Mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I mark'd her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe, who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strew'd wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she saith)
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the towne.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
    Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,

"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
    Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
    Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
    Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN (1830–1897)

Salve!

To live within a cave—it is most good.
  But, if God make a day,
  And some one come, and say:—
"Lo! I have gathered faggots in the wood!"
  E'en let him stay,
And light a fire, and fan a temporal mood!

So sit till morning! When the light is grown
  That he the path can read,
  Then bid the man God-speed!
His morning is not thine; yet must thou own
They have a cheerful warmth—those ashes on the stone.

ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER (1831–1870)

The Volunteer

"At dawn," he said, "I bid them all farewell,
To go where bugles call and rifles gleam."
And with the restless thought asleep he fell,
And glided into dream.

A great hot plain from sea to mountain spread,—
Through it a level river slowly drawn:
He moved with a vast crowd, and at its head
Streamed banners like the dawn.

There came a blinding flash, a deafening roar,
And dissonant cries of triumph and dismay;
Blood trickled down the river's reedy shore,
And with the dead he lay.

The morn broke in upon his solemn dream,
And still, with steady pulse and deepening eye,
"Where bugles call," he said, "and rifles gleam,
I follow, though I die!"

EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, EARL OF LYTTON (1831–1891)

The Last Wish

Since all that I can ever do for thee
Is to do nothing, this my prayer must be:
That thou mayst never guess nor ever see
The all-endured this nothing-done costs me.

Song

THE feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
Above the swelling stream;
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty now the rushes,
And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow;
The branches all are barer,
The linnet's song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now.

The Fall of the Leaf

RISE in their place the woods: the trees have cast,
Like earth to earth, their children: now they stand
Above the graves where lie their very last:
Each pointing with her empty hand
And mourning o'er the russet floor,
Naked and dispossessed;
The queenly sycamore,
The linden, and the aspen, and the rest.

But thou, fair birch, doubtful to laugh or weep,
Who timorously dost keep
From the sad fallen ring thy face away;
Would'st thou look to the heavens which wander grey,
The unstilled clouds, slow mounting on their way?
They not regard thee, neither do they send
One breath to wake thy sighs, nor gently tend
Thy sorrow or thy smile to passion's end.

Lo, there on high the unlighted moon is hung,
A cloud among the clouds: she giveth pledge,
Which none from hope debars,
Of hours that shall the naked boughs re-fledge
In seasons high: her drifted train among
Musing she leads the silent song,
Grave mistress of white clouds, as lucid queen of stars.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON

Ode on Advancing Age

THOU goest more and more
To the silent things: thy hair is hoar,
Emptier thy weary face: like to the shore
Far-ruined, and the desolate billow white,
That recedes and leaves it waif-wrinkled, gap-rocked, weak.
The shore and the billow white
Groan, they cry and rest not: they would speak,
And call the eternal Night
To cease them for ever, bidding new things issue
From her cold tissue:
Night, that is ever young, nor knows decay,
Though older by eternity than they.

Go down upon the shore.
The breakers dash, the smitten spray drops to the roar;
The spit upsprings, and drops again,
Where'er the white waves clash in the main.
There sound is but one: 'tis the cry
That has risen from of old to the sky,
'Tis their silence!
Go now from the shore
Far-ruined: the grey shingly floor
To thy crashing step answers; the doteril cries,
And on dipping wing flies:
'Tis their silence!
And thou, oh thou,
To that wild silence sinkest now.
No more remains to thee than the cry of silence, the cry
Of the waves, of the shore, of the bird to the sky.
The bald eyes, 'neath as bald a brow

Ask but what Nature gives
To the inarticulate cries
Of the waves, of the shore, of the bird.
Earth in earth thou art being interred:
No longer in thee lives
The lordly essence which was unlike all,
That was thy flower of soul, the imperial
Glory that separated thee
From all others that might be.

Thy dog hath died before.
Didst thou not mark him? did he not neglect
What roused his rapture once, but still loved thee?
Till, weaker grown, was he not fain reject
Thy pitying hand, thy meat and drink,
For all thou could'st implore?
Then, at the last, how mournfully
Did not his eyelids sink
With wearied sighs?
He sought at last that never-moving night
Which is the same in darkness as in light,
The closing of the eyes.

So, Age, thou dealest us
To the elements: but no! Resume thy pride,
O man, that musest thus.
Be to the end what thou hast been before:
The ancient joy shall wrap thee still—the tide
Return upon the shore.

FRANCIS ROBERT ST CLAIR ERSKINE, EARL OF ROSSLYN
(1833–1890)

Bedtime

"'Tis bedtime; say your hymn, and bid 'Good-night,
God bless Mamma, Papa, and dear ones all';
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,
Another minute you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, although you are so tall!
What will you give me, Sleepy one, and call

My wages, if I settle you all right?"
I laid her golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand,
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm
She nestled to me, and, by Love's command,
Paid me my precious wages—'Baby's kiss.'

THE HON. RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL (1834–1894

The Water-Nymph and the Boy

I FLUNG me round him,
I drew him under;
I clung, I drown'd him,
My own white wonder!...

Father and mother,
Weeping and wild,
Came to the forest,
Calling the child,
Came from the palace,
Down to the pool,
Calling my darling,
My beautiful!
Under the water,
Cold and so pale!
Could it be love made
Beauty to fail?

Ah me for mortals!
In a few moons,
If I had left him,
After some Junes
He would have faded,
Faded away,
He, the young monarch, whom
All would obey,
Fairer than day;

Alien to springtime,
Joyless and gray,
He would have faded,
Faded away,
Moving a mockery,
Scorn'd of the day!
Now I have taken him
All in his prime,
Saved from slow poisoning
Pitiless Time,
Fill'd with his happiness,
One with the prime,
Saved from the cruel
Dishonour of Time.
Laid him, my beautiful,
Laid him to rest,
Loving, adorable,
Softly to rest,
Here in my crystalline,
Here in my breast!

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN, LORD DE TABLEY (1835–1895)

Nuptial Song

SIGH heart, and break not; rest lark, and wake not
Day I hear coming to draw my Love away.
As mere-waves whisper, and clouds grow crisper,
Ah, like a rose he will waken up with day!

In moon-light lonely, he is my Love only,
I share with none when Luna rides in grey.
As dawn-beams quicken, my rivals thicken,
The light and deed and turmoil of the day.

To watch my sleeper to me is sweeter,
Than any waking words my Love can say;
In dream he finds me and closer winds me!
Let him rest by me a little more and stay.

Ah, mine eyes, close not: and, tho' he knows not,
My lips, on his be tender while you may;
Ere leaves are shaken, and ring-doves waken,
And infant buds begin to scent new day.

Fair Darkness, measure thine hours, as treasure
Shed each one slowly from thine urn, I pray;
Hoard in and cover each from my lover;
I cannot lose him yet; dear night, delay.

Each moment dearer, true-love, lie nearer,
My hair shall blind thee lest thou see the ray
My locks encumber thine ears in slumber,
Lest any bird dare give thee the note of day.

He rests so calmly; we lie so warmly;
Hand within hand, as children after play;—
In shafted amber on roof and chamber
Dawn enters; my Love wakens; here is day.

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN, LORD DE TABLEY

Rural Evening

THE whip cracks on the plough-team's flank,
The thresher's flail beats duller.
The round of day has warmed a bank
Of cloud to primrose colour.

The dairy girls cry home the kine,
The kine in answer lowing;
The rough-haired louts with sleepy shouts
Keep crows whence seed is growing.

The creaking wain, brushed through the lane,
Hangs straws on hedges narrow;
And smoothly cleaves the soughing plough,
And harsher grinds the harrow.

Comes, from the road-side inn caught up,
A brawl of crowded laughter,
Thro' falling brooks and cawing rooks
And a fiddle scrambling after.

The Study of a Spider

FROM holy flower to holy flower
Thou weavest thine unhallowed bower.
The harmless dewdrops, beaded thin,
Ripple along thy ropes of sin.
Thy house a grave, a gulf thy throne
Affright the fairies every one.
Thy winding sheets are grey and fell,
Imprisoning with nets of hell
The lovely births that winnow by,
Winged sisters of the rainbow sky:
Elf-darlings, fluffy, bee-bright things,
And owl-white moths with mealy wings,
And tiny flies, as gauzy thin
As e'er were shut electrum in.
These are thy death spoils, insect ghoul,
With their dear life thy fangs are foul.
Thou felon anchorite of pain
Who sittest in a world of slain.
Hermit, who tunest song unsweet
To heaving wing and writhing feet.
A glutton of creation's sighs,
Miser of many miseries.
Toper, whose lonely feasting chair
Sways in inhospitable air.
The board is bare, the bloated host
Drinks to himself toast after toast.
His lip requires no goblet brink,
But like a weasel must he drink.
The vintage is as old as time
And bright as sunset, pressed and prime.

Ah venom mouth and shaggy thighs
And paunch grown sleek with sacrifice,
Thy dolphin back and shoulders round
Coarse-hairy as some goblin hound
Whom a hag rides to sabbath on,

While shuddering stars in fear grow wan.
Thou palace priest of treachery,
Thou type of selfish lechery,
I break the toils around thy head
And from their gibbets take thy dead.

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN, LORD DE TABLEY

The Ocean Wood

GREY woods within whose silent shade
The ocean voice is dimly known:
Where undisturbed the violets fade,
And roses perish overblown.

Calm rests the wave against the beach:
Calm rocks the wave-bird on its tide,
And calmer in their heaven than each,
The gleaming bands of sunset ride.

Soon will the ripple move again:
Soon will the shorelark flute its song:
And in sweet emphasis of pain
The rock-dove mourn the cliffs along.

Sweet shall resound the curlew's wail,
New sails come sweeping up the sea.
But all the ships that ever sail
Will bring no comfort home to me.

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN, LORD DE TABLEY

Love grown Old

I CANNOT kiss thee as I used to kiss;
Time who is lord of love must answer this.
Shall I believe thine eyes are grown less sweet?
Nay, but my life-blood fails on heavier feet.
Time goes, old girl, time goes.

I cannot hold as once I held your hand;
Youth is a tree whose leaves fall light as sand.
Hast thou known many trees that shed them so?
Ay me, sweetheart, I know, ay me, I know.
Time goes, my bird, time goes.

I cannot love thee as I used to love.
Age comes, and little Love takes flight above.
If our eyes fail, have his the deeper glow?
I do not know, sweetheart, I do not know.
Time goes, old girl, time goes.

Why, the gold cloud grows leaden, as the eve
Deepens, and one by one its glories leave.
And, if you press me, dear, why this is so,
That this is worth a tear is all I know.
Time flows and rows and goes.

In that old day the subtle child-god came;
Meek were his eyelids, but his eyeballs flame,
With sandals of desire his light feet shod,
With eyes and breath of fire, a perfect god
He rose, my girl, he rose.

He went, my girl, and raised your hand and sighed,
"Would that my spirit always could abide."
And whispered "Go your ways, and play your day
Would I were god of time, but my brief sway
Is briefer than a rose."

Old wife, old love, there is a something yet
That makes amends, tho' all the glory set;
The after-love that holds thee trebly mine,
Tho' thy lips fade, my dove, and we decline,
And time, dear heart, still goes.

RICHARD GARNETT (1835–1906)

Good for Evil

HITHER, dear Muse, I pray, and with thee bear
A madrigal for Melite the fair,
Evil with good repaying; for 'tis she
Who tempts me to oblivion of thee.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836–1907)

Memory

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

THOMAS ASHE (1836–1889)

Meet we no Angels, Pansie?

Came, on a Sabbath noon, my sweet,
In white, to find her lover;
The grass grew proud beneath her feet.
The green elm-leaves above her:—
Meet we no angels, Pansie?

She said, "We meet no angels now";
And soft lights stream'd upon her;
And with white hand she touch'd a bough;
She did it that great honour:—
What! meet no angels, Pansie?

O sweet brown hat, brown hair, brown eyes,
Down-dropp'd brown eyes, so tender!
Then what said I? gallant replies
Seem flattery, and offend her:—
But,—meet no angels, Pansie?

From *In the Shadows*

"WHOM the gods love die young." The thought is old;
And yet it soothed the sweet Athenian mind.
I take it with all pleasure, overbold,
Perhaps, yet to its virtue much inclined
By an inherent love for what is fair.
This is the utter poetry of woe—
That the bright-flashing gods should cure despair
By love, and make youth precious here below.
I die, being young; and, dying, could become
A pagan, with the tender Grecian trust.
Let death the fell anatomy, benumb
The hand that writes, and fill my mouth with dust—
Chant no funereal theme, but, with a choral
Hymn, O ye mourners! hail immortal youth auroral!

Oh many a time with Ovid have I borne
My father's vain, yet well-meant reprimand,
To leave the sweet-air'd, clover-purpled land
Of rhyme—its Lares loftily forlorn,
With all their pure humanities unworn—
To batten on the bare Theologies!
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
Fed on one essence with the silver morn,
Were of all blasphemies the most insane.
So deeplier given to the delicious spell
I clung to thee, heart-soothing Poesy!
Now on a sick bed rack'd with arrowy pain
I lift white hands of gratitude, and cry,
Spirit of God in Milton! was it well?

Last night, on coughing slightly with sharp pain,
  There came arterial blood, and with a sigh
Of absolute grief I cried in bitter vein,
  That drop is my death warrant: I must die.
Poor meagre life is mine, meagre and poor!
  Rather a piece of childhood thrown away;
An adumbration faint; the overture
  To stifled music; year that ends in May;
The sweet beginning of a tale unknown;
  A dream unspoken; promise unfulfilled;
A morning with no noon, a rose unblown—
  All its deep rich vermilion crushed and killed
I' th' bud by frost:—Thus in false fear I cried,
Forgetting to abolish death Christ died.

Hew Atlas for my monument; upraise
  A pyramid for my tomb, that, undestroyed
  By rank, oblivion, and the hungry void,
My name shall echo through prospective days.
  O careless conqueror! cold, abysmal grave!
Is it not sad—is it not sad, my heart—
To smother young ambition, and depart
  Unhonoured and unwilling, like death's slave?
No rare immortal remnant of my thought
  Embalms my life; no poem, firmly reared
  Against the shock of time, ignobly feared—
But all my life's progression come to nought.
Hew Atlas! build a pyramid in a plain!
Oh, cool the fever burning in my brain!

Wise in his day that heathen emperor,
  To whom, each morrow, came a slave, and cried—
"Philip, remember thou must die:" no more.
  To me such daily voice were misapplied—

Disease guests with me; and each cough, or cramp,
Or aching, like the Macedonian slave,
Is my *memento mori*. 'Tis the stamp
Of God's true life to be in dying brave.
"I fear not death, but dying"—not the long
Hereafter, sweetened by immortal love;
But the quick, terrible last breath—the strong
Convulsion. Oh, my Lord of breath above!
Grant me a quiet end, in easeful rest—
A sweet removal, on my mother's breast.

October's gold is dim—the forests rot,
The weary rain falls ceaseless, while the day
Is wrapp'd in damp. In mire of village way
The hedge-row leaves are stamped, and, all forgot,
The broodless nest sits visible in the thorn.
Autumn, among her drooping marigolds,
Weeps all her garnered sheaves, and empty folds,
And dripping orchards—plundered and forlorn.
The season is a dead one, and I die!
No more, no more for me the spring shall make
A resurrection in the earth and take
The death from out her heart—O God, I die!
The cold throat-mist creeps nearer, till I breathe
Corruption. Drop, stark night, upon my death!

DAVID GRAY

My Epitaph

BELOW lies one whose name was traced in sand—
He died not knowing what it was to live:
Died while the first sweet consciousness of manhood
And maiden thought electrified his soul:
Faint beatings in the calyx of the rose.
Bewildered reader! pass without a sigh
In a proud sorrow! There is life with God,
In other kingdom of a sweeter air;
In Eden every flower is blown: Amen.

Relieving Guard

T. S. K. OBIIT MARCH 4, 1864

CAME the relief. "What, sentry, ho!
How passed the night through thy long waking?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark,—as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save
The plover from the marshes calling,
And in yon Western sky, about
An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

The Réveillé

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands.
And of armèd men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united, than in life a recreant,—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,
"Lord, we come!"

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

What the Bullet Sang

O JOY of creation,
To be!
O rapture, to fly
And be free!
Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love—the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands
All alone,
With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown;
I shall know him by his face,
By his godlike front and grace;
I shall hold him for a space
All my own!

It is he—O my love!
So bold!
It is I—all thy love
Foretold!
It is I—O love, what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
O sweetheart! what is this
Lieth there so cold?

JOHN TODHUNTER (1839–1916)

Aghadoe

THERE'S a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,
Where we met, my love and I, Love's fair planet in the sky,
O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe,
Where I hid from the eyes of the red-coats and their spies,
That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.

O, my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
On Shaun Dhu, my mother's son in Aghadoe!
When your throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be in your mouth,
For the treachery you did in Aghadoe.

For they track'd me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
When the price was on his head in Aghadoe:
O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him with food,
Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe;
With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,
There he lay, the head, my breast keeps the warmth of where 'twould rest,
Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe!

I walk'd to Mallow town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
Brought his head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe;
Then I cover'd him with fern, and I piled on him the cairn,
Like an Irish King he sleeps in Aghadoe.

O, to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe!
There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe!
Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart than I,
Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

ROBERT BUCHANAN (1841–1901)

The Battle of Drumliemoor

BAR the door! put out the light, for it gleams across the night,
And guides the bloody motion of their feet;
Hush the bairn upon thy breast, lest it guide them in their quest,
And with water quench the blazing of the peat.
Now, wife, sit still and hark!—hold my hand amid the dark;
O Jeanie we are scattered—e'en as sleet!

It was down on Drumliemoor, where it slopes upon the shore,
And looks upon the breaking of the bay,
In the kirkyard of the dead, where the heather is thrice red
With the blood of those asleep beneath the clay;
And the Howiesons were there, and the people of Glen Ayr,
And we gathered in the gloom o' night—to pray.

How! Sit at home in fear, when God's Voice was in mine ear,
When the priests of Baal were slaughtering His sheep?
Nay! There I took my stand, with my reap-hook in my hand,
For bloody was the sheaf that I might reap;
And the Lord was in His skies, with a thousand dreadful eyes,
And His breathing made a trouble on the Deep.

Each mortal of the band brought his weapon in his hand,
Though the chopper or the spit was all he bare;
And not a man but knew the work he had to do,
If the Fiend should fall upon us unaware.
And our looks were ghastly white, but it was not with affright,—
The Lord our God was present to our prayer.

Oh, solemn, sad and slow, rose the stern voice of Monroe,
And he curst the curse of Babylon the Whore;
We could not see his face, but a gleam was in its place,
Like the phosphor of the foam upon the shore;
And the eyes of all were dim, as they fixed themselves on him,
And the Sea filled up the pauses with its roar.

But when, with accents calm, Kilmahoe gave out the psalm,
The sweetness of God's Voice upon his tongue,
With one voice we praised the Lord of the Fire and of the Sword,
And louder than the winter wind it rung;
And across the stars on high went the smoke of tempest by,
And a vapour rolled around us as we sung.

'Twas terrible to hear our cry rise deep and clear,
Though we could not see the criers of the cry,
But we sang and gript our brands, and touched each other's hands,
While a thin sleet smote our faces from the sky;
And, sudden, strange, and low, hissed the voice of Kilmahoe,
"Grip your weapons! Wait in silence! They are nigh!"

And heark'ning with clenched teeth, we could hear, across the heath,
The tramping of the horses as they flew,
And no man breathed a breath, but all were still as death,
And close together shivering we drew.
And deeper round us fell all the eyeless gloom of Hell,
And—the Fiend was in among us ere we knew!

Then our battle-shriek arose, mid the cursing of our foes—
No face of friend or foeman could we mark;
But I struck and kept my stand, (trusting God to guide my hand)
And struck, and struck and heard the hell hounds bark;
And I fell beneath a horse, but I reached with all my force,
And ript him with my reap-hook through the dark.

As we struggled, knowing not whose hand was at our throat
Whose blood was spouting warm into our eyes,
We felt the thick snow-drift swoop upon us from the lift,
And murmur in the pauses of our cries;
But lo! before we wist, rose the curtain of the mist,
And the pale Moon shed a glimmer from the skies.

O God! it was a sight that made the hair turn white,
That wither'd up the heart's blood into woe,
To see the faces loom in the dimly lighted gloom,
And the butcher'd lying bloodily below;
While melting, with no sound, fell so peacefully around
The whiteness and the wonder of the Snow!

Ay, and thicker, thicker, poured the pale Silence of the Lord,
From the hollow of His hand we saw it shed,
And it gathered round us there, till we groaned and gasped for air,
And beneath 'twas ankle deep and stainèd red;
And soon, whatever wight was smitten down in fight
Was *buried* in the drift ere he was dead!

Then we beheld at length the troopers in their strength,
For faster, faster, faster up they streamed,
And their pistols flashing bright showed their faces ashen white,
And their blue steel caught the driving Moon and gleamed.
But a dying voice cried "Fly!" And behold e'en at the cry,
A panic fell upon us, and we screamed!

Oh, shrill and awful rose, 'mid the splashing blood and blows,
Our scream unto the Lord that let us die;
And the Fiend amid us roared his defiance at the Lord,
And his servants slew the strong man 'mid his cry;
And the Lord kept still in Heaven, and the only answer given
Was the white Snow, falling, falling from the sky.

Then we fled! The darkness grew! 'mid the driving cold we flew,
Each alone, yea, each for those whom he held dear;
And I heard upon the wind the thud of hoofs behind,
And the scream of those who perished in their fear,
But I knew by heart each path in the darkness of the strath,
And I hid myself all day,—and I am here.

Ah! gathered in one fold be the holy men and bold
And beside them the accursed and the proud;
The Howiesons are there, and the Wylies of Glen Ayr,
Kirkpatrick, and Macdonald, and Macleod,
And while the widow groans, lo! God's Hand around their bones
His thin ice windeth whitely, as a shroud.

On mountain and in vale our women will look pale,
And palest where the ocean surges boom:
Buried 'neath snow-drift white, with no holy prayer or rite,
Lie the loved ones they look for in the gloom;
And deeper, deeper still, spreads the Snow on vale and hill,
And deeper, and yet deeper is their Tomb!

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL (1841–1882)

Mooni

He that is by Mooni now
Sees the water-sapphires gleaming
Where the River Spirit, dreaming,
Sleeps by fall and fountain streaming
Under lute of leaf and bough!—
Hears what stamp of Storm with stress is,
Psalms from unseen wildernesses
Deep amongst far hill-recesses—
He that is by Mooni now.

Yea, for him by Mooni's marge
Sings the yellow-hair'd September,
With the face the gods remember,
When the ridge is burnt to ember,
And the dumb sea chains the barge!
Where the mount like molten brass is,
Down beneath fern-feather'd passes
Noonday dew in cool green grasses
Gleams on him by Mooni's marge.

Who that dwells by Mooni yet,
Feels in flowerful forest arches
Smiting wings and breath that parches
Where strong Summer's path of march is,
And the suns in thunder set!
Housed beneath the gracious kirtle
Of the shadowy water-myrtle—
Winds may kiss with heat and hurtle,
He is safe by Mooni yet!

Days there were when he who sings
(Dumb so long through passion's losses)
Stood where Mooni's water crosses
Shining tracks of green-hair'd mosses,
Like a soul with radiant wings:
Then the psalm the wind rehearses—
Then the song the stream disperses—
Lent a beauty to his verses,
Who to-night of Mooni sings.

Ah, the theme—the sad, gray theme!
Certain days are not above me,
Certain hearts have ceased to love me,
Certain fancies fail to move me,
Like the effluent morning dream.
Head whereon the white is stealing,
Heart whose hurts are past all healing,
Where is now the first, pure feeling?
Ah, the theme—the sad, gray theme!

. . . .

Still to be by Mooni cool—
Where the water-blossoms glister,
And by gleaming vale and vista
Sits the English April's sister,
Soft and sweet and wonderful!
Just to rest beneath the burning
Outer world—its sneers and spurning—
Ah, my heart—my heart is yearning
Still to be by Mooni cool!

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS (1844–1889)

I Have Desired to Go

A NUN TAKES THE VEIL

I HAVE desired to go
  Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
  And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
  Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
  And out of the swing of the sea.

FREDERICK W. H. MYERS (1843–1901)

Lake Leman

AND all is over; and again I stand,
O Love, alone on our remembered strand!
And hills and waters all the dreamy day
Melt each in each thro' silvery haze and grey,
And Jaman takes the sunset, Jura knows
Beyond the liquid plains the morning rose.

Lake of the lone, the exiled, the oppressed,
What sighs have wandered o'er thy sea-blue breast
What gaze has watched the suns that could not save
Flame from thy hills and fade upon thy wave!
Great men and fallen upon thy shores have shed
Their few slow tears for fame and fortune fled;
Sad men and wise have been content to see
In thy cold calm their last felicity.
And now thy sunlit vault, these walls of thine,
Seem an unroofed and angel-haunted shrine,
Fair as my love, bright with her vanished bloom,
Stilled with her woe and sacred as her tomb.

For here she stood, and here she spoke, and there
Raised her soft look thro' the evening's crimsoned air
And all she looked was lovely; all she said
Simple, and sweet, and full of tears unshed;
And my soul sprang to meet her, and I knew
Dimly the hope we twain were called unto.

A Child of the Age

I

OH for a voice that in a single song
Could quiver with the hopes and moan the fears
And speak the speechless secret of the years,
And rise, and sink, and at the last be strong!
O for a trumpet-call to stir the throng
Of doubtful fighting-men, whose eyes and ears
Watch till a banner in the east appears
And the skies ring that have been still so long!
O age of mine, if one could tune for thee
A marching music out of this thy woe!
If one could climb upon a hill and see
Thy gates of promise on the plain below
And gaze a minute on the bliss to be
And knowing it be satisfied to know!

II

I thought to stand alone upon a height
Above the waters where my kinsmen lie;
I seemed to hear a promise in the night,
I dreamed I saw a dawning in the sky:
I said, "For you, for you, with keener sight,
I watch till on the waves the dawn be nigh":
I said, "While these men slumber, what delight
That we two should be waking, God and I!"
Ah me! the deathful waters climb and creep,
Far off the melancholy deep to deep
Murmurs a tidal infinite reply:
"Oh fool, oh foolish prodigal of sleep,
Remains, remains but with the waves to weep,
Or in the darkness with the dead to die."

Immortality

I

So when the old delight is born anew
And God re-animates the early bliss
Seems it not all as one first trembling kiss
Ere soul knew soul with whom she has to do?
"O nights how desolate, O days how few,
O death in life, if life be this, be this!
O weighed alone as one shall win or miss
The faint eternity which shines therethro'!
Lo all that age is as a speck of sand
Lost on the long beach when the tides are free,
And no man metes it in his hollow hand
Nor cares to ponder it, how small it be;
At ebb it lies forgotten on the land
And at full tide forgotten in the sea."

II

Yet in my hid soul must a voice reply
Which knows not which may seem the viler gain,
To sleep for ever or be born again,
The blank repose or drear eternity.
A solitary thing it were to die
So late begotten and so early slain,
With sweet life withered to a passing pain,
Till nothing anywhere should still be I.
Yet if for evermore I must convey
These weary senses through an endless day
And gaze on God with these exhausted eyes,
I fear that howsoe'er the seraphs play
My life shall not be theirs nor I as they,
But homeless in the heart of Paradise.

FREDERICK W. H. MYERS

Lines

O BEAR it, bear it, lonely heart,
As men have borne before;
A little while alive thou art,
And then shalt ache no more.

Behold I bear it as I may,
Mine eyes refuse me tears,
I suffer in a single day
The misery of years.

Down the deep vale, as one who dreamed,
Thro' the dim dusk I ran;
And strangely to myself I seemed
A God-forsaken man.

No human voice the valley knows,
No trump that calls the kine,
But thunder of the sliding snows
And silence of the pine.

So many vows, so many sighs,
So great delight forgot!
O answer, sweet accustomed eyes,—
Alas, they answered not.

O friend who hearest, hast thou known
The death that love can die?
And hast thou once been not alone,
And then alone as I?

FREDERICK W. H. MYERS

I AM tired of all the years can give,
I am weary of all these things;
Tho' men should ask, I would not live
The life of seers or kings.

I care no more to learn or teach,
I love no more my breath,
And all but silence is my speech,
My life is all but death.

EDWARD DOWDEN (1843–1913)

Communion

LORD, I have knelt and tried to pray tonight,
But Thy love came upon me like a sleep,
And all desire died out; upon the deep
Of Thy mere love I lay, each thought in light
Dissolving like the sunset clouds, at rest
Each tremulous wish, and my strength weakness, sweet
As a sick boy with soon o'erwearied feet
Finds, yielding him unto his mother's breast
To weep for weakness there. I could not pray,
But with closed eyes I felt Thy bosom's love
Beating toward mine, and then I would not move
Till of itself the joy should pass away;
At last my heart found voice,—"Take me, O Lord,
And do with me according to Thy word."

RICHARD WATSON GILDER (1844–1909)

Song

YEARS have flown since I knew thee first,
And I know thee as water is known of thirst:
Yet I knew thee of old at the first sweet sight,
And thou art strange to me, Love, to-night.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY (1855–1891)

A Cricket Bowler

TWO minutes' rest till the next man goes in!
The tired arms lie with every sinew slack
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
And elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin,—
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack;
But no guile shelters under this boy's black
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.

Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,
The new man plants his weapon with profound
Long-practised skill that no mere trick may scare.
Not loth, the rested lad resumes the game:
The flung ball takes one madding tortuous bound,
And the mid-stump three somersaults in air.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING (1859–1919)

Going Down Hill on a Bicycle

A BOY'S SONG

WITH lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart with a mighty lift
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry:—
"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

"Is this, is this your joy?
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the treadles fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

MARY ELIZABETH COLERIDGE (1861–1907)

A Moment

THE clouds had made a crimson crown
Above the mountains high.
The stormy sun was going down
In a stormy sky.

Why did you let your eyes so rest on me,
And hold your breath between?
In all the ages this can never be
As if it had not been.

AMY LEVY (1861–1889)

A London Plane-Tree

GREEN is the plane-tree in the square,
The other trees are brown;
They droop and pine for country air,
The plane-tree loves the town.

Here from my garret-pane I mark
The plane-tree bud and blow,
Shed her recuperative bark,
And spread her shade below.

Among her branches, in and out,
The city breezes play;
The dull fog wraps her round about;
Above, the smoke curls grey.

Others the country take for choice,
And hold the town in scorn;
But she has listen'd to the voice
On city breezes borne.

AMY LEVY

In the Nower

DEEP in the grass outstretched I lie,
  Motionless on the hill;
Above me is a cloudless sky,
  Around me all is still:

There is no breath, no sound, no stir,
  The drowsy peace to break;
I close my tired eyes—it were
  So simple not to wake.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS (1866–1915)

Beautiful Lie the Dead

BEAUTIFUL lie the dead;
  Clear comes each feature;
Satisfied not to be,
  Strangely contented.

Like ships, the anchor dropped,
  Furled every sail is;
Mirrored with all their masts
  In a deep water.

ERNEST DOWSON (1867–1900)

Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae

LAST night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
  There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
  Yea I was desolate and bow'd my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon my heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
  When I awoke and found the dawn was grey:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
  Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finish'd and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
  Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

LIONEL JOHNSON (1867–1902)

By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross

SOMBRE and rich, the skies;
Great glooms, and starry plains;
Gently the night wind sighs;
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings
Around me; and around
The saddest of all Kings,
Crown'd, and again discrown'd.

Comely and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall.
Only the night wind glides:
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his court: and yet,
The stars his courtiers are:
Stars in their stations set;
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal King:
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate:
The stars; or those sad eyes?
Which are more still and great:
Those brows, or the dark skies?

Although his whole heart yearn
In passionate tragedy,
Never was face so stern
With sweet austerity.

Vanquish'd in life, his death
By beauty made amends:
The passing of his breath
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless? Nay:
Through death, life grew sublime.
Speak after sentence? Yea:
And to the end of time.

Armour'd he rides, his head
Bare to the stars of doom;
He triumphs now, the dead,
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,
Vex'd in the world's employ:
His soul was of the saints;
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe!
Men hunger for thy grace:
And through the night I go,
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps,
When all the cries are still,
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

In Glencullen

THRUSH, linnet, stare and wren,
Brown lark beside the sun,
Take thought of kestrel, sparrow-hawk,
Birdlime and roving gun.

You great-great-grandchildren
Of birds I've listened to,
I think I robbed your ancestors
When I was young as you.

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